

# Denial

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Eleanor Zuercher

Moths must have flickered around the fire  
Where Peter warmed his hands, both desiring  
The brightness and unable to withstand  
The burning. "I do not know the man".

In the renunciation – a contrary  
To Mary's "yes" – the disintegration of rock  
To sand - the price of full self knowledge is lit  
By that dreadful sun. "I do not know the man".

A child of the same sand, I know my worth  
To be shattered in that instant of dawning –  
As my shadow slinks away for icy shame  
To a graved chasm. "I do not know the man"

And Yet that unknown shadow, cowering in the sun  
Is still re-ceived. Although I had abjured  
The Saviour, the conjured Christ, extends His hand  
And con-jures me: "Feed my lambs".