

## **Feast**

***By Rachel Rose***

The table is set with stars. Come to the table.

Put away your anger and your guitar.

The apples are baking. Tallow drips from candles.

Nothing can hold back death. Come to the table.

Set your burnt spoon aside in a difficult drawer.

Wipe the wine from your mouth. Come as soon as you're able.

The wheat's in the barn and the barge. The babe's in the cradle.

The history that led to the railway cars

is a trunk you can leave at the dock. Unbridle, unsaddle

the dappled horse in your barefooted fable

the horse that you rode to the battle, and then to the wars.

The salmon's been pulled from the sea, and served with its shadow.

Come to the table, beloved, the three-legged table,

for you are the bell jar's hammer, the broken-down door.

What's crooked finds balance on matchbooks and elbows.

O prodigal child. O sage of the bluegrass piano!

The buckets catch buckshot that falls from a bonfire of stars.

You were stabbed in both hands by the bees that you robbed in the grotto.

We'll serve halos of moon-mist, we'll capture tornados in jars. Come to the table.