

LILY OF THE FIELD

Perfection takes practice.  
How long did it take to become a lily?

Beauty begets more beauty. Yet,  
once being a lily  
lovely enough for Christ to mention,  
what can you aspire to after death?  
Not Solomon's silks, nor a white cloud  
after tasting gold in your soft throat.

When your one day 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 mine is a promise  
of things to come when all is changed.

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

Lily, I know your secret.

--Glenna Holloway