

## Prisoner

I keep Jesus locked in the cellar  
where he rummages around continually like your father  
looking for something that will make something work  
that was broken some indefinite time ago,  
long enough that people pass by and barely notice anymore.  
I hear him tinkering, shuffling about, examining  
one thing or another, humming to himself,  
unhurried, patient to a fault. No doubt if I unlocked the door  
he'd ascend the stairs with his hands full of found objects  
to be applied to one particular deficiency or another. I feel as though  
I should want to let him out. A sense of unease shadows me, growing, as  
his sequester lengthens. Yet I seem unable to rouse myself  
from the chair placed in view of the cellar door. Would he, I wonder,  
take it upon himself to forgive what has not been asked? Is grace  
infinitely attracted to the ungracious?

Mark Goad