ONE WAY

Says the only sign I see
From the doorway, shadowed,
Of my current home—
One room, a country road,
A mountain town—a way,

One way, to live today
Upon this ailing orb,
Its dark decay—
The only way I know
For now: to stay away—

From disarray, harm's way,
Until our ways are mended
Or earth's final say—To
Walk this gentle path, to
Follow signs, and daily pray—

SHELLEY MILLER
All the world is filled with beauty
If we love the light
Prayers of praise, our sacred duty
If we love the light

All the world is hearth and home
And every face a precious poem...

So send your way through grief and sadness
If you love the light
All will come to grace and gladness
If you love the light

Every place is hearth and home
And every face a perfect poem...

And all will come to grace and gladness
If... we love the light.

Shirley Miller
MATINS

Every morning
  every holy morning
  the sun pours through
  ruby hollyhocks
  reminding me
  since I forget
    at four a.m. or so -

That all are one
  that time's a golden flow
  that air is love
    we live and breathe -
    all will be well -
    And every breath a prayer

Each color in this garden
  reeks of glory
  each bird, I swear
    is calling comfort -
This beauty rubs me raw
  and aching to be held
  I finally fall
    into the arms of heaven
    on earth - Before my
      newly opened eyes -
        a dawn's divinity

Perhaps it's all
  we really need to be -
    astounded - daily -
    and assured of
      sun's and love's return -
        their ancient total constancy
Hearts need warming
    cannot live without
    refrain. We are such
    petalled creatures - porous
    craving light and water,
    dying in the dark -

Dear morning,
    pray with me
    and sing me into
    strength again, again
    each day, each
    strange deep ruby day.

SHELLEY MILLER