

The Woman of Christlike Love

Emma Lou Thayne

Into her brownies she sifts sunshine
into a day she irons the clear scent of giving.

Her house is surrounded by the green of welcome,
the touch of her hand is yellow and shaped like
full dresses in the wind.

The room she has just moved out of rustles with laughter,
the one she enters smooths out like feathers on the back
of an unafraid bird.

Encouragement is the staff of her giving,
appreciation the candle of her night.

Her friends and her children are fed by wanting to be there,
her husband by bedding down in her warm designs,
her sunsets but promises of morning.

In all she is stubbornly sound, arrested by beauty,
incensed by injustice, aroused by need.

Untiringly faithful, she raises her following to the quiet
salute of right and the cordial reception of truth.

And by kindness she rallies a force independent of her
that says (yes quickly), Yea Lord, yea, yea.