

Secret

Sometimes
when the morning sun streams
through the kitchen window
and I'm washing the dishes
or opening a can of cat food
or sweeping potato peels and onion skins
off the linoleum floor,
I get so taken with the way
my arms move back and forth with the broom
or how pretty my fingers look
all dressed up in soap bubbles
that I just have to jump up
and dance around the house
laughing out loud.

Other times
when I'm sitting in my favorite rocking chair
and the clock on my wall ticking
and the evening sky a particular shade of blue
halfway between periwinkle and midnight,
I feel so content with the way
my feet push off gently against the wooden floor
and how my belly moves up and down
with each breath I take
that I just have to sigh
with the sheer delight of knowing
that everything I want
is everything I have.

--Leslea Newman

Journal prompts:

- List some of your simple pleasures.
- Write about something that fills you with the "sheer delight of knowing."
- Do you want what you have? Do you have what you want?
- Tell yourself a secret.

© Leslea Newman. Reproduced for educational or therapeutic use.