

The comedy of table

by [Jean Janzen](#) in the [September 25, 2019](#) issue

Old Abram at the oaks of Mamre
squints into the noonday sun
and bids the travelers welcome.
Bread and a tender calf, and then
the promise of the impossible,
Sarah laughing in the kitchen.

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After the baskets of bread crumbs
and fish bones, after the wounds
and the burial, the intimate supper
at Emmaus, his hands glowing

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Rublev paints the Trinity
seated at a tilted table,
a goblet ready to slide off.
Open your hands and your mouth,
they sing, as the stars sail over me.