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Isaiah 25:8

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Isaiah 25:8 // Micah Farmer

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.