[Because I Were Ready before Destruction. Bearing the Sign of His Affliction]

D. A. Powell
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a song of Simon the Cyrene

because I were ready before destruction. bearing the sign of his affliction in my laggard arms: the sign was made as the stretching limbs of him

oh, my chasms were afraid of this wooden place and sang over it: "loose liver, mouth, roots, member" a bellowing about our head

then we came to rest in the trees as in the end. there should blossoms be indeed I hang thickly upon him. where clear heavens may breathe upon me: all darkness, all comprehensible night. let me be humbled in his abundant eyes

I shall want that the drinklings speak upon his heart: his dewy breast for they have been vinegar and bitterness enough. ravens among the wheat

"the carrier" I was called. so did I carry: my hand did not defect. my sores who can tell us all about love: a flaying. the sting of gall upon a hyssop reed

I am putting on his robe. I clothe his sinew and drape from it and he loves me here is the garland that moves not upon our head: but gigs. razor thorns

and as that crown sits firmly so I sit firm. and if everything should perish: as bridegroom reckoned in his likeness I go. rock, river, permeable flesh