

**MERCIES: SUNDAY, 8:00 A.M.**

My body carries me without incident  
or hesitation  
from bed to sink to kitchen.  
A sauterne light,  
undeterred by dust,  
pours in,  
warmth within and from without.  
The radio decants Schumann's  
Scenes from Childhood.  
Distance converges;  
the music from its origin,  
a century and more ago,  
sunlight from its source.  
Adding weight, substance  
to such passings, a dozing cat,  
absorbent in his right  
as the window-ledge plants,  
turning, taking in.  
How best to accept this offering  
but to drink the light, stay  
and let it warm bone and bone cell;  
to stay, knowing it will not last  
must serve, must be enough.

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