

NAOMI GLASSMAN

John's Gospel

You sat in the kitchen alone,
the night you came back from Korea,
held a glass between cracked hands
and listened to yourself breathe.
You remembered snow-packed roads,
orphans peering from charred ruins,
their eyes glowing like barroom lamps.
You sat and could no longer imagine
that once you thought you would never
again touch a girl or swim in a pool
or talk with mother or drink grape juice.

You strode across campus alone,
maps bundled beneath long arms,
moved like a titan across the lawn.
You, who are crafted of old oracles
and the dust from dead cities,
You, grown up inside a raw war,
why do you stare through the walls
when I ask, teacher, of what are we made?