

John the Baptist at a country tent meeting, Jesus comes

by [Tiffany Eberle Kriner](#) in the [January 29, 2008](#) issue

Can you tell me what to want now? I can't  
go on, no turning back. We'd sing, "Jesus  
on the main line, tell him what you want. Just  
call him up, tell him what you want, what you want."  
But these six months, they came to me, I tell you—  
tire tracks and footsteps flattened the grass 'round  
the green tent—my words made such sound  
toward the crowd—they bent, repented. But I knew  
I was nothing, I just stalled in the river's flow.  
I waited for you, tensed as a dog's hind leg  
crouching before bread crusts and melon rinds.  
Miz Black yowls "Call him up, call him up now!"  
But you're here, and I'm blown, a cattail's sag,  
I am birds dispersed—pepper in the wind.