

“They’re Out of Wine”

They kicked off their sandals when the dancing began.
Everyone flooded the floor. He was there,
head thrown back, laughing at the stars.
Everyone could see it was joy and hope in the air,
the kind of love that makes it impossible not to dance.

So the whole community spun and twirled, jumped and clapped,
pushing back the pain of the world for a night.
Reveling in the fact that two people could stand to
build something beautiful in this fractured world.
But before too long, a tug on his sleeve.

I wonder if Jesus stopped dancing when he heard the news.
I wonder if he looked out over the crowd of happy people.
I wonder if he could see their joy poking through their fragility.
And I wonder if he knew, in that moment, that joy was holy,
that joy would sustain them, that joy was a form of resurrection,
so he turned water into wine and the dancing did not stop.