A Re-Telling

Ruth Ann Arthur

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A Re-Telling

Ruth Ann Arthur

i’d like to find that prostitute, willing
to hide me from all external destruction
using clear scarlet signs and faith
in enemy strangers to bring about victory
and personal salvation

i’m searching for that talking donkey
savior of all blind men, everywhere
who will tell me, in certain terms
where not to go, and how to avoid
homicide-bent angels

maybe Hosea could sit me down
and teach me of life after betrayal
survivor of foreign seed birthed in his home
marking off lonely days on his calendar
God’s living metaphor

i’m in pursuit of Moses, prince turned
nomad, one able to relate to speechlessness
murderer fearful of fiery vegetation
not consumed, may he show me the promised
life and land imparted to broken pottery

please direct me to the home of Ezekiel
though I fear his predictions of holy wrath
temples crumble in prophesied judgement
he hides his widower grief, shares with me
visions of bone-filled valleys

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1 The poem was previously published in The Minstrel journal of Redeemer University College.