

Abraham

by Bill Yarrow

I came late to sunrise. The hills were lit
with goats. Everything shimmered in
small steps. I closed my eyes.

The Kinneret sits back in its water
waiting to be made to shine.
My blood is like the sea.

Jerusalem against the sun. People
draw lots for the shadows
and put down spears.

I walk toward walls.
The late sun enters my skin
like the blade of Isaac's knife.

