

Dry Bones - Images from Ezekiel 37

Theresa Novak

Novak is a second-year student at Starr King School. This poem was written in April 2004.

My bones know,
Underneath it all,
Within.

I have lived
In the valley of the dry bones,
Waiting for the four winds to blow,
For the holy breath.
Dry bones
Fragile and hard
Spin through the dance
As the rain falls.
Bones rattling to life
Spring is coming.
Praise God.