

# Storytime

*Philip White*

Even now in the stony  
courtyard under withered  
vines the characters

are assembling. Doddering  
fathers, young children,  
wives. Each can think

of a word to tell why.  
But what's to be done?  
And will the wounded boy

arrive in time to say  
All's right, the cup  
of trembling is dry

and the bloody field won  
at enormous cost of life  
and vast tribulation?