A Ram for Thomas

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A Ram for Thomas
Amaya Willems

When the nurse tells me my arms will be outstretched at my sides as they operate
I think of Christ
I think of the scars I will have in my side and I imagine her fingers tracing them, following the paper tape to my drains—
Little Thomas, who never had the courage to doubt her god
Who scarcely would have the faith to believe me—
I imagine her cradling them in her small palms as I tell her,
“See and believe”
Something I am still trying to do so myself

This is the greatest act of love ever performed
To serve oneself to the point of truth, to the point of creation
Despite everything you’ve ever been told,
Despite everything little Thomas carried as sacred,
To hold her hand, to hold your own
And kiss the vein in which they will stick the IV

No god will hold my hand through this
No mortal will both know me and bear witness
I will die for my own sins

So when they move my arms to stretch me across the table
I invoke the name I have chosen and call upon myself for salvation