

1991

# Tenebrae

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## Recommended Citation

Pankey, Eric. "Tenebrae." *The Iowa Review* 21.3 (1991): 88-88. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4054>

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## TENEBRAE

How can we doubters explain the midday dark  
When such an elaborate system of spars  
And crossbeams propped it up? Though scaffolded,  
Dark fell like heavy canvas, slack, unfolded,  
A weight no wind could alter, a torn mainsheet  
Tenting the sinking deck. Underfoot  
This land is a wreck of wheel ruts and gravel,  
Crazed with aftermarks, a hill that levels  
Here where the killing's done. His body, unbroken  
And lifeless, tackled down under the open  
Shadows, seems in their arms a drowned man's,  
Except for the wash of blood on his feet and hands.  
How can we believe his tomb will stand  
Emptied, cenotaph to a god and man?