

The Question

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer 12-23-19

for Jude Jordan Kalush, who asked the question

All day, I replay these words:

Is this the path of love?

I think of them as I rise, as

I wake my children, as I wash dishes,

as I drive too close behind the slow

blue Subaru, *Is this the path of love?*

Think of these words as I stand in line

at the grocery store,

think of them as I sit on the couch

with my daughter. Amazing how

quickly six words become compass,

the new lens through which to see myself

in the world. I notice what the question is not.

Not, "Is this right?" Not,

"Is this wrong?" It just longs to know

how the action of existence

links us to the path of love.

And is it *this*? Is it *this*? All day,

I let myself be led by the question.

All day I let myself not be too certain

of the answer. *Is it this?*

Is this the path of love? I ask

as I wait for the next word to come.

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