

# This is the night for Yahweh

by [John Forbis](#) in the [January 27, 2004](#) issue

The dough is not fermented;  
provisions are not made;  
and yet, it is time.  
The Egyptians are pressing us.

The bell is ringing.  
I curse to myself,  
looking down at my watch.  
The bell insists. I am afraid.

OK, OK, I say aloud  
(for such curses can't  
be uttered by a monk)  
walking to the church.

Egypt is stripped.  
The mind empties  
like a slow leak  
And we begin the long journey . . .