



Muriel Rukeyser

(1913-1980)

This Place in the Ways (1948)

Having come to this place
I set out once again
On the dark and marvelous way
From where I began:
Belief in the love of the world,
Woman, spirit, and man.

Having failed in all things
I enter a new age
Seeing the old ways as toys,
The houses of a stage
Painted and long forgot;
And I find love and rage.

Rage for the world as it is
But for what it may be
More love now than last year.
And always less self-pity
Since I know in a clearer light
The strength of the mystery.

And at this place in the ways
I wait for song,
My poem-hand still, on the paper,
All night long.
Poems in throat and hand, asleep,
And my storm beating strong!