

Jesus Is Coming

Brent Pace

The tapping of the shower is
the insistent brush of reeds
along the Charles and the slap
of oars I've just left.
Give me a neck, chocolate
silk, to greet or give away to
another row of muddy shoes.
A hotter shower prevents my
cutting later on. I've never
called to crews through a
megaphone but have
set a rhythm by simply standing
with a yellow bike against a birch.
I've beckoned with my eyes,
my stance, my breathing—a dance
with no steps, chanting without
words, urgent, as the winter's
coming, plaintive as I've been
alone three decades. I'm hungry
for first contact, am grateful when
it's done. The boats are hauled
up the ramp, I dry off on linoleum.
I speak to a wall of photos and to
a rock which announces Christ's
return. I speak with my helmet,
anxious for tomorrow's ride.