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a footnote in the narrative of crucifixion

*She will bear a son, and you are to name him Jesus*. *Matt 1:20-23*

what did he make that wasn’t god before—a bed or yoke,

out of stone or iron? wood? Odd tekton.

he made no claim but chosen, by lot, he was more vehicle than substance

a patron saint of work, of empty houses. A father named in contradiction—

graying icon, the lilies limping on his staff. Celebrated impotence, but substance changing, as he was, when he tied the gospels into knots (Only Matthew bothered?),

when he stepped aside, or was evicted from the litany. Forgotten

until he fathered the Belgian nun, cured, she said, and wore the cord in his honor.

Take the cult of the virgin-whore he fathered, like water into wine. Take the son.

A love affair begun with faith. The load beam of the church.

salomé

*(a noir treatment on Wilde’s notation to the play: “elle danse la danse des sept voiles”)*

what’s behind

the dead-sea eyes? the quivering flesh

that bargained for the plattered head

A *Chinatown* of possibilities… the careful editing

*She's my sister... She's my daughter... My sister, my daughter*

“the girl” inscrutable

the femme burlesque

the veiled fatale

before the bribe, before the fall guy for the tribe

at gethsemane