

# Ash Wednesday

by [Carol Gilbertson](#) in the [February 12, 2008](#) issue

no bicep, no bone, no lung  
and no cheek, so lean, not  
even breath not even earth—  
humus, placental—nothing  
but dust nothing but ash  
burnt up consumed—  
not the predominant water  
no song and no sound  
no taste and no touch no hunger  
not even age-lame or deaf  
not even tomb-bound and rotting  
no pain yes but also no feeling  
no hope and no hunger  
the end of *I* and *I think*  
not *I hurt* or even *am nothing*  
no cross on the forehead  
no forehead no  
thing at all.