

The comedy of table

by [Jean Janzen](#) in the [September 25, 2019](#) issue

Old Abram at the oaks of Mamre  
squints into the noonday sun  
and bids the travelers welcome.  
Bread and a tender calf, and then  
the promise of the impossible,  
Sarah laughing in the kitchen.

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After the baskets of bread crumbs  
and fish bones, after the wounds  
and the burial, the intimate supper  
at Emmaus, his hands glowing

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Rublev paints the Trinity  
seated at a tilted table,  
a goblet ready to slide off.  
Open your hands and your mouth,  
they sing, as the stars sail over me.