

Enter Ye into My Rest

Kristopher Passey

When you go so far
it is hard
to turn your head around
and see
where you've been.

Much less make your shoes
(who saw the hole in your sock?)
pause over freshly plowed
and carefully prepared ground
beckoning for your step.

Unless, have you noticed,
the gate lies ahead;
the constriction,
with no view beyond
and uncertain warm winds
blowing from the garden at your back.

Then to turn aside, to rest,
to turn away the ear
from the delicate whisper
is a blind delight
equaled only
by the embrace of chains.

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