

# Bell

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [March 22, 2005](#) issue

*Good Friday, 2004*

Since time flies one way like an arrow,  
the sugar can't be stirred out of your oatmeal  
and no matter how long the murderer sobs  
on the median strip—sorry!—he can't reverse  
his swerve, cannot rescind his drink

before the crash. Like him, was Jesus heartsick  
to find history's not a zipper running both ways?  
He who loved eternity—its roominess,  
its reversibility—as he grew up, did he  
have to learn he never could unsay a thing

he'd said? And yet today, like all Good Fridays,  
He hangs on the cross again. On altars  
he hangs. On necklaces. His death is like an x  
that rides the wheels of time to come again  
in ritual, that miniature eternity, that spring

re-sprung. Dear God, there in your big eternity,  
remember that your hands and feet can never  
be unscarred again. Hear these words spoken  
by a body that suffers, by a tongue  
that will stiffen soon and be gone.

Have mercy on us who love time.  
May this prayer be a tire  
that rolls over every inch of the way  
to find You. May it be a bell  
which can never be unring.