

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO THIS, 2011  
- *Vilma Ginzberg*

From Section 3, coming to terms:

SEEKING THAT PLACE

When unexpected fists of fate  
pound me breathless to my knees  
halt my journey stop me dead,  
then I stay quiet  
scan the stillness  
seek that secret place  
where breath resumes;  
wait in that place  
alone  
    until the breathing comes.

When winter winds of fear  
blow frigid across landscape of desire  
ice the blood freeze intent,  
then I stand immobile  
scan the stillness  
seek that secret place  
where sparks ignite;  
wait in that place  
alone  
    until the fire comes.

I do not ignore you, beloved friend, dear helper;  
I am seeking that place.

Stay until I do.