Back Cover: Wedding at Cana

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Wedding at Cana

I lick my lips, taste salt lamb
and herbs mingled with the tang of wine.
Sweat soaks our sleeves
waved as flags, dancing for the bride.
Our handsome groom grins
beneath the canopy —
cups slosh laChaim, heads tip back, cheers.
Flute and drum play on,
while cups slam the table.
   No more wine.

I too thirst for more, but
   *My time has not come*
when I go to him, touch his sleeve.

   We hover over the jugs,
water stirring as if struck by a hidden gong.
   As he murmurs
a pebble drops.

I fed him at my breast.
sucked the poison out of his snakebite,
drew his bath at the well.
   I can feel my cells tingling
as if sloughing off snakeskin —
   *Do as He says.*

   This new wine is the best we’ve ever tasted,
as rich and red as blood.
   It makes us cry
as if tears could wash away the old.

— *Katie Marshall Flaherty*