

THE TORCH OF BLOOD

Down on my knees and palms
beside my son, I rediscover
doormats, rugnaps,
rockerbows, and walljoints
looming into stratospheres
of ceiling.

A telephone
rings us apart.

I'm plucked
by God's hooks up
from Scylla through an open door,
Charybdis in a socket, and a Cyclops
lamp that glares floorlevel
souls away from too much
light to lesser darknesses.

What god in what machine
shall pluck my son?

Amid
the Carthage of his toys, he waits
unplucked, unpluckable.

I
gulliver my way around
his hands and leave him stalled
before the Matterhorn of one
of seven stairs.

Floorbound,

he follows, finds and binds
my knees with tendrils of receiver
cord.

I'm suddenly Lacoön
at bay, condemned to hear
some telephoning Trojan offer
me a more prudential life
where I can wake insured
against disaster, sickness, age,
and sundry acts of Genghis
God.

Meanwhile, I'm slipping
tentacles and watching my
confounding namesake toddle free...

Bloodbeats apart, he shares

with me the uninsurable air.

We breathe it into odysseys

where everyone has worlds to cross
and anything can happen.

Like some blind prophet

cursed with truth, I wish
my son his round of stumbles
to define his rise.

Nothing

but opposites can ground him
to the lowest heights where men
go, lilliputian but redeemable.

Before or after Abraham,

what is the resurrection and the life
except a father's word
remembered by his son?

What more
is Isaac or the Lord?

Breath
and breathgiver are one, and both
are always now as long
as flesh remembers.

No
testament but that lives on.
The torch of blood is anyone's
to carry.

I say so as my son's
father, my father's son.