

...april 28, 1990...

**i have a dozen pillows in my home –
soft and fat –
rectangular and square –
always space to rest awhile –
always space for sleep –
always two for sleep and some to spare –**

**i have more coffee mugs
than coffee on the shelf –
one for morning
one for noon –
always one to waken to
and one to carry evening into dark –
tall and short and thin and fat –
you will not go thirsty in the night –**

**there is a clock in every room
and every room keeps different time
but time can stretch forever in my house –
if you want it loud or soft
each clock harbours an alarm
but never needs to call the hour
or measure anything
outside of dreams –**

**there is a garden in the back
fenced high and private to the sky
with soil working into green
where ebbing flowing clouds can dance
between the sunshine and the rain –**

**there is space and space and space
for you friend – for you –
for you no doors will hold a lock –
come in.**