

Returning to Kindness

I am returning to kindness
a place where I am strong in my softness
I will start by kissing all of my scars
and washing them in rain
collecting dust from long journeys off my feet.
The way they carry weariness
from crossing rivers that should
have had bridges.
I will return to build crossing
paths over waters
that reminded me to
be kind

- Tapiwa Mugabe

Before Dark

by Wendell Berry

From the porch at dusk I watched
a kingfisher wild in flight
he could only have made for joy.
He came down the river, splashing
against the water's dimming face
like a skipped rock, passing
on down out of sight. And still
I could hear the splashes
farther and farther away
as it grew darker. He came back
the same way, dusky as his shadow,
sudden beyond the willows.
The splashes went on out of hearing.
It was dark then. Somewhere
the night had accommodated him
—at the place he was headed for
or where, led by his delight,
he came.

I Go Down To The Shore

I go down to the shore in the morning
and depending on the hour the waves
are rolling in or moving out,
and I say, oh, I am miserable,
what shall —
what should I do? And the sea says
in its lovely voice:
Excuse me, I have work to do.

- Mary Oliver