

*Witness*

A pair of Marys barge in  
tears running down their cheeks  
foreheads moist with sweat  
eyes wide as a fish's mouth

gasping for air.

"He's alive!" they exhale. My brothers and I stare  
women  
given ears to hear  
burst with the proclamation

in silence, as if at a ghost.

From chin to eye level at least, I am swamped  
Do we –  
*Can* we trust such hysterics?  
He spoke of eternal life...

with questions.

Mary of Magdala steps forward  
wades into the deep  
not kneeling to beg belief  
but gently commands

pointing, charting the way.

*Stand.*

"Go, see. The tomb is empty." A call:  
"You will be a fisher of men."  
"Who do *you* say that I am?"  
"On the third day, the Son of Man will rise."

*Why did you doubt?*

More women now trickle into the room  
following him from Galilee  
unadulterated delight in their smiles  
they remember, they believe

a flood of testimony.

*Go.*

"Where?"  
casting  
reaching  
obeying

I cry out.

Feet, moving as if on water, hesitate  
before this tomb  
of life? - Impossible.

And if not...

stillness consumes me.

Before me beckons Mary  
Remembering  
I pause, looking down the shame  
- my own denial.

“Come.”

Enter, this the closet of his death, I see  
Folded cloths.

Empty tomb.  
*Who is this man?*

a marvel.

*Watch.*

I turn and return to Mary  
on tiptoes  
ready to dance  
streams flowing down her cheeks

flushed with wonder.

“Go, tell. Jesus is Lord.” Then Mary leaves  
singing  
of home close by  
a beacon calling

me to acknowledge him.

*Be still.*

Suddenly – a strong gale of refreshment, of hope  
finds me  
confuses me  
fills me

beyond words.

I wait  
How long, O LORD?  
until the way is lit up  
from death to life

O, Jesus of Nazareth.

Could you  
    who chose fishermen and tax collectors and  
    fed hungry crowds on hillsides  
forgive a deserter, even...

rise?

In quiet, I walk, longing to hear  
    answers  
    is this the promise?  
Jesus

*Come.*