

Poetry Porch: Poetry

A Psalm

By Robert K. Johnson

In my many years of life
the only Truths I found
were never written in stone,
 but were such moments

as the morning I awoke
in a bedroom ablaze
with immaculate sunlight
 or when I heard Mimi

sing of the coming spring,
or when my naked skin
pressed softly against the skin
 of the woman I loved.