

Revelation

—*Tom Rudd*

The congregation gathers
in some sacred southern place
and before the Right Reverend Ezra Travers
lifts up its multi-shaded face
singing praises
to
the
lawd.
Green grass transcends stark bathroom floors
as the should-be Ethiopian princess
kneels down before
a toilet-white
cardboard christ
paying homage
to
the
lawd.

The oak-tree-orphaned bible man
 lifts up his sense-less
 parchment hands
and Turners Valley echoes and re-echoes
 cries of goodness and forgiveness
 for they know not
 what
 they
 do.

Then alien echoes reverberate
 and shake the grinning
 paper prophet
 above one-hundred Black and bloodied bodies
 laid down to wait—
 to wait—
 to wait . . .

Away on resurrection hill
 beneath the cross aflame
padded porcelain paws applaud
ten-thousand hooded heads bow down
 singing praises
 to
 the
 lawd.