

AWE

Annie Nardone on regaining a sense of wonder.

Edmund Spenser [1552/1553 - 1599] invented the *Spenserian stanza* for his book, *The Fairie Queen*. He filled his beautiful, allegorical work with characters that inspire the reader's imagination — knights, courageous women, magical creatures, and a dragon. I've chosen Spenser's poetic rhyme scheme to inspire the reader to pause and truly soak in the magic in each hour.

Engaging with our Imagination is becoming a lost art. As we plow our way through the have-to and must-do lists that commandeer our modern days, we fail to look up to see that there are marvels at every turn. Noticing a sunset is a world apart from 'contemplating' the hues, clouds, and sky that weave together the glory of the end of day.

The smallest flower is a miracle when each day is approached with wonder.

Awe

I step across the threshold of the door,
All focus is directed to the tasks.
As I have stepped a million times before,
A mind set to accomplish all I ask.

My narrowed view through duty as a mask,
As sky-tears hit my eye and blur my mark.
Then clouds and sight clear, in broad heav'ns I bask.
Thoughts trapped in one dimension kindle sparks,
Ignite imaginings, my mind where awe imparts.

