

Miracle Fair by Wislawa Szymborska Polish poet

Commonplace miracle:

That so many commonplace miracles happen.

An ordinary miracle:

In the dead of night

The barking of invisible dogs

One miracle out of many:

A small airy cloud

Yet it can block a large and heavy moon.

Several miracles in one:

An alder tree reflected in the water,

And that it's backwards left to right

And that it grows there, crown down

And never reaches the bottom,

Even though the water is shallow.

An everyday miracle:

Winds weak to moderate

Turning gusty in storms.

First among equal miracles:

Cows are cows.

Second to none:

Just this orchard

From just that seed.

A miracle without a cape and top hat:

Scattering white doves.

A miracle: for what else could you call it:

Today the sun rose at three-fourteen

And will set at eight- o- one.

A miracle, less surprising that it should be:

Even though the hand has fewer than six fingers,

It still has more than four.

A miracle, just take a look around:

The world is everywhere.

An additional miracle, as everything is additional:

The unthinkable

Is thinkable.