The Messenger

Volume 2007
Issue 1 The Messenger 2007

2007

Josh Davis

Josh Davis

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Davis, Josh (2007) "Josh Davis," The Messenger: Vol. 2007 : Iss. 1 , Article 89.
Available at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2007/iss1/89

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.
God told me
on the steps of his altar
that I was never going to hear him again.
I kept expecting
something more.
I wanted something to
drop
or crash,
for a man to scream
or a woman to burst into flames—
perhaps even,
I expected Moses
to tell me that I was a transgressor
and break a tablet
over my head
or
for a king to call me to battle,
for my brothers
to send me away.
I expected to be anywhere,
other than in that room
and on those steps,
crowded by the broken mutterings
of wandering children
invested
in the spirit
of hysteria.

Where are the miracle men?
We
need a
prophecy! The earth
is up
and the belfry is hanging
cliffwise
under
incoherent
afternoons.
Smallways, as I had
when I was younger
and

in a choir,
I told
my dearest sister
about
the terror waves
of questioning
a tomorrow-day
beyond the death of me.
and in the tents
of the darkest side
of farthest moon,
call Northways to the face of me.

—Josh Davis
retreat to the
kneeling
place.
these stairs.
I no longer hear you.
(but try as I might,
I cannot
forget
to care.)