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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