

Good Friday: After Noon

My Lord and My God,
 My words have no sounds.
 My thoughts have no letters.
 My feelings are as a buzzing of flies.
 I can hear stifled weeping.
 But tears blur my vision.
 I cannot sit.
 I cannot move.
 You struggle for breath.
 You close your eyes to protect me.
 Not a word leaves your beautiful mouth.
 A faint smile you give to my eyes.
 You thirst.
 Hunger is no more.
 You are drawing closer.
 It is so dark.
 The ignorant laugh.
 Death laughs dumbly.
 Nothing triumphs.
 They are but empty voids.
 And then you breathe your last.
 The stifled weeping bursts into sobs.
 I cannot see.
 My breath has left my words.
 My thoughts only echo weeping.
 My feelings have never been named.
 The only thing I know is tears.
 The only thing I know is tears. Amen.
Amen.

—*Carlos Salinas*



SAMPLE