The Shadow of Turning

words by Hannah Hall
art by Hannah Charlton
The sharp sweetness of the bread and the wine

throw me back to a time before habit

I wonder if this is the true taste of human flesh.
But it is later, in the heat of the night, that the deepness inside me awakens--I look for it in vain.
She couldn't have been right, this woman, this world of hollow women,

Voices mean nothing, if they cannot fill the cracks in the firmament,

these iron souls in their misty cages

DISCOVERING BIBLICAL EQUALITY
Fee Gordon

GIRLS are EQUAL, TOO
The wind wove around me,
caressing me like her child as I
fought on, ignoring the pain.
My time with You is full of questions
and the brief silences which foreshadow my fear
of ignorance
And again, even later, the voice that tells me to

arrange for You—is that what You want? what I want?
I could, if it was true,  
poor my sins into little jars,  
close them tight  
arrange the fruit in a bowl  
on the table  
while You sit at the counter  
and watch  
not bothering to correct me,  
even gently.  
But this kitchen  
 isn't big enough for both of us.

I ask You  
if it's true that men are a lie.
I could try, if You needed me to,

to do it right, to caulk my soul with only You-

but ever beckoning is the question of worth-

is there really nothing new under the sun?

it's new to me, but

i am young.
They say there is no shadow of turning with thee

but there is the shadow of my turning to consider
whether it, like the rain, is swallowed up by the ocean

or if it flies away on the wings of an eagle and sheds my spirit
over the farthest reaches of the seas, where men fear to tread
and women

creep

along,

hollow,

waiting.