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Poetry

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I sing of good news
In red and green
You lie in bed
Hues black and blue
Exhausted as her
In a crowded inn
An unholy place
Where blood spills
And dung flies
In a choir of
Wild animal cries.

You anticipate labour
Of breath, a gasp
To last, before
Submerging again.
Salvation is near,
You already knew
Morphine be gone
Weights disappear.

Hark! The herald
Monitors beep
When will he grace
Your humble bed
And cut the wait
To see his face?

What shall I offer you then?
I see, I hear
I have no answer
To “why me” and “when.”
Perhaps to tell
The forgone majesty
The scars, the whippings
How grandly he fell
With the burden on him –
The revealed mystery.
Piercings too deep
For tubes or drains
And freely, donated blood
In days to keep.

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