

POMEGRANATE

What an ugly thing in the Lord's hands.
Our world, packed with bloody potentialities.
En sac: the seeds, the seeds, the varied
driveways and droveways and springtime doors.
The red ball loiters in the cosmic alleyway.
You: a leather apple, choked with seeds.
Gelled blood drops in your fish-skin hood.
A baby's brain of tightly-packed neuron beads.
A bloody ambitious brain thinking miraculous things.
Hark, the nightengale doth singeth in your hands—
Glial piths, a skeleton of wan and papery ribs.
This dry peritoneum is not a greasy bone.
It is The Christ Himself the baby holds—

Regan Good

