

He Is Here, He Is Not Afraid

La Dispute

We move by instinct, darling
let our hands be hatchets, let us
wander blindly, swinging madly
in a forest made of flesh.
we move by instinct, darling
let our eyes like lepers drive
the doubters from our homes and
into the bottom of the sea.
and we speak in signals, darling
let our smoke stitch pictures, let us
twist in patterns, dull the horror
of a city still on fire. for
we are like medics handling
suicide by cyanide with bleeding
fingers. let us suffer
completely inadequate.
and we move like lovers, lover
let me run my fingers down your side
and kiss you right below the eye.
we sleep with shadows but
we never give them bread.
horror, dress yourself in shame
or I will tear a hole in you, you harlot.
burn your eyes, (I will hold your
white-washed bones unto the sky and
scream "oh god, if you are there,
I hold this body to your judgment--
give it your wrath or your mercy.
but please pick wrath.")