

# 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.

