

The Gospel Writers

A boy raised sticks to a yielding sky. Magiced holes into blacker holes.
As bones filled themselves with feathers. Along the palimpsest pulse
There was the promise of soil. There were lines about wires. Signals bent
By light arcing low across the third horizon. I erased them all. Wrote
Instead of the girl without wings whose skin split the skull of a plaited
Song. A vibrating string. Whose hands held nothing because she held
No hands. Held in their place the hollow thump of blood. Of bandages
Wrapped and wound by the tension of wind. I removed my last tongue
And tacked it taut to the firebound tree. Crumpled every creasing sound
That ever cracked across my teeth and replaced them with the great
And heaving weight of nothing. I swallowed an empty sky and belched
Forth stars. Remembered the rood. A fearsome boy. An unfalling girl.
Their brown faces blessing the burden of stones with impossible names.

I cut my pens and scratched their signs
as hope into my palm's sacred heart.