

2024

A Very Strange Year (Day 309)

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Recommended Citation

Wilson, A. (2024). A Very Strange Year (Day 309). *Quill & Scope*, 16 (1). Retrieved from

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When I was thirteen,
God asked for a word with me;
He took my spiritual being from
Earth, and left my parents bereft
of their second and firstborn—
briefly.

My spirit lay inside my body
but I wasn't there as I flew
from moment to moment
and hospital to hospital
without sutures,
even as the paramedics
gave the look of loss
to my mother.

As I looked into God's Fire,
He rendered His decision
before I could answer;
I don't remember it
but He sent me back with messages
I would deliver,
in manners like this,
years later.

My grandmother would ponder my poetry
and confirm this message—
maybe through God
as we see Him in many forms,
through the works and words
of people close and afar.

When I was thirteen,
it was a very strange year
and it was a very good year
for learning, though I would
render that year as the establishment,
and likely formulation
of a mind that would come to
question everything that came
from the bottomless vice
many of us dream of
while being one of the few
to come back from it.