

Excess

by [Sofia M. Starnes](#) in the [March 16, 2016](#) issue

Spring in the garden edge, a periwinkle maze—
O Lord of spill and swell. *I will not disappoint
you now, he says; I've honed your cell's repairs.*

The human ware is slippery in our hands; an ankle
twists, breaks on a granite ledge; joint
failure of a stone and heel, the puddled stairs . . .

And so, God digs into his resurrection—
a funny rib and tooth, a good and solid shoulder:
the hidden measure of largesse.

Imagine, in a yard, another bone to spare; imagine—
long and grassy. For grasses err in favor
of excess . . . Ah, isn't that the Word, *excess*?

Not just repaired: pampered, festooned, unspent.
A risen body, Lord, our flesh has never dreamt.