



# The Dead Space

by Heather Oldham

I want to leave him in the grave,  
Pull ashen bones from the shroud's  
Fine layers, dissolving. When Mary found  
The worshipped spot empty, why the  
Relief? How much easier to run, like  
Peter, so to convince you  
I am worshipping the face  
of Christ, I see the Other, a  
Rib in my side to pull away from,  
Become, and be married to the sides of the  
Sexpots, oppressed, lame, blind, poor  
Politicians, the creedless, the indoctrinated  
Philosophers, eyes and mouths shot open, with  
No hands. How much easier to convince  
You I would die, suffer without singing  
Hymns or owning a pulpit or thumping a Bible  
On a table consecrated holy. How much easier to  
Convince you my faith has no cloud but a cross,  
That threshold between these words and your  
Eyes, my motivations and their ends. How much easier  
to live in the space between "My God, why have  
You forsaken me?" and the 3rd day before sunrise. That way, I can  
Hold your hand in the grief that isolates us, in the  
Salvation that is salvation, and not a hope  
Becoming.

—Heather Oldham is a junior English and philosophy major at Baylor University in Waco, Texas.  
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