

Courage

by Jan Zwicky in *"The Long Walk (2016)"*

And now you know it won't turn out as it should,
that what you did was not enough,
that ignorance, old evil, is enforced

and willed, and loved, that it
is used to manufacture madness, that it is the aphrodisiac
of power and the crutch of lassitude, you,

an ordinary heart, just functional, who knows
that no one's chosen by the gods, the aspens
and the blue-eyed grass have voices of their own,

what will you do,
now that you sense the path unraveling
beneath you?

Sky unraveling, unraveling
the sea, the sea that still sees everywhere
and looks at everything —

not long. What will you do,
you, heart, who know the gods don't flee,
that they can only be denied.

Who guess their vengeance.

It has been a long hill, heart.
But now the view is good.
Or don't you still believe

the one sin is refusal, and refusal to keep seeking
when refused?
Come, step closer to the edge, then.

You must look, heart. You must look.