

Advice for Joshua

Command it to stand still, the sun,
And let your struggle finish. Won,
The battle will refute who fault
Prospect of universal halt;
Of time and motion held by war.
As if the pulse our heartbeats are,
If interrupted, left a space
In which the challenge is not pace
But goal: to use the interval
In which the oldest measures stall
For vision of an Israel
No longer tribe. A grim farewell
En route to Judges and to Kings,
All Canaanites your underlings.
A sky resuming sees you slowed
But wiser--sworn, but to a code
Yours: post-Mosaic. Victories
Unaltered as the shadows rise,
The blood's set rhythm keeps its beat,
The hours' alone is the defeat.