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Fulcrum

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Fulcrum

by Ani Tuzman

There is a seesaw, and I sit on both ends.

Love is the fulcrum

but I forget—

thinking it impossible

to find balance.

I am wrong, I hope.

When I least expect it,

maybe then

the still point will arrive—

all the world in

perfect balance:

No hunger in any child's belly.

Shelter for all.

Fear quieted. Faith steady.

And I,

friendlier with paradox,

will ride on—maybe even let go,

lift my hands.

