

TENEBRAE

How can we doubters explain the midday dark
When such an elaborate system of spars
And crossbeams propped it up? Though scaffolded,
Dark fell like heavy canvas, slack, unfolded,
A weight no wind could alter, a torn mainsheet
Tenting the sinking deck. Underfoot
This land is a wreck of wheel ruts and gravel,
Crazed with aftermarks, a hill that levels
Here where the killing's done. His body, unbroken
And lifeless, tackled down under the open
Shadows, seems in their arms a drowned man's,
Except for the wash of blood on his feet and hands.
How can we believe his tomb will stand
Emptied, cenotaph to a god and man?