

raise your dead
from the earth, make a fire
of their bones,
set them free

to be sky
to be nothing at all.

Day of Rest / Jack Myers

When mother lit the candles on a Friday night
the bull plunging through the rooms all week lay down.
Even the gulls settled down like paper on the breakers.
The Sabbath was the torch she swept her house with.

In those days it was simple: a sip of wine rushed us
through ourselves and we were blessed. The stars
came out like little sayings: Be good. Be good.
It was nothing to touch a God.

But it isn't like that now. The afternoons rise up
like the cement sides of an empty sea and filling up
on booze, I become the bull. Knock the daylight down.
The walls redden with laughter and I wake up with them
holding down my fists.

Some Friday night, my last, will find me glazed and stiff.
The light pinched out, last thoughts smoking up
as if I were a wick. Somewhere a woman will be lighting
candles and children drinking wine. God bless.
All night there will be a melting into space,
a long, slow leap toward God.