

1-1-1994

Glossolalia

Angela Sorby

Marquette University, angela.sorby@marquette.edu

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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?