

St. Lazarus

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [November 27, 2007](#) issue

He knit him self up, a cable-stitch of skin.
Pushed his left eye in its socket, then his right.
Cracked the knuckles in his fingers (now so thin!).
Raised him self from the dirt and stood up right.

Lazarus, Lazarus, don't get dizzy.
Lazarus, Lazarus, now get busy.
Mary's weeping, Martha's made a cake,
Jesus is calling at the graveyard gate.
Your closest cousin, happy you are dead,
Eyes Martha's sheep and Mary's empty bed.

He licks his lips and wags his muscled tongue.
Flexes each foot till the warm blood comes.
Turns from the darkness and moves toward the sun.
A step. A shamble. A dead-out run.