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For When People Ask

by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

I want a word that means
okay and not okay
more than that: a word that means
devastated and stunned with joy

I want a word that says
I feel it all all at once.

The heart is not like a songbird
singing only one note at a time,
more like a Tuvan throat singer
able to sing both a drone
and simultaneously

two or three harmonics high above it-
a sound, the Tuvans say,
that gives the impression
of wind swirling among rocks,

The heart understands swirl,
how the churning of opposite feelings
weaves through us like an insistent breeze
leads us wordlessly deeper into ourselves,

blesses us with paradox
so we might walk more openly
into a world so rife with devastation,
this world so ripe with joy.

And So It Is (And So It Is) Amen

