

## Two Poems · *Eric Pankey*

### IN MEMORY

If the world is created from the Word,  
What can I hear amid the noise of that one  
Assertion and all that rattles and diminishes

In its wake: the mockingbird's trill and grate,  
The sluice and overlap where the creek narrows,  
The dragonfly needling through the humid air?

And what will I hear when words are no more?  
I cannot hear you now, ash-that-you-are,  
My beloved, who in your passion and error,

In what was your life gave life to me,  
My life from the life of your blunt body  
That is no more. If I believe that Christ

Is risen, why can't I believe that we too  
Will be risen, rejoined, and relieved  
Of the world's tug and the body's ballast?

We are asked to testify, to bear  
Witness to what we have seen and heard,  
And yet our hope is in the veiled and silenced.

I take comfort in your silence,  
In the absence of the voice that voiced your pain.  
The body apart from the spirit is dead

But that does not mean the spirit is dead.