

Baptism

Robert A. Rees

The old man bent and balding
is lowered into the water.
At that small moment of burial
he remembers his mother, thinks
of that time before memory when,
laboring him out of her saline womb,
she held him new against the world.
Now as he rises, rills steaming
from his gray head and beard,
he turns to the baptizer and embraces
him fiercely. All the darkness between
remains buried in the font. Later
it will flow through drains, pipes, and culverts
into the great ocean where salt washes
all things new.

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