

Paul Zimmer

Easter 1991

I tell you the wind in grooves and corners
 Of this small cabin became plainsong voices
 Drifting up, down, and folding through each
 Other like flocks of birds over the fields,
 A holy sign I was too numb to recognize.

St. John of the Cross wrote that souls
 Suffer an agony of impatience to see God,
 But after a new year of malevolent war,
 Our lies, slaughter and cruel posturing,
 My soul was too full of self-loathing
 And anguish for such hollow longing.

Through weather that had exhausted
 The landscape with a whole year of
 Conditions in one day, snow, rain,
 Sun-warmed stillness to cold bluster,
 I would have been incredulous and angry
 If you or anyone else had tried
 To tell me that a wispy cross would
 Be mounted on a billow shelf of cloud
 High in the last sun of Easter.

But now, despite risk of ridicule,
 I must tell you it was so.
 Looking from my window I saw it,
 This least believable of apparitions,
 Radiant for minutes amidst the jet streaks
 Before folding over like my guilt to become
 A body tended by desolate mourners.