

## Of The Wound

### Christian Death

he cross pulled from his chest  
Raises a welt, leaden in every limb

Sleep can watch for seizures

The legless man had directed him to a window  
Window like blind eyes probed the mud  
The minutes that were left  
Ran across his throat stuffed with cotton  
And his mouth could hear the distant splashes

A fever and his hand is worse  
In the silent film days

He must remain an enigma

They climbed three flights of stairs to the night  
Like a hundred pieces of glass  
There were numerous outstretched hands throwing shadows,  
A pair of shadows  
Holding the three cornered hat of a cardinal

We move on to snake venoms

Christ would spit on you  
And that's who you remind me of  
Beneath a musty green  
The wound appears to be dying