

## Abba: The Name of God

*Anita Tanner*

Like a wine taster swirling a thin glass stem, I want  
to hold the name of God on my tongue, color

my mouth wine-bibber red, let the heat run  
down deep past heart and lungs. I want

to read backward and forward the life-  
force of this palindrome, Abba, write it

over doorways, on walls and ceilings of  
every bodyhome, upon frontlets, the name

of God before every convoluted brain, like  
water through breaking dams, these lovely

vowels flaring all our arid nostrils and lungs.