What Pleases You Today?

Your poem will answer the title’s question.

Walking to Work

Today, it’s the obsidian ice on the sidewalk with its milk white bubbles popping under my shoes that pleases me, and upon it a lump of old snow with a trail like a comet, that somebody, probably falling in love, has kicked all the way to the corner.

Ted Kooser in *Flying at Night*

Today

today a comet is to appear so the dog the pastor and the dragonfly too are waiting with their mouths open.

Fujitomi Yasuo in *Like Underground Water: The Poetry of Mid-Twentieth Century Japan*

Priceless Gifts

An empty day without events. And that is why it grew immense as space. And suddenly happiness of being entered me.

I heard in my heartbeat the birth of time
and each instant of life
one after the other
came rushing in
like priceless gifts.

Anna Swir
in *Talking To My Body*
translated from the Polish
by Czeslaw Milosz and Leonard Nathan.

Today

Today is the most beautiful day
that ever was,
and I am the queen of her.
The sun shines into my darkest depth.
My high song circles the earth,
through the night side,
back into day,
back into me.
My laughter grows a little older.
Another jewel is added to my crown.

I sneak away when no one’s looking,
out behind the palace stables,
entroned on an old stump,
blowing bubbles through a golden scepter.

All a-gleam
my bubbles mount
between the sun and me.
Inside each one
are you and I,
prancing our pie-bald dance.

We ride out from me
on the winds of the bright blue spring,
whispering yes
through green branches
today.

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