

Liz Waldner

AMEN (ON CHRISTMAS DAY)

Prologue

Rejoice all my hours—
let me, ok? (may I, mom)
I do, anyway—
a fair job.

The Play

When in these them all mine heures
I do rejoice like smelling fleurs
well then bethink me mayhaps betide
of a redhaired man whom I much done sighed.

Last nighten kneed down before candle light;
cried for them I loves and have and lost,
glad of life the shining, shining on all that shineth not,
said, "It's ok god if you kill me now—I liked it a lot."

A man had toyed with me and I had broke inside
(if I'd a lyre the sing might song me together again);
I was the king's horse and by god as the king was a man
how he did flog me for so short a ride
and breachèd sad.

So it's hey, nonny nonny—no, it is not. It's
the birth, the afterbirth, the maiden, the wench,
the blood on the sawdust, the warm stench.
I tried, you man, you imman, twice.
Gimme flowers.