

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 yes--
the best, it is, of the most,
plus the all within the least.