

*[because I were ready before destruction. bearing the sign
of his affliction]*

a song of Simon the Cyrene

55

because I were ready before destruction. bearing the sign of his affliction
in my laggard arms: the sign was made as the stretching limbs of him

oh, my chasms were afraid of this wooden place and sang over it:
“loose liver, mouth, roots, member” a bellowing about our head

then we came to rest in the trees as in the end. there should blossoms be
indeed I hang thickly upon him. where clear heavens may breathe upon me:
all darkness, all comprehensible night. let me be humbled in his abundant eyes

I shall want that the drinkings speak upon his heart: his dewy breast
for they have been vinegar and bitterness enough. ravens among the wheat

“the carrier” I was called. so did I carry: my hand did not defect. my sores
who can tell us all about love: a flaying. the sting of gall upon a hyssop reed

I am putting on his robe. I clothe his sinew and drape from it and he loves me
here is the garland that moves not upon our head: but gigs. razor thorns

and as that crown sits firmly so I sit firm. and if everything should perish:
as bridegroom reckoned in his likeness I go. rock, river, permeable flesh