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in His image

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in His image

Brooke S. Ohren

3rd Place Short Story Winner

Did God
sculpt
this body?

Did He open His trunk of planetfragments and dig,
throw humorous bones over mountainous shoulders,
and find pearly pieces that fit?

Did He chisel the shoulders to strain, nod to Himself,
lay a spine of Jerichobrick, add a sloping tail
to mirror the serpent He released?

Did He caress the clay of Noah's soaked earth into face pillows,
fanned fingers and fat rolls,
staining the structure beneath?

Did He fingerpaint moles with burningbush hands,
lace together hairstrands of myrrh,
grind olive branches into irises?

Did He step back to evaluate His creativity—
delight in this jumbled composition—
kiss dirty pinched fingers, release a stormpeck into the air?

Did He capture that wisp of divinity,
my slivered soul,
and toss it inside a borrowed-rib cage?

Did I blink awake for the first time,
in a divine studio of
blinding mist,
shuddering cold, naked—

did He take his robe
tear it with moonbeam teeth
and float a gossamer veil—*a shroud*—over my eyes?

Did I reach toward Him,
for His index finger sparked Adam's life,
and instead
as the haze set in,
did my Creator

turn away

wash His hands

and move on to another?

My tears turn stone to mud and I
sink into coagulating sour puddles—

blooddirt and leaking stardust
form sparkling rivulets

I cannot
save.