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Sunday Morning Hymn of Thanksgiving

Elizabeth Dreiser Johnson
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Sunday Morning Hymn of Thanksgiving

The bath's so clear my feet seem to be
Over and under. Water laps
Around my body, around my tracks
And toes. White light invades this silver,
And water beads along the edge,
Crystal, reflecting coral cloths
And the pink flowers of morning curtains.
Gold and orange flames gleam twisted blue
And green in the pale-shining water.
I hear your voice, singing and warm--
Rich male tones bright with content.
Oh, happy man whose body holds
Light, joy and warmth--whose arms and heart
Have held me to your pulsing blood
And hard desires--firm devote'
Of making love and loving me,
Your eyes still brighten all my morning,
Your padding feet still make me sway;
Your solid, earthbound walking moves me;
So strong a dance, so hot a joy.

Coffee is good and simple-tasting;
Clear sunlight's rich; my fears are burned
From me as sunlight melts dew clinging
To bright green grasses. Your hips, thighs, back
Bound from me like a strong stag's, springing,
Sprinting into the shower--and steam
Hisses its benediction. Sunlight
Makes walls and mazes. My young hope races
Around you, delighting in pleasure, in pain.

It seems I have opened this book before,
But where have I read a page so proud?
Chekov lies over the bathtub ledge;
Sun streams at the sill, rushes over the edge;
Your heart is like morning--bright, simple, direct,
Red-glowing like dawn, dark-golden like forests
Of apple and pine, touched by the light.

Stockings string sermons from cool strands of water
Down my back as I splash in this chill and warm brightness.
Your eyes are still-silver, forested with ferns,
Your quiet is sturdy, support of your spirit,
And I try to remember the words of old hymns
but can only remember the strength of your body.