

Hope is present in the coffee grounds, in the ritual of cleansing and  
in this way

*Our days are launched with gifts.*

Solace drops as regular as tap water, as familiar as paths retraced  
daily and so

*Our days flow with possibility.*

Joy arrives with the faces we see every day, the everyday greetings  
exchanged and by this care

*Our days touch the divine.*

Renewal is found in the preparation of food, in the reordering and  
tidying, and thus

*Our days end with peace.*

By anointing the ordinary with wonder, the routine with reverence

*Our days reveal the sacred.*