

# 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.

