

Eighth day

by [Susan L. Leary](#) in the [September 27, 2017](#) issue

Hanging behind the cellar stairs: finally,
he rested. But on the eighth day, God thought better of it
and made possible the tenderest of thefts:
that of milk-white bones plumbed by the heavens
and dug up for the grief-stricken to see.

*For all, God said: Let there be light
where there is dark.*

*Let there be truth in an empty sea—but once,
answers in their absence.*

And so the angels were given the most vigilant of tasks
to part, on only a moonless night, the grass-covered
dirt of graves. (For how else in this circumstance can love
be shown but with a desire for morbid things?)

And by taking in the rotting skin—and eyes that escape
their sockets like spools of unwinding thread:

*Let each prepare to emerge from the earth,
carrying as firewood—skeletons: to hasten speech.*

So that muddied and draped in lilies,
with still-blind eyes amok in plea—*Look*, God will say
*Did you not know the stars are your grandfather's
bones strung as letters in the sky?*