

II

like most godhouses this particular house
of god utters a chilly smell....

Within, the rector's talking normal face
like a cat who plays with a dead mouse
skilfully mumbles about Hell,
pretending it's alive, knowing it is
not. That head which (you'll confess)
looks like the apple whereby Adam fell
belongingly adorns the fat demure
hairless man sitting heavily with what
is obviously his wife, his small unthrilled
circular ears winking to the word of God
his large unclever mind carefully filled
with inexpensive christian furniture.