

Ode to Revival

Tiny, untamed python—
don't strangle me just yet.
My bones aren't broken, by
the taste of shame or the kiss
of bitterness. I have felt the fibers
of silk on my thighs and told comfort
to touch me. I am proof of the excited,
of the worthy, of the quenched. I was bathed
in sweet milk and allowed the sun to dry my skin
with her yellow. I am running into the arms of promise
to live safely in her gracious womb. Let me find the field
between breast and belly. Let me wander to the window and
blow out the dripping candle. In this house healing begins.

In this house,

I've found God.

Shannon Cunningham