

## **Songs of Gratitude**

by Daverick Leggett

Fresh from the morning spring  
The first drops of song  
From the blackbird's bright beak

The splashing of rain  
exuberant in its lovemaking  
With the dancing leaves

The boiling sun  
At the rim of the world uprising  
And the dawn riding ashore  
on the back of a silken sea

Each day the world lays such gifts  
at the hearts doorstep  
Sunshine, rain and birdsong  
Calling us awake

This is how the world in its ecstasy  
whispers at the door of our loneliness

In such days as these  
When the vows we made with the earth  
Are forgotten, we have made of this  
Oldest of all marriages a broken thing  
A separation that kills  
the world a stranger to our hearts

Listen  
The world whispers at the door of our loneliness  
knowing how in our waking hearts  
this brokenness is mended  
The world's mandala made again  
By these songs of gratitude

For the liquid birdsong  
For the kiss of rain  
For the fierce touch of sun

We who have known these blessings rejoice  
And through our voices  
the broken mandala is made whole  
And turns again  
Calling us awake  
And how through these gritudes  
Everything we love  
can be saved