

## MY NAME IS LEGION

### Luke 8.26-39

*I could be the madman in this passage: mine  
the howling, the bruises, the manic  
smashing of all constraint.*

*What have you to do  
with me, Love?*

*. . . I train my voice  
to his, in case finding myself in the drama  
might amount to faith.*

*Fractured shackles  
still inscribe their false creed;  
feigned hope bleeds into the margins.*

*But what if I were to profess  
these dark stains, stark ciphers  
set down on the page? Would belief  
leap from dead paper, call forth  
my name, and quiet*

*the clangling  
hollow space between words?*

*The story plays out as arranged:*

*Pigs flee the scene,  
the madman ambles off, perplexed  
—though in his right mind;*

*. . . but I  
remain in white tombs of the text  
poring over my Gerasene scars.*

*~Elaine Elizabeth Belz*