

LILY OF THE FIELD

Nothing beautiful is wasted;  
beauty begets more beauty. Yet,  
once being a lily  
lovely enough for Christ to speak of,  
what can you aspire to after death?  
Not Solomon's silks. Not even  
a white cloud after tasting gold.

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

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.  
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, expresses  
its own beauty. Not in transient passage  
but in holding at the root.

Lily, I know your secret.

--Glenna Holloway