

# *Jacob*

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And what will you do when your doubt  
wakes you in the middle of the night—  
you're sleeping off a double-shift—  
and you must wrestle it to earth,  
as you wrestled all day  
the machinery of your life,  
forcing the embodiment of all  
you hold holy to say uncle.

You have beaten me,  
your doubt may soon whisper,  
in a plea to let it, finally, sleep.  
But there is the sun slipping  
from a forest of clouds.  
The angel in your hands  
has become a pillow,  
the day a bright stone.