

November 24, 2016, Boulder, Colorado

I wandered downstairs this morning —
smiling gladly, still heavy with sleep —
to find my dog sitting by the window.

He's not far from three years old now,
but he still looks at the world with wide puppy eyes,
as if all the light spilling into the room
has come only to visit him.

He wags his tail lazily and gazes up at me,
as if to say, *"Look at this! The wind,
each tree, that tiny bird...*

*These are all the most wonderful things
that I have ever seen!"*

In all my life of doing,
I have never been nearly as wise as my dog.
I stand with him for a moment
and love the world
before turning to begin the day (as if
it has not already begun,
and so perfectly).

And I think, We are all so quick to sacrifice living
in order to control what we let ourselves call life.

Still, my face is wound tightly with wonder.
Still, my hands will not rest.

Dani Cooke
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