2015

Isaiah 25:8

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He will swallow up death forever...

Now, when the vibrant callow weighty stone was pushed from the gaping mouth eating darkness like a carp swallowing whole the worm, He stood fast with holey palms splayed like Sunday, ribs exposed, spleen sputtering bile & face lifted in the heliotropic promise found in apple pies & homemade spirits, displayed before God & sundry, iniquitous grin & triumphant shouts that echoed in the cloister of craggy tombs & dust washed the dimpled feet where steps left no tracks.

Here they come to anoint the corpse & finding the stone already pushed they pause and ponder—pure silence in the gloom—shock of lightning, the inquisition charges, Why read the name of the living on a tombstone? Already they had failed to have faith, forgotten prophecies when false prophets painted hunks of graphite & named it glass, prepared to rub spices into rigor’d flesh like it was a done deal, dotted the eyes & crossed the crucifix because even Thomas, who was prepared to tithe his life, impaled the palm upon his thumb before he could believe the teacher.