

Birmingham Poetry Review

Volume 50 BPR - Spring 2023

Article 68

2023

Cento for the Resurrection

Megan Sexton

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Recommended Citation

Sexton, Megan (2023) "Cento for the Resurrection," *Birmingham Poetry Review*: Vol. 50, Article 68. Available at: https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/bpr/vol50/iss2023/68

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Megan Sexton

Cento for the Resurrection

Everything is an event for those who know how to tremble, nothing is out of season, sometimes I am hidden from the mountain in veils of inattention, the traits of the solitary bird are fire there were the usual celebrations, the usual sorrows, I don't remember all the particulars.

The day is emptying all of its pockets, laying out, one by one, all of its possessions, always a slow alphabet of rain speaking of drifting and perishing to the air, always to want to go back, to correct an error, there is no salvation in elsewhere.

Meanwhile the world goes on, we would like to ask the dog if there is a continuous whir because the child in the house is growing. In whose tale are hidden syllables of what happened so long before that? Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart. I felt my leanness as the sea ate me over and over again.