

Second birth

by [Rachel Ann Russell](#) in the [April 21, 2019](#) issue

In the quiet of the stone tomb,
Knitting himself back together
Eyes, hands, heart, lungs
Was healing like a nap?
Did it hurt? To come from
The heated noise of harrowing hell
Now breathing in the dark
gritty air that tasted like joy

This time He gave up on parables,
And settled for the direct:
Meet me in Galilee.
Feed my sheep.
Do you love me?

That second birth was at least private,
Rather than that other dark night,
that poor girl, that sky
wild with angels.