**Theodicy**

Wylde J. Parsley

only the sadist loves being strung across the ocean, organs beaded

on a silver cord—heart, liver, pancreas curing

in the open salted air, wounds a’gaping. the body is not made

for thinness, nor it is made for preservation. strained coast to coast, a tendon should

snap, and if it does not, it hurts

and hurts. do stop me if you think this is silly,

but bodies are made for trembling and being held in their trembling—they are not a horizon,

and nothing, neither Chance nor God, would create life only to watch

it sunset itself with salt-choked wailing. the briny heart still beats, even suspended

breaths above the choppy waves. what we say when we want

a hand to hold is not unreasonable.