

Borrowing Wonder

I was sent a photo of twin one-year old boys
pushing their eyes-wide, mouth-open faces against
the winter window
as the miracle of snow fell in their yard,
the same snow that is a threat
to the gripping power of my old feet,
even shod with safety boots.

I thought of my grandson's first sip
of lemonade, how his face
became a scrunch from forehead to chin,
his eyes momentarily disappearing.
As I watched,
the tart taste
that now eludes my tongue's abilities
returned in a kinder form.

Chesterton said, "I have grown old,
but I have not lost wonder."
A wonderful claim in itself.
But not mine.

I counter diminishment
by seeking the community of the blessed.
I borrow wonder from the young
without envy or regret,
drawing close to their fullness
that spills over
to those who wait
and receive their witness.

John Shea

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