

## Tipped

How radiant to see ocean at the foot of each street  
after desert, a miracle  
every road running into blue—  
as the arrow is tipped with flight.

Now you leave your housedoor open  
so neighbors can come thru & pick apples in the backyard.  
(Why do I think of Bede's sparrow shooting  
in & out the alehall?)

I swing open the refrigerator door  
to see oils, grains—the brightness of Provence:  
flat gold against the eye, a will to live. Gleaming.  
The shimmer. See, the wagon's brought home from the sea.

Inland the waxcomb glows, each room with purpose & light.  
And if God has shafted us again,  
with what sweetness & space about each act He's spun—  
Provision.