

WHY I LOVE THAT WE'RE NOT GODS

poem by Sean Keck



If we could live all time at once,
there'd be no room for words
in that total lack of silence.

The sky, grown thick with birds
trailing themselves like film frames,
would buckle and heave, spurred

along by wind and flames,
competing moons and stars,
bodies no longer named

on any legible charts.
Buried beneath thunder
of innumerable heart-

beats half off, under
the weight of too many
todays, we'd wander

nowhere and there. Any-
where you turned
there'd be a litany

of you and me, churned
into an us of each of us,
two we who learn

nothing because the cup
of our choices
is already filled up

with overflowing voices
of every grace and sin
we'd done or do. Noises

all about. The love we're in,
in that total lack of silence,
won't end but won't begin.

Image: "Dark Figures" by Matthew King. "Why I Love that We're Not Gods" was written by Sean Keck for *Rattle's* Ekphrastic Challenge, January 2022, and selected as the Editor's Choice.