

The still pilgrim ponders a paradox

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [January 18, 2017](#) issue

"As an earthling, you are traveling in space at this very moment at a speed of 67,000 miles per hour on the ancient pilgrimage of Earth's 365 day journey around our daystar, the sun."

—Edward Hays, A Pilgrim's Almanac

Who knew that stillness could be so fleet?

The ancient oak an athlete.

The garden wall stacked brick on brick

a staunch imposter, heretic

devoted to the need for speed.

With planted feet you still exceed

the jet plane's thrust, the bullet's hustle.

And yet you do not move a muscle.

This world was never made for rest.

From north to south, from east to west

all living things traverse

while hurtling through the universe.

And still you stay as still can be

unmoved by your velocity.