

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

