

All Down Darkness

Darkness rises and I strike it down
Rises and I strike it
down Darkness
Strike it down

These are the rituals to end doubt:
finger the hand's black crust where
flies have ceased to fossick;
punch a fist
between broken staves into sliding vitals.

These rituals do not answer.

Darkness rises and I
strike it down

These are the rituals to sanctify
the cold dripped human tallow:
pure beeswax lifted with song to the lampstand;
white robes, water's promise.

They do not answer.