

## **O MAGNIFICAT** **By Linda Rogers**

When the voices are as many  
as burning cars filled with boy  
sopranos driving themselves  
through the holes in ruined  
cities, singing O magnificat,  
St. Anselm's proof for the  
existence of God; then our  
tongues begins to look for  
gaps in our teeth to fill with  
words that fall silent as snow.

The tongue magnifies, our  
dentist tell us; in every crack  
and crevice a story is hiding,  
waiting to come out and frighten  
anyone who won't believe  
the sum is always greater.

The sum of what, we ask,  
greater than what, O magnificat,  
there are so many voices every  
one of them hungry, every  
one of them calling for help.

Fill the crack in the earth that  
swallowed the leg of the young  
ballerina in Sichuan province;  
fill the tears in the veil worn by  
women stoned to death in Kabul;  
fill the empty stomachs of children  
starving in the wastelands of Darfur;  
fill the time between gunshots  
where children soldier in jungles,  
fill the treble holes in the ocean  
vacated by singing mammals.

O magnificat, it is human to  
magnify gaps between molars,  
holes in the ozone, caveat in kisses,  
and the holy emptiness of longing.  
That is why, after all this time,  
we are still speaking in tongues.