

Leaving Egypt

couldn't have been easy. Walking away from
tangible gods, elaborate bodies. No more
wooing the throne or imposing your thirst
on the Nile's fertility. Just wind and wilderness
between desire and your next meal. Just
the breath of your mother's God calling
from the reeds. Now from the shepherd's well.
Now from the backside of Sinai's emptiness.

But would you have known this side of loss,
this side of anxiety if God hadn't drawn you
from Egypt's bed? Hadn't read your name
between the lines of Israel's pleas and snared you
on the sun? Hadn't caught your eye, pupil wide,
and wound it tight around the quarters of the wind?

—Tyler Chadwick