Joshua Stump

Without Cloud

(after Pieter Bruegel's painting "The Parable of the Blind." c.1568)

You can feel it–the yoke
of faith. The ironwood

rots around the neck
unlike the silver-chained.

And what looms above
must cast some shadow.

What can the crop deliver
but dust and the dead,

some of them are even
walking if slightly bent.

Like the limbs of autumn,
arms with pointed fingers

say There they are.
Cloak them all mercy.

The sun over steeple
whispers to flame alone.

Even His blood
cannot drown them.