

Jesus Christ

Tyler Clark

A star exploded, scattering its life
So earth could gather from the dust and churn
A healthy wheel of seasons. Life will burn
And feed the soil so seeds will germinate.
Beneath the olive trees, the roots that dig,
The stripes of bees that dance on peonies
Who work themselves to death for honey. THIS
Is where I see the face of God. He dies
A sick tomato plant, rebirths himself
A compost mulch a young gardenia needs
To nurture fragile petals sewn in silk.
What's keeping me alive? I murder plants,
Consume the meat from wings of flightless birds.
I eat salvation mouthfuls at a time.
And furthermore, to decompose is life
Eternal. Plant my ashes with a rose
To mourn the loss of time, and nothing more.
Salvation is a tomb within my cells
Where ghosts of people I've survived inscribed
Their stories in my DNA. Their tales
Will reemerge like Jesus Christ in spring
And spread with pollen on a hopeful breeze
While fields of flowers turn with grace to face
A passing star across a dying day.