

The gift

NICK LEFORCE

Take the simple moments
The mundane everyday events
Daily drives on familiar routes
waiting in a line of strangers
Passing the moments of our lives
As our lives pass in moments
without knowing the preciousness
Forgetting even the gift
That comes with us
And goes with us
Hidden in traffic lights
And whistles from a teakettle
Covered over in random comments
Made only to oneself lost
Somewhere between yesterday and tomorrow
Somewhere between laundry
And a full moon shining in the daylight
Hidden so well we do not give it voice or form

But there it is within you
In a line with strangers
There it is within you
Daily driving familiar routes
to a home you may never know.
In your heart

So, take the simple moments
The mundane everyday events
And unwrap them slowly with your soul

Create space
and connect in

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