

Autobiography

Ben Morgan

I was quick-eyed, practical Lazarus,
wall-mender, roof-weaver,
rough-handed, delicate Lazarus,
friend to the order of things.

I kept my eyes to the earth,
the white stone - the moon-stone - of Bethany.
Not even the sea saw me passing,
soft-featured man of the morning,
up before anyone, like a good fisherman.

Once, there was Rachel with her hair in blossom,
the warm wet night of Simon's wedding,
when Bethany danced in the rain.
On her head, a crest of white roses,
a bow of stars that kept that dark wave from falling.

Light in the eyes, speechless prayers,
a temple to desecrate in secret.
We left the banquet to creep through the meadow,
scarring the flax and the daisies
with our feet like the rumour of war.