I LOOK FOR HIM WHO LOOKED FOR YOU

You keep on nudging me, mostly in dreams—
keep on keepin' on! seek my son David
he has clues, clues

I look for him who looked for you;
footprints like a fossil of fern
shadow of a hand

on a bone lyre. Next to nothing.
What are those clues clues you keep
insisting on?

        arrow heads point toward a shore
a skeletal sun boat, waters ingathered
like tears spent or misspent; or Lethe crossed
when the raft is the shore.

Not what clues; but clues of what
scout or shepherd, David has asked.
Ask! you urge, nudge.
Is that why
the bone lyre curves like a question?
AND WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE YOU?

I see the wicked glide by
sleek in their velvet hearses
rich beyond measure, egos
puffed like an adder’s

No sons of misfortune these;
no cares
shadow the perfumed brows;
a whirligig of furies
their axletree cuts;
the innocent die.

I sweat like a beast
for the fate of my people.
Is God
ignorant, blank eyed
deaf, far distant
bought off, grown old?

They rape the fair world
they butcher, huckster
by the pound, living flesh;
their guns, their gimlets
claim us for trophy.

Why then endure
why thirst for justice?
Your kingdom-come
a mirage, never comes.

I sweat like a beast
my nightmare is life long
And where in the world
are you?

DANIEL BERRIGAN