

Corpus

by [Donovan McAbee](#) in the [March 29, 2017](#) issue

When God is silent late at night,
and I'm watching the shadows
the moon makes against the walls,
I wish sometimes for certainty,
to know God like the fetal pig
I dissected in high school,
its legs tied back with twine
on an aluminum tray, flesh
obedient to the scalpel as I separated
skin from meat, meat from bone,
living silence from the silence of death.
But I lie awake and listen instead
to the wind-rustled leaves of the poplar,
to the quiet breaths my wife makes
as she lies here sleeping, and
I pray, or think to myself,
which in these moments feels
like prayer, *oh, this is enough,*
this is more than enough.