

Malediction

Diamanda Galás

The arms that you cut off that Sunday night
of the young man who ran screaming through
the street,
streaming blood in trails of terror,
are the arms that point me to my door,
which forsaken by the blood of Jesus,
invites the Devil, who now waits for me outside.

The arms that you cut off that Sunday night
are the arms that point me to the red eyes
of the pentecostal killers and the black eyes
of the roman catholic killers and the blue eyes
of the pinhead skinhead killers,
and the dirty angel does his target practice night
and day,
making ready now to steal my soul away.

The arms that you cut off that Sunday night
are the arms that wait between my T.V. and my gun,
while the winks and smiles of singing debutantes
and eunuchs whisper,
"We don't want you, Unclean, lying there in vomit,
filth, and perspiration,
coming back with Elvis or with Jesus from the dead."

The arms that you cut off the body
of the screaming young man
dance before my eyes the endless murder of my soul
which, taunted every hour by open windows,
has kept itself alive with prayer,
but not for miracles,
and not for heaven.
Just for silence
and for mercy
until the end.