

Comus, The Bite

The wolf's lough eerie cracks the humid night air
The rabbit freezes the fox in his lair
The owl hoots shrilly searching the dark
The moon white flangs through the trees tall and stark

Who would emerge on a night like this
Who would loose his bonds and greet the air with a hiss

The battered Christian down his head in despair
The crown of sharp thorns revealed 'neath his hair
His scrawny body worn tnin by the trial
Stand taut and painful on the pilgrim's last mile

A million fleshy things converge upon the spot
His eye retort the atmosphere is hot

The wolf sniffs ivory fanged he bristles up his spine
The fox smiles knowingly but dares not step out of line

Through the twisting crushing silence
The broken Christian creeps
Each footstep like a thunderclap
Among the trunky deeps

No bird make sound no creature moves
To break the gripping air
The Christian he raises, his hand up to his mouth
But for a whisper he cannot dare

The Christian wakes trembles with sweat
The cell's dark walls stony and wet
Metallic echoes as the bolts are drawn back
The doors swing inwards dull light through the crack

The jailer looks indifferent to him
The routine morning martyr's death for him

A misty cold sad morning
Greets the Christian's haggard grin
The rope is slung and the noose is tied
But Christian's neck is thin
The block is raised he stands erect
The rope beneath his chin
They pull the block
And the Christian drops
He hangs above the scene.