

[it may be Lord our voice is suited now]

By Christian Wiman | Volume 1.1 Fall 2014

It may be Lord our voice is suited now
only for irony, onslaught, and the minor hierarchies of rage.

It may be that only the crudest, cruelest transformations touch us,
gauzewalkers in the hallways of a burn ward.

I remember a blind man miraculous for the sounds of his mouth,
every bird rehearsed and released for the children to cheer.

Where is he now, in what icy facility or sunlit square,
blackout shades and a brambled mouth, singing extinctions?

Christian Wiman is the author, editor, or translator of nine books, including *My Bright Abyss: Meditation of a Modern Believer* (2013). His new book of poems, *Once in the West*, was released in the fall of 2014. His spare, precise poems often explore themes of spiritual faith and doubt. For ten years, he served as editor of *Poetry* magazine; in 2013 he joined the faculty of Yale Institute of Sacred Music

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