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UNWILLING MARTYR

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UNWILLING MARTYR

the HOLY GHOST wants you to feel it
 again, the HOLY GHOST has made a lake
 of itself. you can take it into your lungs.
 the HOLY GHOST animates your blood cells
 and moves your arms like a marionette.
 wading through the shallows the lake
 opens like mooses commanded it. trekking
 a mountain the HOLY GHOST burns you like a
 dry bush and etches it commandments
 into your back. the HOLY GHOST wants you to hurt
 again. no more hiding in the whale's stomach,
 it spits you into the deep end and the
 HOLY GHOST makes the doll dance. across the
 water your heart skips like a
 stone. wrapped in a crown of thorns he denies you
 three times and the raven eats your eyes.
 blind, blind, blinded by rage your ribcage
 is a stained-glass window and the single red
 candle signals from your liver. the HOLY GHOST
 lines the chain-smoking angels up your
 spine and wrenches your jaw open. bloody wine
 poured into gaping mouth, staining your
 teeth and labeling you "sinner." knees
 bent before pillars of salt holding your lovers
 hair in your hands, the hangman's noose
 seems so inviting occupied by judas' swinging
 feet and skeletal smile.

*First three lines are borrowed from Brittany Cavallaro's poem *Leitmotif*.