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Ananias Walks Home

Bob De Smith

Maybe, like Duvall's Apostle,
Ananias whooped his way home,
Dancing and shouting, "Glory!"

Maybe visions were his everyday,
Talking to God a habit
That made his wife wonder at his mumbling,
His friends tighten their lips.

Maybe the Good News was old news.

But I think the news was brand new.
When he talked to Saul, he knew what he was saying
Because it had just happened to him.
No vision man, God's call to Ananias was just like his to Saul.

So on the way home, Ananias's world was rearranging:

His lips remember calling Saul, "Brother!"
His fingers remember the wet of baptism,
The flaking away of scales from eyes.