At Cana

Mary Ruefle

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss19/5

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
AT CANA

One by one we awoke
out of wine, an ordinary
absence we were prepared
to live through
when he took from his hand
a glass
something like the truth:
it appeared to be empty
when he took from his eyes
a thin film of oil
and anointed the rim continuously
until we heard music
filling air like fragrance
of sweet wine.
Then he took the still-beating
heart of a life that had been
recently joined and broke it
into syllables.
And our cups were filled.
Afraid to speak, we drank
until we were thirsty again.
We were given another set of
tears: even then,
we were not aware
our lives were becoming
a parable, alive:
we loved best how he failed
to show how it might be done
in the future.