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On Faith

Heather McHugh

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They couldn’t see the future for a fact. Imagination of oatmeal, room of mush, it wasn’t that they hadn’t seen the blackening and ironing around the lungs, the celebrations in a raw heart, how the bullets were put to bed in a chamber.

They just didn’t believe that they themselves could be knocked off to the nearest star. They didn’t believe what they saw was gone. The red shift was, at worst, a dress away at the cleaners. Invisible ink had to be kept in bottles, and that took space. They added attics in the event, sperm banks in the bomb shelter.

And though the self was always arriving late, they saw it, at best, as a friendly ghost, one of the wise men making a point of carrying diamonds to stars or being a shade in the dark. The substance of the argument was pure spirit, the drink was drunk, the rock miraculously gone, and why not, once you saw it come to life, live with yourself?

The past was another story, they said. You couldn’t imagine the past.