

Kathy Weigle

THE WHISTLE OF HARMONY

I sprawl upon a busy, warm sidewalk
To discover a blade of grass has grown between the cracks.
The dance of sunshine off the glass walls of skyscrapers,
The tickling breeze of the rushing traffic,
The aroma of hearth-baked breads from a corner bakery,
The symphony of murmurs as children and neighbors wander by
Join my silent celebration.

I whistle at night by the quiet flowing river
To every inch of earth called nations
But they do not hear the celebration.

Come crawl with me this morn upon a busy sidewalk,
Learn and understand with the depths of your soul,
And you shall hear the whistle
And the whistle shall become your own.