

SPELL AGAINST INDIFFERENCE

by Maria Popova

The rain falls and falls
cool, bottomless, and prehistoric
falls like night —
not an ablution
not a baptism
just a small reason
to remember
all we know of Heaven
to remember
we are still here
with our love songs and our wars,
our space telescopes and our table tennis.

Here too
in the wet grass
half a shell
of a robin's egg
shimmers
blue as a newborn star
fragile as a world