

## John Baptizing Jesus

He must have been a sight,  
barbaric hair, dilated eyes, (prelude  
to Herodias' still life on the platter -).

They say he lived on wild honey and the long torsos  
of locusts, that he dressed in fetid camel pelts  
and rags, and that he ranted

as if he had a finger in a messianic  
socket, his arm, a limb of lightning  
in the shallows of the Jordan.

Then one day Jesus in his yellow hair. The whole head  
thundering under water, and heaven downloaded  
between the bodies of two cousins,

baptist and carpenter,  
genetic tripwires sizzling, the Holy Spirit  
furring vision, and then the Lord's voice,

great blue whale  
breached on the banks of being. Rose light  
on the mountains, all mythic harvest, sheen

and mystery, all potential in the instantaneous  
skating of the clouds, then recognition  
as the boys, wet and electric,

nod to one another the unremitting readiness, the Now,  
And the ecstatic knowing.  
The tragic ecstatic knowing.

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