

# 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.