

The Leper

Gregory Brooks

An armadillo dug up the grass
in my parents' yard last year—

the kind that bounce buckshot
off their back and carry leprosy.

If only I could do the same:
materialize armor, lumber along.

I could curl up while testimonies
pelt my spine on Sunday,

doubts doubting doubt.
Everything in a simmer

until I find my niche at church.
Someplace to read history and hide.

Healing happens in the dark
for those of us who burrow.