

Temple

Remember your palms coming together in prayer --
in the sanctuary of St. Luke's when your father died.
Remember your hands arching and undulating in dance, following the energy of drums.
Remember your fingers sketching the moon with a half-used and yellow, number 2 pencil.
Your legs, remember they carried you around the yard to the morning glories by the sugar maple,
to the sidewalk that ended with a geocache,
and down the path, mulched and tended at Garden of the Gods.
Remember your knees: they hold you up, bend, fold, and leap.
Remember your ears collecting noises and song, holding up all sorts of silly hats.
What do they hear now?
Remember your toes.
Remember them leading your feet onto the rough, warm sand and into the dark green water.
Remember black mud squirting up between them in the park that one day after rain.
Remember your belly, house of your being, fire of fire.
How you fill it with love and food and nerves!
Remember your hair, wild brown spider-webbing of bounce.
And your mouth – Embrace its breath of god, kisses, and yawns.
Remember how chocolate melts creamy in its cavern while pizza always burns the roof.
Cherish your elbows,
nose,
and tendons,
remembering they flesh you into this world.
Remember you hold this body, hopeful bone and grateful sinew, on the lap of this sacred soil.

~C.E. Wagner