

Eyes Like Wings of Butterflies

One day next week the hours of darkness and light
will be equal in the book of the heavens,
but here on earth last night at dusk Hermes
was seen under the new crescent moon walking
into the mountains and before dawn this morning
it can still be clearly seen that justice
has not yet escaped the scorpion's claws.

Tomorrow, resting from their week, the faithful
will listen to pastor and choir, receiving the light
through walls with eyes like wings of butterflies
hardened by the sun, yellow ribbons
crossed and double crossed on breast and lapel
ubiquitous as flags in the parking lot
affirming their faith that the gold of righteousness
outshines moon and star. And while they sing,
in the little yard beside the wall
the bones of contention they themselves laid out
with words and tears not that long ago
are springing to life again, sprouting new
limbs to dance as the spirit moves them

while on the other side of the world
in the holy land of oil and money
where civilization as we know it began,
the sons and daughters of the word made flesh
exterminate fanatic by fanatic
their replicates in tooth and eye for an eye
for the pentangles of power, the towers
that jack built for the new world order
bodies conceived in and meant for love
subverted into instruments of destruction
in service to a many-headed god.

My son and daughter for your son and daughter
to the highest bidder, my beliefs for yours,
friends and neighbors inside, good people
on almost all accounts, wringing silver
from their palms into the passing salver
while the earth outside turns warm again,
blood meal and bone meal enriching
the sand, sacrificed to the droning prayers
of parents complicit in the stained light.

