

## Too Many Miracles to Count

By Christine Moore ©2025

*(inspired by Michelle Vagnati)*

Your soul was made material.  
Your arrival upon the field of life  
a synchronous flowering --  
all the blooms of you  
brought forward at once.  
Your pulse. Your being.  
Your stardust matter.  
You, an air current of wonder  
made flesh. A miracle.  
And, by miracle,  
your soul and my soul  
were intertwined.  
In all that has passed  
and all still to come,  
Time, in his profound immensity,  
chose for our chronologies to coincide.  
It is a miracle.  
Our love like sky's perfect  
reflection upon still waters – miraculous.  
Our hearts quickened by shared  
joys. Our breath let loose by shared  
laughter. Miracles.  
So many miracles.  
When devastation came to you,  
or to me, or to both of us,  
river bottoms able to hear  
our sorrowful yowls, love arrived  
in more abundance than  
quenching waters. Miracles.  
Love that came to sit with,  
to stand beside.  
Love that arrived with casseroles  
and consolation.  
Love that tried to help.  
And by some miracle, you  
carried me through every first  
in that first year without you.  
Still now, you make yourself near

to me when I feel farthest from you.

You are a miracle.

There will be an Autumn day,  
perhaps this very November,  
when, while walking a familiar  
path, the amber, sienna,  
crimson falling leaves  
will catch my attention  
and I will feel your beloved gaze  
upon me, and it will be  
a miracle.