

*ON HYMNODY*

If the hymn is a song of praise,

it is also the voice that

bends over the song and protects it with praise.

The song glorifies itself: it is its own voice.

Then the hymn remains, a cast-off garment still holding on to

the scent of the body that once wore it. The vocal chords

no longer rub together to approximate sound or tune, just

the hand, whose hand, finding its way through the sleeve, like

a breath through a throat and

hereafter inhaling, inhaling.