

Gospel

BRADY RHOADES

On French Hill, night falls and you sit on the slope
in your shanty clothes, with the patience of a cat,
listening for angels.

Miles east, a dog moans
and a train shoots through the dark.

Christ died on the cusp asking whywhy
and the answer dripped from his wrists to form
a kind of mud-skid in the dust of Golgotha.

You've been thinking about him in his tunic,
sucking on a sprig of hyssop, for days now.

Yours pales but it's a crucifixion nonetheless.
Like leaves, they take on shapes, sizes, textures.
In your case, it seems like the end of the world
but that's a matter of the heart, not mind.

Taking your cue, in this instance, from Mark,
you tell yourself I will rise again,
I will listen to angels and rise again,
I am not forsaken but not exempt.