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Son of Abraham

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Son of Abraham

He presses the knife to pale flesh;
ignores my cries like the bleating ram.
If I must die, why this?

Why his stony face? No tears?
The man I called father puts me to the altar
Bound; not one comforting lie

Angel, deliver me—
I can scarcely believe
the cruelty of it all!

I scream as the blade draws
the first bead of blood, before
the angel grabs his hand away.

God hath provided the sacrifice
but as the heavens feast on smoke
the presence of Him is unknown to me.

I avoid his eyes as he guides me home.
I now know—the shepherd may love the lamb,
but only until he is hungry.

Jasmine Patera is from Mandan, North Dakota. She enjoys writing poetry and can often be found with her nose stuck in a book. She is inspired by the works of Emily Dickinson and Mary Oliver. Jasmine is pursuing a degree in English with a certificate in writing, editing, and publishing at the University of North Dakota, where she is also a member of the Writing Club. She hopes to one day pursuing a career in editing as a member of a publishing house.