Abundance

Listen to abundance-not only Niagara's thunder but two mosquitoes whining--

not only the whoosh of rest but the whoops of errors and the whew of success.

Abundance is my golly and Betsy's heavens, but also the sibilance of a petunia's petal falling into grass.

Abundance roars out its yes and whispers yet more yesthe best, it is, of the most, plus the all within the least.

Copyright © 2001 by Alan Harris. All rights reserved. From *An Everywhere Oasis* at www.alharris.com