

The parable of the woman with a jar

Upon arriving home, she finds it empty.
Nothing but a rim of dust,

the flour having spilt
a snaking line down the long path:

the weight of a full week's
bread unkneading from her hands.

She had noticed nothing.
The emptying had been soundless,

and the day had been full
of sound: the wake of buzzards,

the donkeys snorting.
She could trace

the line back to the first break:
the white mound in the dirt

like a new, small grave,
and like a grave, too,

the lesson—