

For When It's Hard
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*Remember looking up
and seeing the slender moon
glowing white against the deep pitch
of predawn? Not a star to be seen,
but there was one bright planet
beaming steady below that slip of moon.
Remember how beautiful it was?
How it felt as if you could reach up
and grab on to the moon's hooked tip
and just hang there for a while,
swinging through the darkness on its light
the way you once hung on the monkey bars
and made of your weight and momentum a game.
Remember how, in that predawn moment,
there was so much fear and so much ache,
and it took some effort to lift your head
to look at that moon, but you did, you looked,
and because you did, you felt it,
the way beauty tethers us to the world,
never fixing anything, but reminding us
the ache isn't the whole story,
that there is also the marvelous,
the generous, the good.*