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Working World

Tennille Wright
Concordia University - Portland

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This world is a jealous world, her tight viral roots of ignorant money sing sweeter than Sophia, we work for her fruit of pollution that shrouds the openness of sky.

Originally we weren't here for this kind of work. Without ultimate cures, doctors still have their businesses taking up tables complete with silverware and bills, changing hands and bodies everyday, like paper placemats.

Surgical gloves wade through what we know of life, the cool heavens meeting warm reds in an airy liquid dance. Scientists continue to catalog and soothe us, epidural needles kiss us like fig leaves sown to our skin, but we are still naked from learning and hungry for wisdom.

Perhaps in purity there is a newspaper we don't yet know how to read, a banquet we can't digest, and immortality we cannot wrap ourselves in. Maybe we breathe it everyday but it is larger than sky so we let it pass through us: a god with healing consistency resting like dried blood on his hands, the effortless, omnipotent, voice of love.