

# I.

And every night I watch

A man claw his way from the grave

Watch as he goes from awake to alive

Dark to dark to violent light

Muddled and beaten in the darkness of his tomb he begins  
his desperate and dejected and disjointed ascent

Dirty and bloody and longing his trigger-trained fingertips  
breach the surface, his soldier-hands kiss the air

Gasp for breath as he strains and crawls and claws and  
drags his deathless body into the embrace of the light

Coffin-bloody knuckles pleading for the earth to let him go

To release him from that which is the grave but only just

Temporary in its housing of his body but forevermore  
housed in him

Like Lazarus he rises, but he does so alone

Jesus waits not with a crowd of bated-breath soon to be  
believers

Alone he drags himself from the home his love built him

Unaware as an angel watches from above

I watch as he frees his body. Watch as his chest swells and  
heaves. Watch the too bright light wrap his too gentle  
arms around the grave-escaped-yet-grave-not-left-behind  
man

I see his challenge and his triumph and I think

*Look at the skill and the spirit with which he rises.*

I see his impossible resurrection

I think

*Maybe if he can leave the grave, I can too.*

V.

the weight of your absence  
is heavy and oppressive  
as it devours,

a reverse black hole  
of feeling and unfeeling  
of moments and unmoments  
of time lost  
never to be found again,  
a festering wound that will certainly leave its mark.

and when we one day converge again  
you will say,  
"The scar I left you, what does it feel like?"

and my answer will ring out  
across the years that once separated us

"Like love."

I will say,

"It feels an awful lot like love."

**XXXVI.**

Out of all the sins  
It is pride I wrestle with the most  
There is pain when I feel it,  
a struggle in receiving it.  
And yet

and yet

I have never felt warmer  
than when standing in the sun of your sin  
but

but

I am still Icarus

And you are still the sun.

## LVII.

Sacrifice is inherent to worship.  
To care for something with such fervency  
That you willingly offer pieces of yourself  
We lift up our hearts  
our devotion  
our adoration  
our Love

To Love is to worship.  
To sacrifice.  
From the Latin *sacra* meaning “sacred rites”  
and *facere* meaning “to make, to do”  
And is that not Love?  
To do a sacred rite.  
To say,  
*I will give you these parts of me.*  
*With hangman’s hands*  
*with coffin-bloody knuckles*  
*I will give you all*  
*the tenderness*  
*and passion*  
*and warmth*  
*this body can hold.*

To Love is to sacrifice.  
A rare thing it is  
When giving away  
Makes us feel more full.