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Resurrection

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Resurrection

Erin McLysaght

You built yourself into the stone,
The mosses growing on rocky ridges,
The trees in the valleys and the gulches,
The redness of the deserts and the arcs of stardust in the sky.
You are
A hand reaching out of the alpine lake
Breaking,
Cracking the ice,
No glacial melt cold enough to chill these bones,
You claw your way out
Every time.
Every morning,
Every day,
Ragged skin and broken fingernails
Dragging this rotting corpse onto the shore
River rock washed smooth enough to grasp.
Heave yourself ashore,
Lady of the lake,
Knees shredded and bleeding,
All broken bones and twisted spine,
Water in the lungs and
Marbles for eyes.
You built yourself into the wild places,
With no soul to go home to.