At Cana

Mary Ruefle
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.