

His words were  
liquid as the water  
where fishes spawn,  
bracing as rain,  
cool to the taste:  
    Blessed are the poor in spirit.  
    Blessed are the peacemakers.  
    Blessed are the meek.

The Five Thousand were filled and refreshed.  
For one whole season they were pure  
and peaceful and meek.

## **Land's End 1997**

*Don W. Jenkins*

The wind is simple  
a thing with pacific bite.  
Lifting foam tatters, cold.

We accept it,  
determined to see all we see  
with it, lean into it.

It has ways,  
leading rain sideways, driving  
sand unseen between teeth.

Two of a tangle  
of branches lean and meet,  
frame ponded rain.

Massed gulls take wind,  
simple circle woven away  
into the pacific bite.