Jacob
BRYAN WALPERT

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.