

There's Nothing Here for You

By Ro Feitl

There is nothing here for you.
The well ran dry long before
You realized we were out of water.

It's my fault, too.
I gave you my water
By the cup, by the bucket
Till there was nothing more to give.

There's nothing here for you.
There hasn't been anything
For days, perhaps for weeks
Even I don't know when the wine ran out.

But my amphoras are empty
And I am not the Son of God
There isn't any water, anyway.