The Lamb

By Linda Gregg

It was a picture I had after the war. 
A bombed English church. I was too young 
to know the word English or war, 
but I knew the picture. 
The ruined city still seemed noble. 
The cathedral with its roof blown off 
was not less godly. The church was the same 
plus rain and sky. Birds flew in and out 
of the holes God’s fist made in the walls. 
All our desire for love or children 
is treated like rags by the enemy. 
I knew so much and sang anyway. 
Like a bird who will sing until 
it is brought down. When they take 
away the trees, the child picks up a stick 
and says, this is a tree, this the house 
and the family. As we might. Through a door 
of what had been a house, into the field 
of rubble, walks a single lamb, tilting 
its head, curious, unafraid, hungry.


Source: Chosen by the Lion (Graywolf Press, 1994)