

Now

by Ginnah Howard

I'm looking for the perfect
 passage, a safe, sound
jettison to now.

All week long I'm trying
to figure what's keeping
my feet fastened to this
spinning space ball,
congratulating myself on
balancing at such speeds.

Still,
sometimes I want to dance
above solidity, get
giddy in the cosmos,
know a daisy, the pale
blue vein that disappears
on its way to your wrist.

I want to swing out
on the trapeze of our words,
dangling upside down,
catch hands
at that moment,
feel moving weight
lift us,
and letting go,
stand.

