

Holy Laziness

Age tells me lazy is a virtue
palm frond in the breeze lazy
horse resting after a long uphill lazy
dog gnawing a bone lazy
A. J. Foyt after an Indianapolis 500 lazy
woman beyond mothering lazy
widow after the wake lazy
Entering sacred time
in the depth and breadth of breath
becoming a nomad in my own rooms
wandering from photograph to recipe
to the table set with grandma's china
a place for one
Eat slowly
watch the sky darken
into its usual pattern of moon behind clouds
stars in the far distance
air coming through the screen door
Notice parrot flocks squawking
crows in magnolias
opossum on the fence at night
and yes that old cliché—stop
on my walk
smell roses in a neighbor's garden

This lazy is strong
has no expectations but
waits for everything
and nothing
not the slothful sleeping till noon
of the restless college student
but a soft searching, almost welcoming
age, like a kindergartener welcomes school
slow motioning this holy state
easing into sleepiness at the end
of every day
making rituals of daily life
like laying a fire
for laziness to burn away fear
becoming a candle, slow-burning
its flame to the end.

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