

A Doubting Thomas sort-of sonnet

by [Jill Alexander Essbaum](#) in the [February 10, 2021](#) issue

Sometimes I think belief is obsolete.

The sky is empty. God does not exist.

That there's no point to life, and wishing it

won't make it true. That miracles and feats

arrive by way of science. Cures and healings?

Just suave doctoring. And soul's a quick

and nitwit way of naming all the tricks

our hocus-pocus human brains complete.

And death's the end of everything, full stop.

And heaven's ever-after is a ruse.

And we're no more than broken, bloody dopes

who pray to ghosts. *But*. Sometimes something not-

myself pervades the walls of my heart's room,

goes boom, then wracks and blacks and blues my bones.

The stone is rolled. I'm whole. I'm held. It's *hope*.