

## A Worn-Out Easter Sunday Dialogue of John and Mary

Dawn shatters like a blood-drop or a skin,  
    and where my spouse red-beaded and white-veiled  
    for claiming lay, a shadow eagle-tailed  
fans out, a shroud of light. A jot or hin  
of mingled flesh and spirit stains my heart –  
    has tinted bright the darkness of the womb  
    the tomb has been. A spirit sheds a fume,  
it's what you are now, drops, or crumbs, the part  
and parcel of my past. Now is to do  
    the work of he who longs to linger, tend  
    and lean towards a tear to kiss, to mend,  
the work of letting go and making new,  
    to dig a nail into your palm and sigh  
and wonder where to wander when you die.