

Rage

Jarboe

And the red against black is the fulfillment of a
contract carried on the bony back of the keeper of a
stony plaque engraved with names of the faceless and the
maimed by our "sleeper of the age," our "creeper of the
page," the reaper of our stolen rage in all his foul
glory puffed up with the fear and dignity stripped of all
those left in crumbled agony decaying in the stinking
heat, evaporating meat. The folded satin on your "Sunday
best" shimmers like a glaze on this bright and holy day
as you lick the lifeless gaze within this vast and
splendid maze where loneliness is churning with maggots
and worming, and flesh-eating beetles suck a furious rot.