I see that it takes torgiveness

To manage time,

To answer the selfish mind

Without self-pity.

I'm letting it all go free Slide downstream and
Retrieve every word misspent,
Wanting revenge.

I'll dis-remember them all,

I'll dis-remember them all,

One prod, one pictureful piece

At a time until

Only the husk of past tense

Lies empty and still.

Lies empty and still.

Until your command releases. Ready to serve Full of obligation, Spent in faithful attendance, One seamless spinning Cascade around you. I ne flickering touch Words, teelings, All are yours. Are swept into storage. Well-placed glories Aislaid gaps, Are caught in flight. Lue looks you send to others For keeping. Your thoughts are pressed Even as you read,

I still use digits for 7 plus 5 since twelve is more than I can hold but not more than I now know.

My fingertips know the alphabet of numbers. counting the odd ones got me thru math class and a first job making change at the bagel bakery.

From the density of sir

They found the speed of sound

From the speed of sound

They found the speed of light.

From the speed of light

They spoke of life—

Of the speed of it

And the need of it

And the hope for

Inderstanding it.

IT TAKES FORGIVENESS

**WE ARE KNOWN** 

**HTAM 3VOJ I** 

EINSTEIN, ETC.

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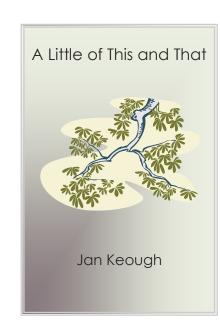
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A Little of This and That Jan Keough © 2009, 2017 rev.

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Let's read a poem

and

when we're done,

We'll sit in the sun

and

read another one

## AN APRIL'S VIEW

The weeping cherry trees bloom
In daring white-pinks
On branches that were
Iced in brown rain
A month ago.
I guess they know what they're doing Racing May's foliage call,
Ignoring April's nasty reputation.

I've seen blossoms fade and fall In early spring pretence.
Their pretty days soon sung silent By anxious rainfall that aches Every petal from a slow-leafed branch Defenseless in too-cold nights.
While the yet-furrowed soil Where worms dream to uncoil Lies blameless.