

Parable of the Great Outpouring

Out from the houses and churches,  
the schoolyards and malls,  
out from the office buildings and subway stations,  
from the bars, underpasses and condominiums  
they ran, shot like pinballs, destinationless  
at the whim of outside forces.  
They ran, heads upturned and feverish,  
out from their havens and complacencies they ran.  
Towards or away from, no one would ever know.

It was the time of the Great Outpouring  
and they poured out, until the streets and alleys  
could fit not one more,  
until the bridges and overpasses swayed  
with the weight of them,  
until body brushed body until no body could move.  
And when the time of the Great Outpouring had passed,  
they looked down and around,  
they looked at their feet, their hands, each other,  
everywhere, but no longer did they look up.

And they returned to their houses and churches,  
their schoolyards and malls,  
to their office buildings and subway stations.  
To their bars, underpasses and condominiums  
they returned like puppies  
who'd chased after the bone never thrown,  
a bit embarrassed at the effort  
exerted to no reward.  
They returned and no one spoke of it at all.



## ABOUT BERNADETTE GEYER

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Bernadette Geyer is the author of *The Scabbard of Her Throat* (The Word Works 2013) and *What Remains* (Argonne House Press 2001). Her work has appeared in *North American Review*, *Oxford American*, *Poet Lore*, and *Crab Creek Review*. A graduate of Allegheny College, she is a freelance writer and editor living in Berlin, Germany. She is also an instructor for online poetry workshops for The Writer's Center. She maintains a website at [bernadettegeyer.com](http://bernadettegeyer.com) and a blog at [bernadettegeyer.blogspot.com](http://bernadettegeyer.blogspot.com).

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