

CROSSING the Red Sea

WE CROSS waters *together*
or DO NOT CROSS. From her vantage point

far over the river valley, the BLANCHING ANGEL
attends the scene being created:

thick in the foreground, the line
of refugees *thins* out as each family

files away into the vast blue
of the parted seas. Are they escaping

or are they illegal? WE CROSS
together or DO NOT CROSS.

Storm clouds churn and descend to earth.
A fire rages in the distance.

Rain and conflagration. Flood.
Cinders. *Together*, WE PASS through

or DO NOT PASS. Do any in the great throng
see the BLANCHING ANGEL, *THE WITNESS*

to our passages, as she soars overhead?
She is blown back by powerful winds,

some cold, some searing. The shore is far,
BEYOND sight, *BEYOND* knowing.

Edward Dougherty