

To the Quaker statue in Fairmount Park

by [Angela Bilger](#) in the [August 1, 2018](#) issue

Forgive me, *Toleration*. Your name is spare and taut.

Yours is no stance of abundance, but today

your ideal seems barely achievable.

Send me a tightrope across this ravine

so that I may toe my way over to you.

I walk to where the water pools, slowed by a bend

in the Wissahickon's path. The surface shows me  
an upside-down world where bare branches reach infinitely

root-ward toward the blue center of earth.

I do not believe in any monstrous god

whose will our predicaments are said to be.

I believe in the reality of rock

(call it divine presence, despite our depravity)

where pioneer plants eat at the schist

creating conditions for new life.

Create in me a stilled creek where

just below the surface, currents pulse

with inevitable movement toward open sea, eventually.