

## Edges Prompt

Let the idea of edges enter today's poem. Where or what are the edges you encounter or ponder?

### The Edge of Doubt

There is always that edge of doubt.  
Trust it, that's where the new things come from.  
If you can't live with it, get out,  
Because when it's gone, you're on Automatic,  
Repeating something you've learned.  
Let your prayer be:  
Save me from that tempting certainty that  
Leads me back from the Edge,  
That dark edge where the first light breaks.

Albert Huffstickler

### Edges

*I have a lot of edges called Perhaps  
and almost nothing you can call  
Certainty.*

Mary Oliver in "Angels," *Blue Horses*

On the raggedy edges  
of Perhaps,  
prayer flags flutter  
outside peasant cottages.

While atop bastions  
of Certainty  
armed warriors pace  
to ward off invading doubts.

Ignore that castle —  
Want to know Joy?  
Let's dance the Holy Questions,  
along the raggedy edge.

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### **What You Couldn't Have Seen**

I put on my shoes, friend,  
the way I always do, and  
opened the door and stepped  
into the cold.  
If you had seen me,  
it would have looked  
so normal. Like a woman  
stepping out of her home.  
Even the part where I talked  
to the stars. Everybody  
talks to stars sometimes,  
right? What you couldn't have seen  
was how every step was an edge.  
Sometimes, right there  
outside the front door, I  
slipped off the cliffs of the known.  
It was years before  
the ground was even again.  
Though truly, sometimes  
the cliffs are still there,  
and I fall off again.  
Isn't it strange?  
It looks just like I'm walking.

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer  
from her on-line daily poems