

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.