

2023

Hymnal

Emma Wallace
ekw0008@mix.wvu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://researchrepository.wvu.edu/calliope>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), and the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Wallace, Emma (2023) "Hymnal," *Calliope*: Vol. 35, Article 18.

Available at: <https://researchrepository.wvu.edu/calliope/vol35/iss1/18>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Research Repository @ WVU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope by an authorized editor of The Research Repository @ WVU. For more information, please contact researchrepository@mail.wvu.edu, emily.fidelman@mail.wvu.edu.

Hymnal

Emma Wallace

*“the best music
Is made of subtraction,
The singer seeks an exit from the scarred body
And opens his mouth
Trying to get out.”*
--Jericho Brown

A natural knack for song,
The young girl praised
At the pews. As her father
Had always taught her to. Take
The blood, the body, the spirit.
Into the mouth of the young, Belief
A thing which cannot be turned away.
Faith, a thing which is a burden
Until you submit to it. Just like
Girlhood is. A candle lit too long
Until you take the time to blow it out.
The wax drips everywhere. Burning
Fingers into nothing until prints
Don't exist. God wasn't real to her.
Her father was. A man who taught
Her the songs she used to escape
The burden which came with her.
Existence. Her fingers touching
Sin which spilled onto everything.
Where was her song to escape it?

She didn't have one.