

Anatomy of Grace

ANNA DELAMERCED

If these bones could speak
Would they ask
Tell me who you are,
I will tell you about me

Would they name their children
One by one, tell stories
They used to tell their grandchildren at bedtime

would they sing songs
in the morning
Their voices echoing to high ceilings
Until gathering into a chorus

Would they map out where they've been
Where they hoped they could have gone

I carry in this wooden box
A final act of generosity
The power of giving
What words cannot say