



Small Things by Abigail Knutson

Can the oil, sleek and dripping,
river down the baked earthen sides
of this vessel,

like the widow poured out,
hardly believing,
a fountain from her shaking hand?

I'm standing before almost bare shelves
wondering when you'll sweep in:
fresh fruit tumbling to the floor.

You are the craftsman and the oil,
the gardener and the fruit.
I am the vessel heated in your blaze.

Fill me up.
It's not enough to have heard
from you yesterday.

Keep me overflowing.
Why do you let your children
know hunger?

That they might stumble
yearning
to your door?

Don't let me end up
tripping on my sandals in haste
to get back to the wedding.

May I never know another tumble
in a dark street
looking for oil.

Multiply these moments
as I hold out with tired fingers
my widow's mite,

this scrap of time
that only you could value.
Roar like wind



Small Things Cont. by Abigail Knutson

through the uncurtained tabernacle
of your presence
and teach me the taste of grace.

Your heart bends
toward the poor and forgotten,
calls the hungry

blessed, looks with love light
on the trembling need of a mother
glad to be called a dog

in order to show you her daughter.
She knew the weight
of your crumbs.

And so I come.
Your compassion always
outmatches desperation.

If all I have are quiet seconds,
and all I want is to find you
in this place,

then I trust that you will
make a miracle of our time
together

and allow me to be changed
by just one glance
from your face.

You are here in the small things:
glad to receive our pennies
and always more than able

to make that speck of desire,
a mustard seed,
move mountains.

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<https://literaryfeast.substack.com/p/small-things>

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