

Burnt In Effegy

Brodequin

Placed upon the barrel a stone rain falls from the crowd smells
of smoke
And burning flesh are all that surround an iron hoop placed around the waist
Of the lifeless body hung till dead before being committed to fire.

Gunpowder hung around their necks, cloths and limbs smeared with pitch,
Forced to wear a tar covered bonnet.

Burning the body for Jesus killing by holy design reeds thrown
on the platform bundled
Under each arm crowds gather to witness suffering of those left
alive fat and blood
Drip from the fingers explosions sever limbs, burnt in effigy.