

Holy Saturday

After the night of tears,
the noon of darkness,
a whole day's space,
the seventh day,
the day God rested
from making,
from being un-made.

Christ has died.
Life is hidden
in God's obscurity.
Adam lays bounden
with fruitless Eve.
Nobody can be sure
what will happen next.

I love this day
of silent waiting
when fasting is over,
feasting not begun,
when pain is past
but flesh not quickened.
This is where we live,

this human space,
waiting before the cave
in the tarnished garden
where it all began
and ended
to begin anew,
we hope, forever.

The Stone

The Myrrh bearers came
(with what fear and trembling?)
trudging alone in darkness
worrying about
the stone.

Everybody worries about
the stone,
that great impediment
between us
and what we seek,

that great burden
we carry
like Sisyphus
laboring
up and down the hill.

The sun rose.
The women looked up.
The stone,
which was very large,
had been removed.

No wonder they ran
to tell Cephas.
Somebody should tell Sisyphus:
"Put it down, man,
and dance on it."