

The Miracle (Peter's Mother-in-Law Speaks)

by [Emily Rose Proctor](#) in the [June 2023](#) issue

It wasn't just his aloe hand, spreading
on my burn-crackling brow, his clean breath
breezing sunshine through my thinking hole,
his gaze honeying my piggy joints.

Rest here, he whispered
a velvet tabernacle of time
unfolding in the crawl space
between the bones of only my
ear drum beating, beating.
As long as you like, he said,
his voice making room quietly
like rising bread. Everyone—
and I think he meant me too—
everyone will be fed.

I don't know how long I lay there,
coming to all my familiar senses
in the warm dark, letting the pallet
hold me. They say I came right down
to serve them, but, I swear,
it felt like blessed forever.