

**Karl Plank**

**NIGHT-FIGHT: JABBOK FORD**

after you have gone you will come to a river and  
cross it unaware

i see you at the edge and want to draw you back  
but the harness has been cut leather lines and breast-strap  
torn loose by strain of muscle and fury so i tug on reins  
attached to nothing to strong-arm a glimpse of your eyes  
but heave only hollow air and now i can just warn that

on the other side waits Night waits darkness and  
the hiding of the moon waits one whose face you  
will not see one whose hands bear the silt and effluvium  
of the river bed as they reach out to wrench bone from socket  
breath from cage memory from holding cells or to touch and  
touch the tender skin as a blessing until you cry the same  
words that break the threshold of my own lips  
*i will not let you go will not let you go not let you go.*

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