

2000

Amen (On Christmas Day): Prologue; The Play

Liz Waldner

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Waldner, Liz. "Amen (On Christmas Day): Prologue; The Play." *The Iowa Review* 30.2 (2000): 97-97. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5264>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

Liz Waldner

AMEN (ON CHRISTMAS DAY)

Prologue

Rejoice all my hours—
let me, ok? (may I, mom)
I do, anyway—
a fair job.

The Play

When in these them all mine heures
I do rejoice like smelling fleurs
well then bethink me mayhaps betide
of a redhaired man whom I much done sighed.

Last nighten kneed down before candle light;
cried for them I loves and have and lost,
glad of life the shining, shining on all that shineth not,
said, "It's ok god if you kill me now—I liked it a lot."

A man had toyed with me and I had broke inside
(if I'd a lyre the sing might song me together again);
I was the king's horse and by god as the king was a man
how he did flog me for so short a ride
and breachèd sad.

So it's hey, nonny nonny—no, it is not. It's
the birth, the afterbirth, the maiden, the wench,
the blood on the sawdust, the warm stench.
I tried, you man, you imman, twice.
Gimme flowers.