

# Excommunicado

*by* Bill Yarrow

1.

they tied him to a louver  
and piled up hickory sticks

the flames gushed through the slats  
and then burned down the house

not every punishment proceeds  
without a hitch

2.

in walks the ghost with wireless hands  
the hacksaw complexion  
the jackoff heart

Gabriel in a zebra suit

3.

like a dog's first whiff of cinnamon  
integrity is confident  
it can annihilate perfidy

4.

here's what can be glimpsed:

a rose degraded to a thorn  
a man etherized on a couch  
all the hymns of Hymen sung to the music of crucifixes

5.

the moon is our conscience  
we shall not wane

