

# Two Poems

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

*Personal Easter*

Let them bring gifts, let them bring pious eggs.  
There are no kings at Easter, only men.  
Two nights ago, we drained cups to the dregs  
And did not know that we should live again.  
The stars move on, we battle with our plagues.  
What god will rise now from the frozen stone?

A few flowers sprinkle over breaking earth.  
Birds hover, dive. Why do they fill my mind?  
The Holy Ghost has more august a birth  
Than this; the tongues of fire could sing and blind.  
Oh God, last year I chose my own poor death  
Yet you arose me, left Limbo behind.

*A Nurse Gone Sick*

You cared for us and now I hear that you  
Are sick. I sometimes guessed at it perhaps;  
There were those days when you seemed near to tears  
As if you could not bear the trials and traps  
Of nursing those whose minds have gone askew.  
They seemed too much for you—our pains and fears.

And once I said in secret to a friend,  
'She understands since she has suffered too.'  
Odd that I should so nearly comprehend  
Yet learn your pain the wrong way round. For you  
Had come not to a starting but an end.  
Now I regret that far too late I knew.