

Wilderness House Literary Review 15/4

Joseph Kleponis

Balancing Act

(after Balance Rock, Bar Harbor, Maine)

Away from the shore,
raised on edge,
one rock balances
upon another.

Tides sweep over it;
storms batter it;
yet it remains, poised,
in mid-stance steady,
unmoving, like a tai chi master
on one leg,
lost in contemplation before striking.

We wonder what magic
keeps the rock in its place.

We are awed,
knowing that under a mere drizzle of words
we can weaken and list,
sometimes, far from our core.

The sight of the rock
resting on its edge,
weathering the weather,
leads us to speculate:

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Where is the center?

Is the fulcrum upon which we rest
solid? How shall we set our weight

in just the right proportion –

not too far to the right,

nor too much to the left?

What is the sweet spot,

so, we, like a rock on edge in the ocean,

can stand fast, never tipping

as the waves of these times wash over us?

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Celebration in Blue

The night, dark and darker still,
Unspangled by indifferent stars
By which to chart a course,
Seemed an infinite well;
Then a glimmer rose
Washing the sky with light
That grew into a blue crescendo.
We celebrate!