

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?*