



Winter 1966

Lazarus

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Pat Sullivan

LAZARUS

From graveswaddle,
From dream innocent night,
A sliver voice
Demands me back.

I, confident song has but one end,
Twitch in my linen,
And smiling,
Grasp deathwomb.

He will be heard.
The crashing of his shadowsound
Demands my ear
In spite of shroud.

His voice is a hand
On a sleeping man's groin.
He wakes me,
Taut with expectation.

He promises a savage lifegift
And I am disappointed.
I clutch my binding strong around me,
Its chill warmth for dormant soul.

A birth consolation
Is wrested from me,
My death unallowed
To consummate.

The boulder blotting life from sepulchersoul
Is shredded by his voice.
The sun commands my eyes,
Sends fingers searching my shroud.

I rise and walk
On leaden, linen feet,
Clawing a grave
In travail.

I walk to his voice
To his drum, fife, flag voice,
On earth unsolid after graverock,
In morning staleborn twice.

I rise to see
The world a rutting, rolling skeleton
Alive in death,
Casting no shadow at all.

He has called me back
And demands that I be glad,
Though lilies be bones
And young women be pregnant with corpses.