

from *How the Temple Was Built*

God takes Ezekiel on many walks. He says  
I will do this and this and this to the people and then  
they shall know who I am.  
Then they chance upon a valley of bones  
splintering and whitening in the sun.  
God turns to Ezekiel with twinkling eyes.  
Shall these bones live? These  
bones? Oh Lord. God flings sinew  
on the bones, liver, spleen, gristle.  
The bodies rise.  
Rise without breath, wet clay  
glistens in the sun.  
He gives breath, as if an afterthought.  
Ezekiel tries to see in their eyes, one at a time.  
The men not moving but lunging forward like warriors,  
eyes ice-cold mud seen through mist,  
waiting for their souls to snap back in.  
They are bruised with an ache  
made not by the world.  
Their forgotten stories rift their faces,  
their deaths now a hole they can walk through.  
Home a space that closed after them, rinsed of  
the mourning that ran its course.  
They glimmer in a new reality, still speechless,  
as if they were really the miracle . . .  
But already God has taken Ezekiel by the elbow.