

Good days happen

By Holly Lisle

Good days happen

Without warning, after bad days, in spite of too much sun or rain

Laughter bursts out of dark corners and explodes whole rooms

Clearing cobwebs with astonishing speed

Dread wearies of itself, and falls exhausted to the floor,

Overcome by its own mutterings, melodramatic in its flung pose

Good news sneaks in over the transom, under the shutters, between the cracks

Surprising in unexpected places, unhopd-for ways

Good days happen

Good days do not wait for big things

For fine news

For miracles

Good days are like a seeded lawn – much nothing

Followed by a bit of something

And like the growing grass, good days don't change the world

But they smell fine when you mow them, and you can lie on a good day

And watch the clouds float overhead

Good days smell like after the rain,

Pie in the oven,

New-mown hay,

Sweet feed for horses,

Autumn leaves.

Good days grace us with sharp cold air

– Thinking air –

And snowfield silence

And apple-blossom beauty

*And anchor us to life, and tether us tight to good dark
ground
When we're in danger of falling off
And so we can go on.*

For Zette, Andi, and June, orchestrators of much of my good
day, with thanks for the surprise.

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