# Enoch

by Julie L. Moore in the April 20, 2004 issue

First there was the twitch
of the olive leaf lipping its stem,
then the sigh of silt, settling,
and the surrender of crickets, their legs,
like fans, folding,
when the trill of a brook,
intoxicating, irresistible,
like the grace of his Lord,
carried him away that evening—
no chariot for Enoch
at the age of 365
who walked with God
and simply
like the last day in a year
was no more.