

On The Meaning of Things...In San Miguel de Allende  
by Susan Florence

I am still wondering  
about the feather,  
just lying there.  
A small glimpse of God  
on the short pile, drab, gray carpet  
of my room at the hotel.

The maid must have seen it  
but it was here after she cleaned.  
Just one, three inches,  
color of burnt sienna  
with raw umber at the top.  
Did it fly in on a sparrow?

Or was it from one of the birds  
pecking in the courtyard of my poem,  
“Snowed In at Monastery of Christ in the Desert?”

Could it have floated in  
from the 12th century music  
of Hildegard of Bingen?  
She, who called herself  
a feather on the breath of God.

I pick it up because it means something.

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