

Doubts & Loves
Joan Sutherland, Roshi
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The new rhythm of our American days seems to be stretches of awful punctuated by spikes of trauma. During spikes like the Kavanaugh hearings, I'm learning to look out of the corners of my eyes, letting my attention go to the borderlands and to the small gaps between things, wanting to remain faithful to the world trying to be born, against such ferocious resistance.

... So maybe there's room
in the margin of error for us to save ourselves
~ J. Estanislao Lopez

Right now it seems we have no more than the margin of error to work with, but we do have that. How many times did it look as though the confirmation juggernaut was going to roll over everything in its path, and then the most unexpected 'Hold on a second ...' stayed its momentum? In the margin of error, we don't know how it's going to turn out, so it makes sense to keep trying. And as much as we're in that margin, it's in us, too. We contain fertile borderlands of doubt and curiosity, and so do many others.

And a whisper will be heard in the place where the
ruined
house once stood.
~ Yehuda Amichai

Those words came immediately to mind, watching Dr. Blasey testify from amidst the wreckage of our government. They came to mind again, though this time more cry

than whisper, when Ana Maria Archila confronted Senator Flake in an elevator with her beautiful question : “Do you think that he is able to hold the pain of this country and repair it? That is the work of justice.” In moments like these, an anguished grace appears in the world, reaching its hand out to us.

One less hope,
One more song.

~ Anna Akhmatova

We don't know how this will turn out, though we can guess there'll be lots of whiplash and setback on the way. I'm not sure either despair or hope is helpful right now, since they get us a ticket on a roller coaster whose barkers I don't like the looks of at all. Anna Akhmatova knew more about loss than any human should have to, and she came to believe that her great work was to go on loving despite everything. Her lost hopes became poems. When we rebuild from the ruins of this house, we can only use what we have at hand — everything from our poems to our politics — and what we'll have at hand then depends on what we do now.

J. Estanislao Lopez from 'Meditation on Beauty' | Yehuda Amichai from 'The Place Where We Are Right' |
Anna Akhmatova from 'White Flock'