

Lazare

Second day passes like
receding water.

Here am I, foot wet, foot dry,
and my eyes fixed upward,
scouring the stars to find where hides
the master of these tides.

Is it the second day? or is it still
the crucifixion? is it still
the shrubby hill outside Jerusalem?
Am I still sleeping, am I waking?

Deep in that eye socket and small,
seeping into the wellwater I wait;
I recall the days when I did not envy
the blind brother begging at the gate.

Here! the worm and water is receding.
Here! the stone is rolling, shadows lifting.
Here! the fingers and the elbows
are shifting.