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Miracles: Waking the Dead: Stigmata: Walking on Water; Curing the Lame

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MIRACLES

1. WAKING THE DEAD

A butterfly lights
upon your lips. What
you were about to speak
you forget. The dead
rise out of the ground on wings
mistaking your silence
for the sign, but too late,
the dead have risen
weeping with joy
like moths out of the night
filling the air with their dust,
running into the headlights of cars
crying, "We are saved,
we are saved!"

2. STIGMATA

You hold the stigmata
in your palms as though
they are pearls. You
slip soft gloves over them.
The gloves' palms bleed.
You touch the face of a girl.
A stigma blooms on her forehead,
the third eye with which
she sees the face of god.
You touch a stone.
It bleeds like a sheep's heart
tossed out to the dogs
in the snow. You
pass your hands through
the wounds in a mirror,
cross over to a solitary shore,
let loose the stigmata
like birds into an open field.

3. WALKING ON WATER

Into the desert
you trek
sucking a cactus thorn;
where your feet touch down
sand melts into water.
You walk on until
like the drowned or meditative
you drift down into yourself.
The desert opens,
a single blue eye.

4. CURING THE LAME

You touch the shrivelled leg
with your trembling, guided hand.
Paralysis, a stone,
drops to the ground
with the faithful weeping in witness.
You touch the leg of a horse,
a hunchback beggar.
You journey to kings and
are welcomed into the dens of lepers.
You touch the leg of a table,
a flute, a needle. The lame
come dancing toward you
to be healed.