

At the tomb II

by [Kim Bridgford](#) in the [April 2, 2014](#) issue

His offering made us see what could be done  
With flesh and blood. First, we had eaten from  
His gestures—wine and bread—and what we'd been  
Was gone. We knew that we belonged to him.

Then, waiting with our grief beside the tomb,  
We were made humble, and our faces wet.  
We wanted his return; we wanted *him*,  
The way he made our truth immediate.

But he was gone, and what would happen now?  
We felt the loss that he'd inherited,  
The loss we'd given him, that pierced him through.  
There, we were bound by all that wasn't said.

And, finally, realizing what was known,  
We closed our eyes, and saw him rise through stone.