

Lazarus

Ian Parks

After I brought you back to life
your short death made you frightened of the sun.
I knelt above you, rolled away the stone,

uncoiled the silken thread that filled your throat.
You never caught my whisper, never saw me when I wept.
I called you from the darkness and you came.

You came expecting birdsong, a new world.
Instead I hauled you up and set you down,
dragged you back choking from the brink.

The others kept their distance, hid their eyes,
refused to hear the flutter of your heart.
You stuttered, disappointed that the world was still the same.

I acted quickly, breathed into your mouth -
astonished as your blue lips turned to red.
I learned your secret, kept it to myself,

stood silent as you stumbled from the cave.
I loved you for returning, for the effort that you'd made.
You hated me for doing what I'd done.