

Lazarus

by [Kim Bridgford](#) in the [January 18, 2017](#) issue

Fishers of men

Because you found me somewhere in-between,
Because you realized the truth of that,
You pulled me up. The not-seen was now seen—

Like something that's half-buried, serpentine,
A vine the wind has covered, dust unset—
Because you found me. Somewhere in-between,

The insects covered me in celebration,
And God began to pull, from where He sat.
You pulled me too. The not-seen was now seen:

The end-result a case of God-confusion.
Because who else could do a thing like that?
Because you found me somewhere in-between,

God stepped aside, for you, and it was done.
And so the grave-clothes, and your welcome mat.
Pull me up. The not-seen was now seen.

Who would have thought? The son in imitation:
And I come stumbling out into the sunlight.
Because you found me somewhere in-between,
You pulled me up, like roots, as was foreseen.