

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