



Sunday March 4
Lily of the Field

Glenna Holloway

Lily of the Field

Perfection takes practice.

How long did it take to become a lily?

Nothing beautiful is wasted; beauty begets
more beauty, yours grander
than Solomon's silks.

Yet, once being a lily,
lovely enough for Christ to mention,
what can you aspire to after death?
Not even a white cloud
after tasting gold in your soft throat.

When your brief bloom is over
you close on yourself so as not to see
your ruin. All you know is beauty,
your own, your nearby kind. What then?
All I know of my future is a promise
of things to come when all is changed.

But wait—isn't that faith? And faith,
like grace, whatever the form,
is its own beauty—not in transience
but in holding firm at the root.

Lily, I know your secret.