

Poem – And the Dead Shall Be Raised Incorruptible

Everything shines from the inside out—
not like the blaze of the sun, but like
the moon, as if each of us had swallowed
a piece of it. Our flesh opaque, milky,
indefinite—the way you see the world
when cataracts skim your vision.
What so many mistake as imperfection—
bulge of varicose, fatty tumor’s bump—
is simply another way for the light to get out,
to illuminate the body as it rises.
We’re caught up all the time, but none of us
should fly away yet. It’s in the darkness
when your feet knock dew from leaves
of grass, when your hand pushes out
against the coffin’s lid. Just wait.
You’ll see we had it right all along,
that the only corruption comes
in not loving this life enough.

Todd Davis, *The Least of These* (USA: Michigan State University Press, 2010), 7.
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