

## Salvation

Someone has tapped your clenched hand and so  
moves you to move — white gown and sneakers.  
Someone has touched a light chord at the keyboard.  
It isn't what swells the midmorning hallway  
with a filtering light from the past,  
and it isn't the past itself, either, come  
to usher you into the sanctum of safety.

Dear god, someone says to the ceiling — dear  
god comes back down in a hush. You hold still.  
Someone has taken the scruff of your neck  
in one hand and your hand in the other.  
Now he has swept the wet hair from your eyes . . .  
it isn't hard to be clean. It isn't the past  
that has changed. It's that light, shutting off.