

# NOLI MI TANGERE

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*"blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed."  
(John 20:29)*

My brother isn't ready to become the salvation  
song stowed in an ear, the owls

spilled from my mother's mouth at midnight  
as she sleeps four hundred feet from him

again. My brother: the quiet hush of snow  
that breaks itself against the field. Helpless before

this blue hour, my mother uses her body  
as a river. Water, even revised, knows

where it came from. My brother whispers  
from his closet, mistaking it for a childhood

where abandon wasn't the wild indigo that lives  
through winter. No wound unseen will be touched,

but how to hold him as he dies again, my mother  
on her knees outside her body. Tired of the heart

that cannot be touched without dying  
a little first. That flat line. Electricity that begs

the wound to begin again. My brother, on suicide  
watch, is unremarkable. But we are owls

perched on the brink of night & remembrance.  
My mother loses weight to keep him

warm. To keep him close, we walk the city as he bows  
to the myth in his cup. The news breaks

with a story about a little boy murdered  
& fastened to a cross. In resurrection stories,

it is belief, not human hands, that brings anyone  
back from the dead. We can't be saved

here. The fields of snow stretch under us. A hare  
sits in the street, listening. Some ending seeks us.

What if this life is the only life we have?