

The Keeper

Someone has left the inner side of my ribs painted
with the untouchable light of October maples,
and beating in this urgent cage
my heart rhythmically sleeps.

Someone has given my heart speechless hands
closing and opening,
knowing in their fetal sleep they'll never
even touch the ribs.

Someone beyond me has moved
or spoken, or stood still and silent
as my heart turned over on Cleopas' dreams,
claspng at spasms in the glistening cage,

or awakening at the bottom of every flight of stairs
its fingers make shocking contact
with the flesh obscuring the red bars
and my mouth calls out His name.

Phillip Whidden

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