

Sanctuary

Mario Stone

You are warmer than a fat loaf of bread
fresh out the oven, a hugging sun
with softest palms. Every fallen feather
drifts towards you, the center of our galaxy,
the womb the earth revolves around.
You are every grandmother
unwidowed in the calm of the promised blue sky,
the Everest, the Mother Oak and Eve
of every acorn. Mother Mary's
mom, you wear a halo blooming
soft pastels, the crown of spring
glowing. You are God's warm admonition
to every sharp shadow
and all cold nights.