

## Corpus

by [Donovan McAbee](#) in the [March 29, 2017](#) issue

When God is silent late at night,  
and I'm watching the shadows  
the moon makes against the walls,  
I wish sometimes for certainty,  
to know God like the fetal pig  
I dissected in high school,  
its legs tied back with twine  
on an aluminum tray, flesh  
obedient to the scalpel as I separated  
skin from meat, meat from bone,  
living silence from the silence of death.  
But I lie awake and listen instead  
to the wind-rustled leaves of the poplar,  
to the quiet breaths my wife makes  
as she lies here sleeping, and  
I pray, or think to myself,  
which in these moments feels  
like prayer, *oh, this is enough,*  
*this is more than enough.*