

# Just a Kiss

*by* gerard varni

Ishmael? fuck that punk; call me judas  
The betrayer who's desirous lips brushed  
Anointed flesh, marking it for certain  
Resurrection--the wretch whose own hide  
Was doomed to self-annihilation before  
The birth-slime had even oozed from his lungs.  
We are diminished by our desire  
For innocence, and we debase those who  
Possess it. what does that leave the traitor?  
A rope, a tree, coins flung at dying light;  
Then, a twitching silhouette splayed against  
A bloated reddish moon, with head thrown back,  
Mouth agape and eyes bulging toward heaven.

