

Assembling Me

By Christine Bianca Pelliccio

I

Take it up,
Turn it around;
My eyes slice the sight.

Letting its angles cut and create new bandaids of
glory,
Patching up my crusted walls like holy spackling
paste.
Its sharp splinters of radiance spin
as I spin;
Their cyclical motion dizzies me,
Simultaneously,
Healing me.

One rectangular side is my mother.
Patient and faithful,
She molded me by trial and grace.
Her softly greyed and blonde hair
Reminded her turquoise eyes of
Ache and milage of maturity.
Unforgetful she was,
Molding me.

Adjacent, I found a sister.
Bloodless relations connected us,
Her and I.
Strength and truth emboldened her contrasting
frame.
A piercingly sea-shaded gaze
Discerned sin and loved relentlessly.
Unchanging in her favor,
She listened, and in time she spoke;
Reminding me.

Continuing, a wise teacher.
In the Body, he sang occasionally.
Mainly because he didn't need to.
His words spoken carried the weight of
The globe and moon,
A ton of feather-like freedom and responsibility,
Even when heard half asleep.
His lengthy wisdom-worn platinum curls,
Restrained only by his attentive and hasty ears,
Framed his ever-urgent expression
Nonverbally inquiring,
Do you know my Lord?
Questions asked,
Prodding me.

Turning it now to its smallest edge,
A mentor comes into view.
Her sleek and sophisticated pantsuit,
Challenging her youthful love and ever-fresh zeal.
Her delicate and strong hands
strum her four strings,
Her voice gently declaring,
The Bible tells me so.
Nowhere is silence more comfortable
Than in her presence.
She sees and prays,
Hearing me.

To the other tiniest triangular face,
A friend makes his appearance.
His glasses catch the light as
His soft smile reminds me
In a moment;
The Lord knows His own.
Rooting words reorient me mid-week,

Calling me to consider and trust,
Counseling me.

The prism of community;
Blinding me, binding me and minding me.
The beam breaks through,
Refracts through each side,
And respectively shoots out a bow of color.
Small enough to go unnoticed,
Significant enough to be stumbled upon;
A streak of beauty and muddiness,
Resembling me.