



Until the realization,
thunder-struck,
opened my mind,
I had no words with which to speak.
Holding words,
but not knowing how to put them together,
the puzzle begins.
It is of origins,
from heaven to earth.
But we are all 'within heaven',
as we rest on an orbiting ball
through the realms of Nuit.
She holds us all.
I am not spinning,
the earth is spinning.
If I seem at the center,
then so does everyone else, from where each
rests.
What is rushing by me?
Time I cannot touch.
Must I rush?
I cannot slow the earth's spinning.
Somewhere a truth is being born.
It, too, will take time before it can speak.
I hope I shall not rush by,
oblivious to its soft voice.

*Joan Lansberry,
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