

Secret Agents

for Sherry Richert Belul

With a LOVE stamp, the woman I've never met
mailed me five dollars, "to be a reminder
that abundance can come unexpectedly,"

she wrote, and sitting with her letter in my lap,
I thought of last night's snow—
five white inches that fell after midnight

and softened the whole hard world.
And I thought of the orchid on my mantle
that sprouted a new stem of purple buds

even as the other stem continued to bloom.
And I thought of my office mate bringing in
nine tins of exotic teas to share. And my daughter

sending me a text to say she loved me "soooo much."
And I thought of a woman in a town a thousand
miles away, a woman I have never met,

who thought, "I think I'll send five dollars
to someone who brought abundance into my life."
How simple it is to manifest unforeseen joy.

How clear the invitation to extend gratitude,
to spread good will, to remind each other
how the world will offer itself, will open

and open and open, how we, ourselves,
are the agents of the world.

—Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer