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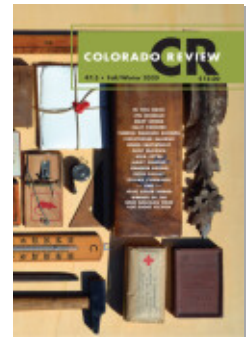
Research

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RESEARCH

A study considering neuroscience and the sacred:
anyone before today heard more clearly, the individual
a porous entity open to intrusion, intrusions not yet

intrusive. I remember 2nd grade, pre-osmosis,
we cupped our hands over the ear to our right
and whispered telephonic messages, words passed on

from prophet to prophet. Paul and David, open,
semipermeable. This study asks how Elijah heard a
quiet voice in a small cave during the loudest storm,

as this life questions every cave from which I've sought warmth.
My modern hands: cold, closed to one rare word
transmitted from a holy leaf. Where is my ancient

sense of self? Neurologists presume certain tissues
process our 9 to 5 and how we respond
to its ripples, some brains can house a large

Other, shatter mental construct, real and
invisible, unmeasured, like a doubt. An answer
to the void is phenomenon here, but just another day

in another hemisphere. Gathered data: a people region
of South Sudan has real estate of said brain tissue,
said porous life. Maybe they can verify what happened

when I looked past a bloody head
pressed against my chest to watch hands twitch
on a hospital bed. Maybe they could calculate

intervention, between the "I" before—17,
half-naked on a park bench, summoned by
a voice calling my name—and who I am today.

The turn of the century turned us
into stunned organs, closed us slowly,
a backwards bloom. Perhaps the Israelites

learned in order to survive, worlds must pass on
logic. Rules warm infrastructure, all violations
cardboard, flammable. Like a miracle.