

# 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.