

Altar of Plagues, Burnt Year

Beating bright and in the eye, the isles of the body they turn.
They are shaped by the flood, the onset of a blindness.
Leeched, and wearied, unfolding somewhere else.
It is gone and the body is stood blind.
Back through, a dirge, a remedy and a fever.
Borders sketched without song.
A child was buried here.
Here, my son was buried.
And God danced around the coffin.
and we danced with your God.
and I watched my mothers body, raped by a prophet.
I watched my son die.