

Tai chi in the sanctuary

by [Amy Frykholm](#) in the [June 21, 2017](#) issue

Limbs lift in the church light
 stocking feet, bald heads, backs
bent like
 marmots, like
 awkward planets,
like words that don't yet
 know themselves.

The old. The infirm.
 The one who lost his son.
The one who once jumped
 from a bridge and lived.
The one whose body
 bent her in a cavernous hour.

The afternoon sifts
 through blue glass, a light
the ancients left. Did they know
 what we would need?

These bodies float through motes,
 themselves dust
 returning.