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# Bearing to Know

The State of our World

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## Stealing My Morning

It's the morning light that teaches me gratitude  
Everything just as I left it  
waiting, fresh and familiar

Out of the window, the dewy-new garden  
has grown more beautiful through  
the resting night into the nourishing light

My lovely's familiar lump in the bed  
comforts me that I am still loved  
even though he knows me so well

It's the cats who show me that happiness can be found  
in a sunny puddle in the middle of the room

All of this before my first sip of morning coffee  
Reminding me that I can still find peace  
in this troubled and troubling world

And then into the town  
Bombarded by billboards  
urgently shouting to acquire, to escape  
The huge, defiant and angry cars  
The harried people, ears and eyes distracted  
wilfully absent

It's here that I find it hard to keep despair  
from stealing my morning's unruffled ambition

Jane O'Shea

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