

Sylvia Ruth

*FOR OUR CONSUMMATE
PASSOVER*

the sacrament is loosed;
the trays go as a fleet of grace
into our garnered sea
of lap and hand.
and this envoy,
this ark of my covenant
lilts over me: a gentle craft
riddled with remembrance
whereby I acknowledge
that the sheep of myself
does keep memory of thee:
my pascal Lamb.

my Savior, my Passover,
oh! my slaughtered Lord
who made investment
of the blood and spilled thyself
upon the lintels, upon the doorposts
of my heart: who is it
can withstand thy love?