

Bridegroom

Dennis Clark

When Jesus took the church to bed, rocks rent,
earth groaned, sky split, spilt watered wine.
Trees shivered to their hearts to know the carpenter
laid in the bed he'd made, stone of his stone.
Flesh of our flesh wound in the woven flax,
the bloody sheet that no one thought to show.
We'd rather forget the lover our spear had pierced,
the man our nails had pained, his passion passed.
But this love-child hangs around, this albatross,
trying to feed us blood from his wounded breast,
opens his heart to us, while biting his tongue:
the child who raised himself wants to raise us.
We put him back in the manger where we feed,
soothe him and coo; he calls out to our need.