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## Without Ceasing

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# WITHOUT CEASING

All day every day around the clock  
like a prayer vigil  
there should be poets writing poems,  
accounting for milkweed pods  
and old homesteads abandoned,  
poets stirring campfire ash, noting  
just the place along the shoreline  
the heron casts down,  
poets in shifts like monks praying  
grace upon the whole of the earth's  
vast groanings.

What is life but a weeping, a leaping,  
a gathering of leaves swept up and up  
into wind?

Which moment mattering more than  
another will escape us, even as no  
moment matters more than another  
since each in its singularity brings  
into being something that wasn't  
there before.

All day every day beginning again  
and not ceasing—but seeking the words,  
what the words in their seeking find,  
what the finding brings forth, what  
the moments upon moments begin  
to tell  
of a story that is never not beginning.

JEFF HARDIN