



1999

What Everyone Is Secretly Afraid Of

Michelle Bridges

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Recommended Citation

Bridges, Michelle (1999) "What Everyone Is Secretly Afraid Of," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 2 , Article 25.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol2/iss1/25>

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Keywords

Poetry

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If I exploded and I lost my bits
And pieces, say they break, they drown, they fly,
What's my response? I'd quake, I'd frown, I'd cry
With what was left to throw a string of fits.

What noise accompanies this type of blast?
A sonic boom? A crashing ocean wave?
A fallen rock resounding through a cave?
The world and all its ears would feel my last.

I think, should this occasion come,
(I'm sure it is the fear of every man,)
I'd find a wall behind which I could stand
To hide from shrapnel which was once my sum.

Affected

To fear God is to moan
much like a jealous almost-artist
 in the presence of a mighty gallery
 for the hand of the arm of the body of myself
 is a sculpture of flesh, animated.
The bumps in the back, humps
 on the camel, live dromedary
 holding hinges for five firm worms
 with hard hats each.
Each one the trunk of a tree, with deepening
 rings of increasing old age,
 all joining in outburst of flesh foliage;
palm producing the fruit of all my labors,
 cradling cranberry tributaries
 and criss-crossed canyons.
So then, to fear God is to wiggle my fingers madly.