

THE SUN ON YOUR BACK

Imagine being loved.
What would it feel like?
Would the golden light
pouring down on you
make you want to just
lie quietly on your back?

Would your breath,
a bird set free,
glide off across the field?
Look!
The bird sits on a high wall,
singing. You begin to remember
what is on the other side.

Yes, there is a gate.
And even when you close it to leave,
the sun is on your back,
a thousand hands of gold
touching your shoulders,
telling you how you are loved.

You walk through the day
over an ocean of peace,
and it does not bother you
that this is not a poem,
for your life is now a song,
sung from the high wall
that overlooks the garden.

PETER BRUCKNER

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