

Where Life Meets Death

Sometimes my soul hurts

I want to

Kiss

the ground—let the beetles

Caress

My eyelids

As I lay prostrate

In the Valley of Rephaim

I am Goliath and David

I

Open my mouth to speak

To cry out

To laugh

To call for help

But sound doesn't

Roll from my tongue

Nor does it

Dance off and from

My lips

No!

Instead I sing

a Song

Of white moths

Tethered to fireflies

And pulled by fire ants

I am

A grand sight in a grand valley

The dark women in their

Diaphanous gowns

Pick me up and

Kiss

my wounds

I cry now

And am shushed

SSSHHH!

Their arms encircle me

As bandages

And I

Am consoled

In the valley of Rephaim
Where I am
Both
David and Goliath