

A History of Resurrection

Everyone marveled when Jesus
brought Lazarus back from the dead.
But on a hot night in August,
I resurrected the same junkie
twice in one shift.

When someone pushed her out of
the car a second time,
she still wore the gauze and tape
in the crook of her left elbow,
where we'd so recently placed the IV.

This time, the Narcan worked so slowly
that I had a blade in her mouth
ready to place the breathing tube.
Then her eyes flew open
and she pushed my hand away.

Thanks for nothing bitch;

Next time let me die.

Before Lazarus was resurrected,
his sisters wailed and mourned.
Overcome by the brutal humanity of it all—

afflictions, heartache, the certitude of death
Jesus wept.

After he wept, Jesus prayed,
for he knew that raising Lazarus
would lead many to faith.

Each time that I am brought
another addict who is still
and blue I offer silent prayers
while searching for a vein,
though it is hard for me

to keep the faith.
I ready the antidote
but even Jesus raised
Lazarus from the dead
only once.