

The great throne

by [Tania Runyan](#) in the [March 18, 2015](#) issue

Rabbi, I'm losing you in all these robes,
like a kid tunneling through a department store rack,
pummeled by grown-up fabric.

The rainbow anchors its feet like a guard.
If you're the one I used to know,
sand in your hair and leper skin

under your nails, you wouldn't barricade yourself
with torches, light your face carnelian
like a haunted house clown. Holy

is sensing a woman's touch through your hem,
not bulldozing souls with thunder.
You don't need thousands of unblinking eyes

staring you down over a great glass sea
when the fish of Galilee peer at your calloused feet
skimming the water like sunlight.