

Holy Thursday

by [Diane G. Scholl](#) in the [April 2023](#) issue

Thin light like onion skin, snow pooling
into sky where hollows dip. Watch
for the slippery coat of filigree on roads
and pavement, cracks in ancient script.
Watch out, the wet world cries—its raw
embrace, its fingers tensed with bone. Between
this and the other, pale silty leaking gutter;
we wait for storms to come. First supper,
then Gethsemane, the stink of betrayal,
officious high priests in their robes of drab.
Night's black as a sulfur egg. Watch out.