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Liturgy of Eagle's Nest Lake

Norman Macleod

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"The company spends that much for an ad?"
"Sure, easy that much."
She clucked in astonishment, sitting down to eat some more. The kids started asking if there wasn't something besides stew, and she gave them a little bread.
"Only why did they lay you off, when that says—"
"They laid off the whole shift," he said absently, starring at the picture. "But just think," he marvelled, "you can be nobody one day and famous the next."

Liturgy of Eagle's Nest Lake
By Norman MacLeod

Graciousness is unselfish love extended, like a samaritan
On the kindly roads of beauty: give us the generosity
To be good to our own souls. Peace as an Indian word giver,
The meaning lost through the long tradition of the years
But the music soothing and ripe for the happiness
Of content, firmly subsidual of rock. Whatever lover
Comes on the low road of poverty, it is better
To clasp loneliness to the heart and forget.
In each personal body is the only salvation
(Though words break barriers something is lost
In the mad insanity of escape from one solitary prison
Into the concentration camp of the earth). So as autumns
Fly to winter and the cold breath of snow
Frosts the land from valleys to mountain tops,
Seek companionship in the knowledge of the heart
(The handclasp of eyes in understanding) and hold
The flickering blaze of firelights to the candle of beauty
That wavering shadows be cast over the walls of your life.