All afternoon, each time  
I think I should hurry,  
I pull out a comma,  
such humble punctuation,  
and invite it into the moment—  
and the comma does  
what it always does, which  
is to invite a pause, a small pause,  
of course, but a pause long enough  
to breathe, to notice what else  
is happening, a slight  
suggestion that right here  
is a perfect place to rest,  
yes, how funny I never noticed  
before that the comma itself  
looks as if it’s bowing, nodding  
its small dark head to what is,  
encouraging us to find  
a brief silence and then,  
thus refreshed, to go on.  
  
~ Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer