

A Lovingkindness Meditation

The time it takes to fill or drain the tub
is just right for blessing the day. Reclining
against the cold tiles, closing my eyes,
taking two long breaths, I feel the air
swirl at the bottom of my lungs.

May I feel safe.
May I feel content.
May I feel strong.
May I live with ease.

Then I turn my thoughts to the man I adore.
He is sun-warmed stones and agrimony. Kind
in a way I feared impossible. Sometimes
what goes unspoken weighs upon him,
even then, his silence keeps me near.

May you feel safe.
May you feel content.
May you feel strong.
May you live with ease.

Now I imagine my dear friend
who I sat in the belly of the cave
with as months turned to a year then two
until the darkness of her postpartum
and my complicated grief held tight,
each giving the other her space to heal,
only speaking to ask, More tea?

May you feel safe.
May you feel content.
May you feel strong.
May you live with ease.

After work I stop by the store.
Exhausted, using the cart to hold myself up,
I see an elderly man straining on tip-toe
to reach a glass jar containing
giant white beans in tomato sauce.

He reminds me of my grandfather
who passed when I was small.
Before I can offer help, he has them
in his hands. We make eye contact
when he turns, and I love this stranger.

May you feel safe.
May you feel content.
May you feel strong.
may you live at ease.

Just like this we love the world,
known and unfamiliar. How we
love so hard where we can,
wishing to see it at ease.

Angela M. Brommel

An earlier version of this poem appears in the poet's full-length collection, *Mojave in July*, published by Tolsun Books.