Two Forces I Have Known

by <u>Valerie Wohlfeld</u> in the <u>September 2024</u> issue Published on August 15, 2024

Centrifugal

Steadfast outcast, I am fast in my inertia from womb to grave. Pseudo force, here is gravity without a cause. Outward, outward, out am I ever-flung outward-bound to outer dark? Solo solace, when death claims me will it be as the snake who no longer claims its own shed skin to live again? Yet I have envisioned One so vast He is unending universe and does not sorrow in cold orbits of traverse.

Centripetal

God's cold orbits of traverse fix rotating route: I cannot flee, I am not free in fleeing to free my soul from Him. Inward, inward, in— I am spiraling to a center's core, God draws me in. Of all waters, all beings, He's the wellspring. He holds me fast, wheel to linchpin. Out of some whirlwind into some whirlpool, I am as one bone in some great winged breastbone.