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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.

