

Eli in the Middle of the Night

by Bill Yarrow

I stood beneath the mountain
in a flank of malefactors.
The sun stood in the sky
like Eli in the middle of the night.

3 times. 3 times. 3 times
God called to me from the thunderstorm
of good and evil, but my ears were filled with songs
of wounded birds and the howls of dying dogs.

I stood in the city, in the fields,
in the stillness of a regnant rain.
Silent among the slaughtered beasts,
I stood like Eli in the middle of the night.

