

## Jack Wonders Why Friday Is Called Good

In the beginning were women  
and men, separated  
by large bodies of water.  
Women, water, men. The situation was  
pretty good.

Years go by. Blake says  
stars are threshed, souls also  
are threshed from their husks. See?  
Agriculture. Also good.

More years go by. In the living room  
Jack looks up from his Golden  
Children's Bible and wonders  
When God's call comes to our city  
will everyone hear him?  
When God's call comes to our city,  
he persists, who will hear him?

His question scratches  
across my hearing  
like chalk on slate –  
Now an ocean  
separates the end of history  
from the beginning of grammar.  
New book. New rules.

In the beginning  
was the dove. And the dove  
was lonely, so it set out from home.

Watch the lost dove fly out  
through the open door of heaven  
and descend through the dark  
bone hole of space.  
Watch it hover now  
over the great body of water.

See the tendons, ligaments – what holds  
the body together, what binds  
one body to another.  
We call this desire.

Beyond the margins of what is called  
the page – or field of vision –  
three sets of fingers reach  
toward the sky.

This also we call desire,  
reaching over the large bodies of water  
that separate nouns from verbs,  
each one yearning  
after its companion.

On the first Friday  
nouns and verbs yearned  
for each other, reached  
over large bodies of water  
and toward the sky.

Reaching is good, son.  
It's how speech  
comes into being.

Listen.

Speech is how you bind  
what you love  
to what you don't yet  
know how to love.

Andrea Read