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Glossolalia

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How I fear you becoming consumed by your past. Allowing the violence to shift against you again.

I can’t recall the name of the country. I can’t remember if I told you that Robert cut his thumb that summer, the scar now resembling a crescent moon. And I can’t remember if I mentioned how I picture my dragon: one claw empty, painted open. His other makes the sign for water. A third tucks a violin against his belly, the last raising the bow.

At night, the dragon mumbles, never sleeping. In the morning, I wake to the tuning of his little violin.

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Rae Anne Redfield is dying for me

to convert to Pentacostal Christianity,

so one summer day she prays in tongues,

her voice a plant forcing out blooms:

cinnamon spikes,
bees in the nightshade,

a foxglove fugue,
My parents’ patio

turns hot as lungs,
unsticks from the matrix

of level lawns,
and veers into a garden

overrun with wilderness,
I’m fourteen and close

enough to touch Rae Anne’s braids, her bangs,

her birch white hair part.
How could I not feel

Christ’s knuckles rap hard on my heart?