



Photograph by Caleb Pirtle III

Jean Wiggins

Answering a Skeptic

Like I said,
if there were no God
the moment of this happiness

in the garden would be wasted.
I have never been so happy before.
I stand at the edge of the garden

at twilight,
a dome of a thousand white blossoms
over my head.

Writing, then, at night at my desk,
words try to settle like birds in their nests

in a midnight tree close to the beginning
of dawn.
It is wind,
not words,

I hear, just the wind
telling me over and over
its name, its name, its name.

Jean Wiggins lives in Alabama.