**There is a Story**

Sarah Dickenson Snyder

In *rib*, *snake*, and *apple*,

and sometimes you need to

say *frost* to statue the world

so you can find what is lost.

Or even *sand* to feel your feet

sink, enter what is below.

Don’t be afraid of darkness.

It is there that we are solved,

our hinge to gods. Everywhere

we can’t see, they are there,

residing, the way pollen enters

even closed windows, the way

your fingertips sweep my skin

& find the dust of us,

all the other worlds.