

Holy Absence

- Molly Salans

I no longer matters
how much you know
or how long you have known
about healing and shattering
or even how often you have
followed the broken pieces
like a map
back to wholeness

You keep hearing that This
and This And This is God
but when even with This
you cannot find Him
among the cracked bones
and battered breath
where even the air cannot enter
your lungs
and you cry out
"Where are You?"

you drop into His Absence
so deeply
you can barely see
how there are others
kneeling also
in this debris

she has a broken child
he has a broken father
you are all broken with grief