

Tenebrae

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

After the foot washing,
the singing and the plaintive
prayers, host and wine,
snuff the beeswax candles
out to leave no brittle
winding-sheet. Let no one
speak the sharp edge
of their grief tonight.
Let no voice lift in praise
or sorrow, no stones cry.

As light drains slowly
from the evening's eye,
strip the altar's purple gown.

Slam the book down.