

## A New Creation

What I was doing was praying, I think,  
being up the hill overlooking the river,  
though had you passed by and seen me,  
you might have thought me wandering  
or lost or even forlorn because of how  
slow my pace was, and had you waved  
or called out to me, I might have tossed  
up a hand, maybe reflex, maybe resignation,  
though just as likely I might have leapt  
—I do that, you know—I might have  
hailed your presence, as wonderful to speak  
as cinnabar, as milkweed, and knelt right there  
amid sage grass stalks gentled by wind.  
I have no shame in such things and often,  
out loud, state matter-of-factly *Do unto others*  
and *my neighbor as myself*, for such words,  
too, are wonderful to speak, as holy as wind,  
as lashed and bent as sage grass. I don't  
know any more what I'm doing in this world,  
what this world is becoming, why we don't  
sing all the time as a comfort, how we  
walk past a snail on its journey. Maybe  
what I was doing was talking to the river  
on its way toward the south, and maybe  
I was speaking to no one, the no one I am,  
thankful for words, their presence on air,  
breathed in and breathed out, created again.

John Hardin