Jack Wonders Why Friday Is Called Good

In the beginning were women
and men, separated
by large bodies of water.
Women, water, men. The situation was
pretty good.

Years go by. Blake says
stars are threshed, souls also
are threshed from their husks. See?
Agriculture. Also good.

More years go by. In the living room
Jack looks up from his Golden
Children’s Bible and wonders
When God’s call comes to our city
will everyone hear him?
When God’s call comes to our city,
he persists, who will hear him?

His question scratches
across my hearing
like chalk on slate –
Now an ocean
separates the end of history
from the beginning of grammar.

In the beginning
was the dove. And the dove
was lonely, so it set out from home.

Watch the lost dove fly out
through the open door of heaven
and descend through the dark
bone hole of space.
Watch it hover now
over the great body of water.

See the tendons, ligaments – what holds
the body together, what binds
one body to another.
We call this desire.
Beyond the margins of what is called
the page – or field of vision –
three sets of fingers reach
toward the sky.

This also we call desire,
reaching over the large bodies of water
that separate nouns from verbs,
each one yearning
after its companion.

On the first Friday
nouns and verbs yearned
for each other, reached
over large bodies of water
and toward the sky.

Reaching is good, son.
It’s how speech
comes into being.

Listen.

Speech is how you bind
what you love
to what you don’t yet
know how to love.

Andrea Read