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An Open Letter to Everything

Thank you,
To cold ocean water;
Your smell of old flesh and crushed stone
Rushes into me when I am near you.

Thank you,
To the desert's hot grasp upon my skin,
The way your heat makes me taste my own iron and salt.

Thank you,
To the forests,
Big ones especially,
For the thoughts of my heart are embedded in your tall
trees.

Thank you,
Mountain trails, footpaths,
Country roads and highways,
For you have taken everything from me;
Most impressively
My body.
Look how it seems to get by just fine on its own.
It breathes, and canters the heart, and finds effortless
postures.
It dances
From stone to stone

All the way upstream,
Ecstatic in the humid wild
And when tired, it closes its animal eyes
And slumbers the woodland's oaken duff.

Thank you,
To windowpanes
At night,
Rain drops falling on the glass,
And me, a weary traveler,
Inside, dry, and in love
With how great pleasures
Can coil up in the smallest pockets of the world.

Thank you, thank you,
Bright world.
Your sweet cascade of images
Flits by in less than an instant.
And I know, in all this, it is hopeless
To try and scoop up armfuls of raindrops.
I only feel the movement
Of their falling,
Their coolness as they evaporate away.

Thank you, sunlight.
You have traveled so far to join me,
And I
Have come a long way to find you.
Still, it is strange and sudden
And impossibly unlikely.
Let us rest together
Against a dry stone wall.
Let us simply appreciate warmth

And the slow press of a passing day.
Maybe this is where creation ends.
For this, it was all worthwhile.