

Caught Up

Mark Bennion

John the Beloved considers the Rapture

Word buckler, chary tribe,
inured lamb,

stumped in your cinderblock den, you attempt
to draw up my life—the puns latent

in your knuckles, your shoulders bowed
in perpetual commencement,

though we have never met
at the crossroad of years, you will not

dispense with wondering about the unknown
mountains. Since your teenage grief,

you've heard anecdotes dismounting
the disappearances from cars and vans,

the story twisters passed from cousin
to mother-in-law and back through the lattice

of a friend of a friend of a friend
whose name has been forgotten.

You'd ask, "What are they doing now?"
yet querying through to the speculative,

for you, is another name for foolish.
You want to know and don't want to know,

you are repelled and attracted
by the old natter, the unhatched myth. Yet

I want you to recognize me
even in the surgical winter, a prison

newly rent, this pit recast into a bare-boned
sanctuary. Yes, I've shadowed by

you and your kind, worn something akin
to your collars, a meandering trail

of nighttime water, another fleeing
forebear charged with new blood,

now firm with the yearly weather
of disguising and allaying,

confirming and bearing out
in due course the unadorned into the cloud

and downpour of unspeakable things.
Will you meet us there, too?

Beholding the basins and farms,
ridgetop of the vineyard's last stand,

waiting for rending and uplift,
the gusts of ocean, breath and fire.