

Beautiful Plague

by Cami Park

Jacob Obrecht, you are beautiful. Everything inside your head and everything you've ever made is beautiful and singing. You came to Ferrara because you are beautiful, but then there is a plague, and besides being beautiful, you are a priest, and everything inside your heart is beautiful, too, and so you stay and you help.

First there was a dot, a tiny red dot, it sang, *Kyrie*, oh, Lord, and when it turned black, *eleison*, have mercy. It was beautiful *O Lord have mercy Christ have mercy Lord have mercy*

Then came the swelling, in the armpit, tender, a praise song— *we bless you we adore you hear our prayers in the glory of God the father amen*

And more, the coldness *of all things visible and invisible* the hot eyes, the extravagant thrumming *Pilate he suffered and was buried* the releasing *of one substance with the Father by Whom all things were made* the exquisite, searing gut *God of God Light of Light spake by the Prophets the Father before all worlds begotten, not made*

Finally, like velvet, *Hosanna* skin *Holy* already in mourning, *blessed is he who comes black in excelsis*

Jacob Obrecht, you are beautiful.

Kyrie eleison.

First there was a dot, a tiny red dot, it sang oh, Lord, and when it turned black, have mercy.

Everything inside your head and everything you've ever made is beautiful and singing.

O, Lord have mercy; Christ have mercy; Lord have mercy.

It was beautiful.

You came to Ferrara because you are beautiful, but then there is a plague, and besides being beautiful, you are a priest, and everything inside your heart is beautiful, too, and so you stay and you help.

We bless you, we adore you, hear our prayers, in the glory of God the father, amen.

Then came the swelling, in the armpit, tender, a praise song.

Of all things visible and invisible, Pilate, he suffered and was buried of one substance with the Father by Whom all things were made.

And more, the coldness, the hot eyes, the extravagant thrumming, the releasing, the exquisite, searing gut.

God of God, Light of Light, spake by the Prophets, the Father before all worlds, begotten, not made, hosanna holy.

Finally, like velvet, skin, already in mourning, black.

Blessed is he who comes, in excelsis.

