

Two or Three Witnesses

Mary

So this is what you meant,
born again:
from the day your name
spilled from the angel's
tongue like wine
until now,
one long labor
only to bring you
naked into this
chorus of rainwater
then back into
the womb of earth.

John

Here in the storm
at the Place of the Skull
my ears reach to catch
your words like fish.
For us words
used to come more easily:
parables and proverbs
loaded against
the nets of language,
the weight breaking them
into joyful swimming
all the way back to song.

A donkey

Nothing will grow here.
The ground is too hard for
even the rain to soften.
If someone would take
this bundle from my back,
I would lie down in a meadow
or a garden,
then get up and go home.

—Michael Hicks