

xv. *The end of days.*

(Mt.28.1:10, Mk.16:1-8, Lk.24:1-11.)

With spices for your feet and face
they weep and bless
at your final resting place
and, as the softly rising sun
lays bare the emptiness,
the story has begun.

The women tell their news and, like a stone,
it falls into the void,
where men and women feed on cruelty
and miserably groan
and contempt is bitingly enjoyed.

Go down into the belly of the deep,
where stooping shadows keep
all hope at bay with bleak forbidding eyes.
Stand among the carriers of hate
and boast about your merchandise;
shout like a bragging street
trader when the hour is late:

*Eat my flesh, drink my blood;
good drink, finest food.*

A furrowed brow looks on.
Take his hand and greet
my servant Jonah. Be the rising sun –
the long awaited food and drink
to end his lone mid-winter's night.

In the blink
of a playful eye invite
the world to battle Jonah's rage.
Walk round him roguishly. Wage
war on his hatred. Prance
like David in his wayward dance
till the tightly held spear
jabs your side at the end of days.

Jonah and his enemies appear
with naked feet.

They meet
at your wedding feast and watch you raise
the cup of memory and thought
and much loved liberty, sought
with tears and blood.

They gather round
as burning wounds and long remembered harms
are cast aside by the enchanting sound
of those who greet my foolish Fatherhood
my laughing eyes, my eagerly opening arms.