

What Falls Away

By Christina Gessler

Don't ask me to explain Passover or Easter or Ramadan;
or how George Floyd's family will ever forgive anyone.

Don't ask me how broken bones knit back together; or why a caterpillar melts into a goopy
soup then emerges from the cocoon a butterfly;
or what is holy.

Give these questions to the scientists and scholars and those with vast vocabularies and
faith.

Give me, instead, a course in ordinary miracles:

A flock of birds in the neighbor's tree to awake the morning darkness with wordless hymns
of dawn;

And breath after breath filling and leaving my lungs, effortlessly.

Then let me witness the moment the butterfly's wings finish drying, before they stretch full
length and attempt flying.

After I learn to trust in these small things,

Let me sleep through a dreamless night;

Let me praise ordinary mysteries—pens with ink; the simple spelling of j-o-y and l-o-v-e;

Let me start at the beginning, again, with hands open and able to carry these wishes and
hopes without worry for what slips through my fingers like sand.

I'll leave them where they fall

because this is the only miracle I know:

You do not have to carry it all.