

ON THE REFRAIN TAKEN FROM AN OLD HYMN

Be still, my soul,
by the radiator.
Be still the way a noisy phone line is to fish
along the ocean floor.

Be still, impatiens quickly blooming.

Be still when breaking shafts of light
in a musty old brain of an attic
cleaning away the cobwebbed dust.

Be still, my soul,
like a math equation.

Be still, my soul,
like condensation on a beer glass.
The way the feathers of a feather are when it's blown,
still, be still, my soul.

Like my father deep in reading contemplation
or when napping
or thick stained glass, long after the service
has ended.

The way my mother draws blood from her patients.
The way my brothers were in love with girls in middle school.
Be still.

Be still the way creation was before it was created

before it sang with the morning stars.

—Micah Towery



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