

## Two Poems

Jean S. Marshall\*

### MUSEUM PIECE

Impaled, moth-like, on the wood,  
He hung there dying.  
Without struggle He yielded  
to the Light.

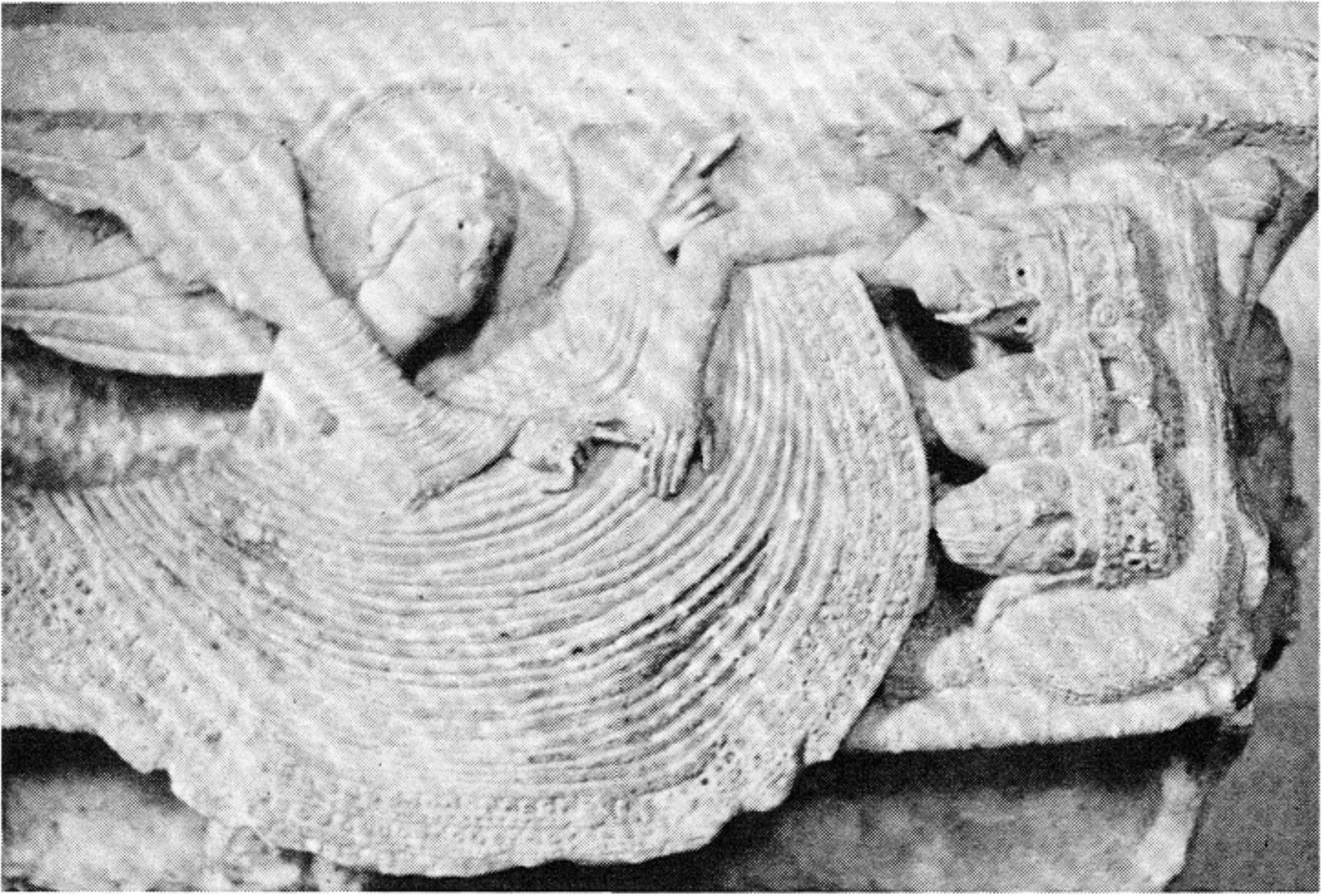


For centuries they have let Him hang—  
in stone,  
in delicate, yellowing ivory,  
on dark and crimson canvases,  
in painted effigies of wood,  
the unique specimen, multiplied,  
a twisted image  
of torture and of death,  
obscuring all His days of giving  
to broken men new eyes,  
diminishing His Gethsemane  
where the weight of utter penitence  
bore down on Him alone for us,  
ignoring the bright and empty tomb  
where He unfolded wings of light  
from His celestial cocoon.

A Romanesque crucifix in Barcelona, Spain.

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Photograph of Gislebertus' three kings stone carving in Autun, France.

## ROMANESQUE

I wish I had imagined magi sleeping.

I know the thread of scripture  
and the legends all embroidered  
of caravan and quest with incense  
and with gold for homage,  
then the dream and the departure  
by another way.

I know some doubt the birth.  
Some doubt that regal journey.

But in a distant century  
Gislebertus chipped from stone  
three friends waiting.

He saw the magi sleeping  
three short fellows side by side  
under a coverlet of curving lines  
and the angel (bending stiffly in air)  
touching (with one finger)  
whispering (I'm sure) urgently to say,  
"The star appears" (upper right)  
"The King is born."