

iv. The Storm.

(Jonah 1:4-16.)

*The haunting eloquence
of terror in the captain's frown
awakens reverence.
I pray that we might not drown.*

*The sailors seek a reason for our fate
and in their lottery my name
is drawn. They summon me to state
my country and my hidden shame.*

*I tell of how you made both sea and land
and how you wait for them to cast
me out into the angry deep.*

*The oars move eager and fast,
as they row toward the nearby strand
but the waves grow wilder still.*

*They stop and weep
and, praying that it be no crime to kill
a man of Israelite blood,
they honour your mysterious ways.*

*They cast me out into the sea
and, as I sink, I hear the harmony
of mourners in sweet brotherhood
making vows and singing praise.*