
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

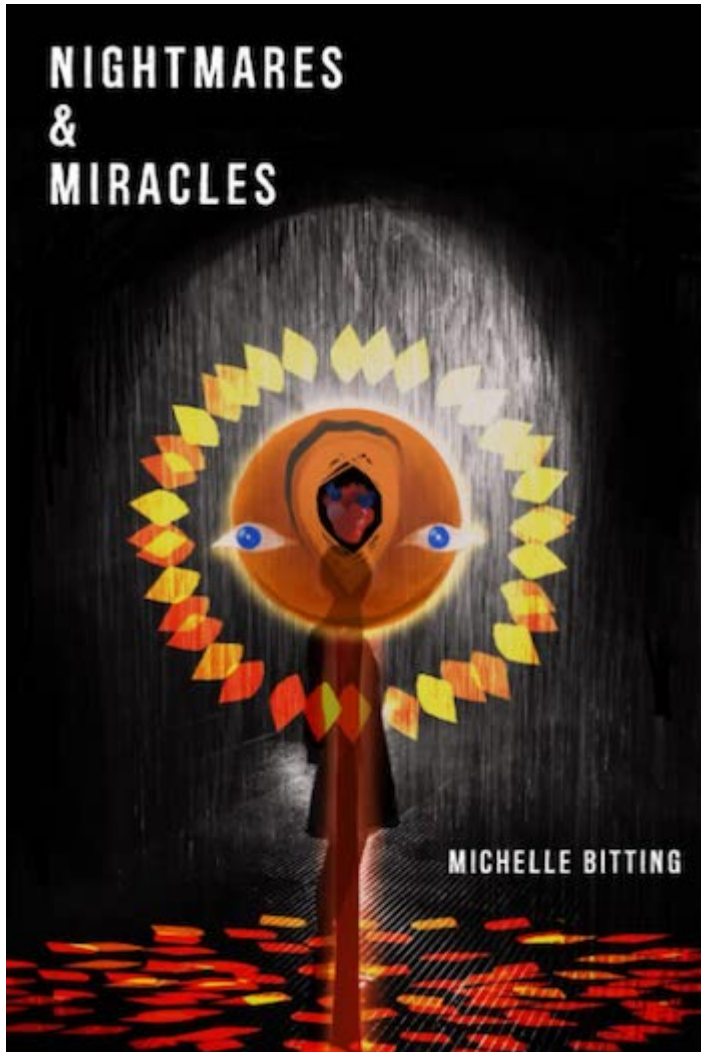
Michelle Bitting: “Good Friday Ukraine Egg Verse”

Michelle Bitting · Tuesday, April 19th, 2022

Good Friday Ukraine Egg Verse

Yesterday, a crow rinsed its rare scrap of carrion in our backyard bath, mucking the waters, corpsing the flower bed with discarded entrails of some conquered creature—caught and scattered across the field. I like to imagine strangers, and good friends, too—gathered pagans and pilgrims, both, inside candle bright naves of churches or the everyday alters of living room tables blessed with brushes, beeswax, dank red and opaque dyes portending majesty and death, the tempered-in pastels of fairytales we cloak horror in so children can sleep. Safika says when the sun’s gone dark & gods disappear behind ink-blotted scenarios of sky, we follow the birds, as we always have, flying closer to the source, the raw yolk force of solar sorcery frowning down on grave slaughters of women, innocents, the lone man martyred on the skull bald head of Golgotha. I like to think of buried things—tender necks sprouting from severed bulbs, the eggs interred Safika says make cattle stronger and beehives lush with golden honey. Pysanka placed in a child’s coffin so there’s something to play with. On return, Safika says, they’ll tunnel eggs scribed with signs of living and the dead into ruins of their mothered earth—that sprung and bloodied canvas of rebirth.

*



Purchase *Nightmares & Miracles* by Michelle Bitting

Featured photo credit: Alexis Rhone Fancher

This entry was posted on Tuesday, April 19th, 2022 at 4:21 am and is filed under [Poetry](#), [Literature](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.