As Our Bodies Rise, Our Names Turn into Light

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The sky unrolls like a rug, 
unwelcoming, gun-grey.
Over the Blue Ridge.
Mothers are calling their children in, 
mellifluous syllables, floating sounds.
The traffic shimmies and settles back.

The doctor has filled his truck with leaves
Next door, and a pair of logs.
Salt stones litter the street.
The snow falls and the wind drops.
How strange to have a name, any name, on this poor earth.

January hunkers down,
the icicle deep in her throat—
The days become longer, the nights ground bitter and cold,
Single grain by single grain
Everything flows toward structure, 
last ache in the ache for God.

Charles Wright is a Pulitzer Prize winning poet whose latest work is *Buffalo Yoga*. He read his work as part of Poetry Night at Grand Valley State University in October of 2004. His work is printed by permission of the author.