

Resurrection

by Joani Reese

On the Third Day

Hemingway would probably reconstruct
his ruined head like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle
then ease down the snow belted Ketchum road.
Kicking a can, he'd stroll into the next decade
dragging the severed rack of a ten point buck,
in search of another clean, well-lighted place.

Like a film strip run backward, Berryman's fingertips
might glance the dewed bank as he ascends feet first
to the Washington Avenue bridge. Mistress Bradstreet
would take his hand, lead him to the nearest podium,
his Pulitzer pressed under an arm, a new poem
scarifying patterns in his boozy brain.

Crane, velvet bathrobe billowing behind,
wavers on the prow, his tented hands lifted
to the Mexican sky. He steps back from the abyss,
inner eye envisioning the ink sip of a fountain pen,
the hard, hot brain frenzy that sends phrases marching
toward another bridge between oblivion and art.

Sexton could reduce her carbon footprint, wait
for a newer model, one in candy apple red with doll's eyes
winking from the radio dials while Plath entwines
with Otto in the back seat. The three could motor east,
race to beat the rising sun, anxious to be the first
to see the angel roll back the stone.



