

This is the night for Yahweh

by [John Forbis](#) in the [January 27, 2004](#) issue

The dough is not fermented;
provisions are not made;
and yet, it is time.
The Egyptians are pressing us.

The bell is ringing.
I curse to myself,
looking down at my watch.
The bell insists. I am afraid.

OK, OK, I say aloud
(for such curses can't
be uttered by a monk)
walking to the church.

Egypt is stripped.
The mind empties
like a slow leak
And we begin the long journey . . .