

Common elegance

by [Samuel Harrison](#) in the [October 1, 2014](#) issue

Kneeling,
he turned the fish by their tails
on the iron grate; their skins

sticking and burning.
The fire died once
and he bent and blew

on the embers, holding
his robe at the throat,
a gesture of such common elegance

the gates flew open.
A ribbon of dawn
lay taut and pink on the sea.

When at last he raised his head
and looked at me, I shivered.
Simon, son of John, do you love me?