

Note to Self above the Paradox Valley, by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

You do not need to know what comes next.
There is always another storm, and you
cannot hagd the tent out to dry before
it has gotten wet. You cannot shovel snow
that has yet to fall.

Put down the shovel. Breathe
into the dark spaces of your back,
feel how they open like cave doors
to let in the light.
Let your face soften. Let the creases
fall out of your brow. The mind,
no matter how clear, will never become
a crystal ball.

Whatever is wisest in you knows to run
when it hears the first crashes of rock fall.
It does not pause then to consider
metamorphic or igneous,
nor does it hesitate to wonder
what might have pushed them down.
It is no small thing to trust yourself.

It is right that love should shake your body,
that you should find yourself trembling
in the rubble and dust
after all your certainties come down.
But your breath has not left you.
Here is the morning rain. It opens
the scent of the leaves, of the air.
All around you the world is changing.

What are you waiting for?
Here is the cup of mint tea
growing stronger in itself.
Here on this cliff of uncertainty
there is a stillness in you
so spirited, so alive
that whatever is wisest in you
is dancing.