

Without Knowing It

by Ed Higgins

“We are full of paradise without knowing it.”—Thomas Merton

If this isn't Paradise, what is?
Your own eyes wide with
the imagination, the knowing,
the not-knowing of it all.

As the sometimes porcelain
of summer clouds, or
their crow's-wing black
of threatening, then actual rain.

Or as in your vegetable garden,
tomatoes so near to ripe
you can't wait to pick them.
But must, knowing the
ripe taste worth the mid-July wait.

And then there is garden corn,
almost Heaven itself (even if
not a worshipper of Centeoti,
the Aztec maize god) slathered
with butter, salt, and pepper.

Everything alive or dead, or
whatever's in between, as
most things are. As our rapt
or frightened attention
to contingency demands.

Or else just to prove you're
able to stand it all sometimes.

Then you can at least pretend
it's all meaningful. And maybe it is.

