

A DREAM OF

By Andrew Cockerham

looking
through my history book, I fell
into heresy
past flames and faggots
Gatling guns, atomic suicide bombs
gas chambers and
cathartic murders and I

falling
thought of Sabellius
the ancient heretic
whose desperate move
to prove there was no god
but God split his church

incurring
the ire of the philosophers
who said he said the Father suffered
on
the cross
and I

passing
downward through a hall of
smoking guns
and
mirrors
began to see
my face reflecting
infinite desire for some god tangible

grasping
for a handhold
I hit the dirt

forming
a little image
of myself (like God
forming

Adam)

looked up and
seeing

Sabellius himself

asked whether
he meant what he said
that God, for three days,
was not
anything

and he
said human vision was
inadequate
was all
that we could see
being

mortal as we are
blind to all
the θεός
that surrounds us, he said
like vapor rings the moon
shimmering

and he said it was easier not to
know what a heretic knows:
Nanking and Wounded Knee,
Jebus, Yerushalaim, ak-Quads,
Jerusalem
Sarajevo and Calvary were crimes
against
Being

(One God
beside whom, much
as I would wish, there is
no Other)

Source: Nari Kirk, ed., *Gadfly* 2007
(College Place, Wash: Walla Walla College
English Department, 2007).

