

Writing Equations

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After the weeping ceases, the mind
bangs like a moth against the windowpane of logic:
*what are the chances, after his body is torched,
his ashes scattered, dust to dust,*

my father will ring my doorbell?

Resurrection: the word hides how it works,
the way the sconce in our living room
conceals a puzzle of tangled wires,

or like yards of purple entrails, I imagine,
hidden by lovely skin. I was 13 when my father
died; they told me resurrection was real, but not
yet; later. And my physics teacher forgot

to clarify the facts of resurrection; I sat smiling
like a good student, the hidden questions
tangling in my brain. What else would fail
if resurrection wasn't true? If there was an

equation for it, it floated beyond my grasp.
I never asked. My young angry mind needed
to be held safely, the way maple
roots are gripped by earth. I went to work

alone, trying to solve the physics.