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Working World

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WORKING WORLD

Tennille Wright

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.