Two or Three Witnesses

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Two or Three Witnesses

Mary
So this is what you meant, 
born again: 
from the day your name 
spilled from the angel’s 
tongue like wine 
until now, 
one long labor 
only to bring you 
naked into this 
chorus of rainwater 
then back into 
the womb of earth.

John
Here in the storm 
at the Place of the Skull 
my ears reach to catch 
your words like fish. 
For us words 
used to come more easily: 
parables and proverbs 
loaded against 
the nets of language, 
the weight breaking them 
into joyful swimming 
all the way back to song.

A donkey
Nothing will grow here. 
The ground is too hard for 
even the rain to soften. 
If someone would take 
this bundle from my back, 
I would lie down in a meadow 
or a garden, 
then get up and go home.

— Michael Hicks