

“The sun rose upon him, limping”

by [Alex Mouw](#) in the [November 4, 2020](#) issue

—*Genesis 32*

The Lord bruised Jacob’s hip and called it blessing.
Whatever centuries later, I walked

as if with a bulging of mercury
in each leg, the muscle fighting to break its wall
even when I slept. Nobody
cut Jacob open or pitied him, for his wound
was given to be meaningful, untreatable.

Walking up stairs torqued me near bursting
and I refused elevators,
offended as I was to be defective. A brilliant

man cut me open and removed half
my pain, which makes me, statistically,

a success. I take stairs without burning
now, wondering when the Lord will see fit
to pin me down in the night,
to place a fresh coal somewhere
new, so confounding is his love.