

I

Days and nights move past the suicide house,
One room once streaked in inexorable red—

I walk past the Depression-era green houses.
God's body to you. Or good day. Or Mary's blood.

Some precious books and wooden figurines on a table.
In a bowl, ten dried figs: amber sacks filled with children's teeth.

Palsy to the middle kingdom this fine evening,
And to the gorgeous column of blackbirds flying.

Palsy to the restless night, the hourly moon not descending.

The last dead leaves have not let go.
Blackbirds shudder high in the pine branches.

God's body to them.

Black ornaments like startled faces.
And my face, the same lovelorn, dying medallion.

Remember the small sleep, the rounded death.

2

And so it comes again, the song and its justice.
The roses beating their faces against the wind.
The dead roses harboring their deep infections.

O, you think them God's body?
Because of the perpetual debit of mercy?

Because the voice had promised: We will
Bind the disparate together and make amends?

THE SCALES

REGAN GOOD

3

The Hangman has eaten the figs and defecated us an orchard.
Whiskey bleeds my stomach as I walk the grounds.

Musics rise and fall in the burial of the blackbirds's throat.
In my mind's historic snows, this is the first— as I

Come eating and drinking, tipping the silver scales of justice
Which have weighed an ounce of truth for a pound of lies.

I, in my red jacket, with snow falling, being bled slightly.

Wine, a bird full of blood, in my glass.

4

Still, I cannot deny the palsy, or my breath
Parading like fumes of rifle smoke—

God's body to it, and Mary's blood.

And to the birds above: the ashes have no where to go.

You were born, you nothings, now lay down
Your perfect heads and stop protesting.