

Afterward

An earthquake jolts aside the stone;
The tomb is empty. An unknown

Informant says "He is not here."
And so we have to go from there.

The highway to Emmaus leads
No farther than where hearsay breeds;

Outside the room where Thomas doubts
Others doubt also. Touch that routs

Such unbelief, if within reach
Of all of us, might have us each

Believer. To distrust the hand
Thrust in the side is to demand

Proof of so high a standard, sense
Plus Second Sight could not convince.

"The evidence of things not seen"
Is what the leap of faith has been,

But notice 'evidence' is still
How we describe it. Past the sill

And sepulcher, threshold of lime,
For some brief forty days of time,

At random, not as if on cue,
Appears the missing to the few;

Comes in quite through the bolted door;
Eats; promises; is seen no more.