JULIE HEFFERNAN

Self Portrait as Catastrophic Failure, 2013 Oil on canvas, 68 x 68 in



REBECCA FOUST

The Quest

The quest was a metaphor, of course—it could mean abroad in a world where May keeps blooming right through one's own fall—but also: just asking the questions. No longer not-seeing suffering, not for the thank-God-it's-not-me effect of, more like bearing witness. Maybe the chance to do an angstrom of good, make beauty or protest or laughter. Any act for those who (despite dire reports, still) keep coming after. A gimbal stable in drift, apparent wander. A dance done with wonder—in every sense.

Rebecca Foust's poem "The Quest" is included in her forthcoming collection, *Paradise Drive*, which won the 2015 Press 53 Award for Poetry. Other books include *All That Gorgeous Pitiless Song* and *God, Seed.* Foust has been the Dartmouth Poet in Residence at The Frost Place. New poems are in the *Hudson Review,* the *Massachusetts Review, Mid-American Review, North American Review, OmniVerse,* and other journals.