

Resurrection

I

Our grievous hearts we spend
Gnawing against unalterables,
Making loud crescendo louder
Until the echoing question
Batters the bounds of infinity,
Ricocheting,
Smashing against itself,
Turning interrogative into imperative
Why!

II

Then hangs silence, heavy.
Mind and heart insatiable—
No answer to feed upon—
Turn carnivorous
Upon indigestible self.

III

Still
hangs the silence,
heavy,
Hangs, and waits—
Waits the heart hush,
The earth logic to be stilled,
To free feeling-hearings
For soft whispering,
Ministering along veins, tissue,
And all between, pricking
The quick of thorny primeval knowing:
Energy from agony
And opposition!

A new knowing of the old,
A resurrection, a surge, rising
From red coals and ash, white-hot,
A virtue, refined, fired
From gut pains and seared edges,
A fiber, toughened, yet
Tender to the Everlasting Fire,
Yielding,
“I do, I will,
Thou sayest.”

—Allie Howe