


Sense of Well-Being



Early this morning I went out behind the house to weed.
Was kneeling in the dirt by the stable with my pinafore a mess
and perspiration rolling down my back, wiped my face on my sleeve,
reached for the trowel, and all at once thought,
Why I believe that at just this moment I am absolutely happy.
The Bedloe girl's piano scales were floating out her window...
and a bottle fly was buzzing in the grass,
and I saw that I was kneeling on such a beautiful green little planet.

**I don't care what else might come about,
I have had this moment. It belongs to me.**

Anne Tyler's novel, [Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant](#)