

Ribs

by Bill Yarrow

Man reached in the carcass of the Lord
and tore Satan from the rib of God.
The mountains of humility went silent,
the rain of regency dried its eyes,
and the clouds of unknowing began to know.
Snow masquerading as kindness ballooned
into bombast as the world washed its hands
of worldliness. Then indifference, stiff as a
wombat penis, stirred and woke from the dream
of cascading penury. I am imbricated by the
slabs of dead ideas. I am teased by vaults of
no gold. Ghosts hold me to votes I disavow.
There is a formidable hole in the latent sky.
It takes all my strength not to worship it.

