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Passover: A Mirrored Epiphany

How many years from Bethlehem
Until the awful eloquence
Of wine and lamb
And bitter herbs
Took his breath,
Stunned Him suddenly with knowledge,

Revealing that the blood
Once painted on the lintels and the doorposts
Was his own

And the slain lamb but his shadow and a mirror?

In that moment, bitter herbs,
Dissolving slowly on his tongue,
Insinuated such enormous grief a shudder split his heart
And plumbed towards eternity

Where all night he lay in wonder,
In the center of a hundred billion stars,
Tugged and beckoned by the nascent possibilities
Of love or abdication.