

Faith

Sean Ahern

I know a scar
misspelled on the wrist
the wrong direction
laughing till the road is spit across the back of the stars
jutting loose like words afraid to taste themselves as they
evaporate into dreams,
sweet and frail and never meant to exist.
I know a man with his fist deep
into the atomic remains of God's chest
reaching to hold the idea of a heart
but won't ever know the shape.
Only that his fingers have tried to find it.