

from *Joseph*

The following poems appeared in the Fall 2004 edition of [Rock and Sling](#).

©2006 Andrew Kooman and cannot be printed or distributed in any form without permission from the author.

Andrew adapted a portion of the manuscript into a one act play that was an official selection of the [SAW workshop](#) in Red Deer in 2008. The play was dramaturged by playwright Daniel Libman and the play's reading was directed by Eric Rose.

JOSEPH, SON OF JACOB: TO THE PIT OF SHEOL I GO DOWN

to the pit of Sheol  
I shall go down  
mourning  
and gather the  
pieces of my son  
whose torn body was  
devoured by wild  
animals  
that gnash teeth  
and bone  
to the pit of Sheol  
I go down to gather  
the pieces of my son  
who lived with me  
as an alien  
in the land of  
Canaan a land  
where my fathers  
settled before me  
a land of shed blood  
and curses  
a son I loved like no other  
the son of my old age  
a child of promise  
born from the womb of my  
beloved  
who nourished the hope  
that lay dead inside of me  
the child who  
told me my dreams  
from the time he could speak  
to the pit of Sheol  
I go down  
with the blood of my son  
upon me  
blood I sent  
alone into the wilderness  
where wild beasts  
defiled him  
to the pit I go  
and will not receive  
comfort until I  
weep there  
over his bones

## JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA: WHAT IS TRUTH

later, he would read the words  
touch them with his own fingers  
touch the parchment ink  
like he would touch his wife  
softly, with reverence  
longing in his body  
hold the writing carefully  
aware of the power  
in his hand  
to destroy it  
the way he was aware  
with one careless or intentional  
movement  
he might have  
snapped his daughter's neck  
when she was young  
excited with guilt by the  
thought of it  
those words somehow  
beautiful to him  
no longer holding him in the shadow  
of that night  
the honest syntax  
removing the residue left  
by the hasty language of grief  
each time he read the words  
touched the familiar characters  
written by the hand of his dear friend  
that much closer to realizing  
the Judean governor's tone of wondering  
the tone of his own heart  
the night his soul broke under  
the tension of the same question:  
"what is truth"  
three words  
a feather falling  
the sound of water poured over hands  
three words  
the weight of stone  
against a tomb