

Becoming Undone: Unpacking Life's Weight **Week Two: Balancing Act**

HEAVY STUFF

She opened her pocket book
and took out five bobby pins,
two lipsticks, a lover, a new
house, three candy bars, and her
pet dog.

"How can you fit it all in?" I asked.
"It's easy," she said. "The heavy items
are dreams. Besides, just before the dawn
everything gets lighter."

She poured the rest of the stuff out:
two end tables, some washed children,
a neighbor's kid, a peanut butter sandwich,
a husband, a clown act, a waterbed, and
three old friends.

She found what she wanted on the bottom –
some peace of mind: I asked, "Will it all
fit back?" "Sure," she answered. "Women
have been doing it for years. Here, you
carry it!"

I bent down planting my feet well
spaced apart, looking up and pressed,
turning colors, but couldn't budge it,
even after I'd asked for her hand.

- Marc Kaplan

Becoming Undone: Unpacking Life's Weight
Week Two: Balancing Act

Beannacht
("Blessing")

On the day when
the weight deadens
on your shoulders
and you stumble,
may the clay dance
to balance you.

And when your eyes
freeze behind
the grey window
and the ghost of loss
gets in to you,
may a flock of colours,
indigo, red, green
and azure blue
come to awaken in you
a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays
in the currach of thought
and a stain of ocean
blackens beneath you,
may there come across the waters
a path of yellow moonlight
to bring you safely home.

- John O'Donahue