

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