



& Whores Horses

Revelation Reflection

ONCE EVERY THOUSAND YEARS

I placed stars in the sky.

This place doesn't deserve you,
he said. Leaning in I thought,
this place doesn't deserve you, either.

But we're here together.

So, I spit pins from my mouth, toward the sky.

Scorpion friends with human faces followed along,
delightedly stinging away to ease birth-pangs
as Abaddon became something from nothing

Sun could not cut through.
Air stilled.
People were
...nervously smiling.

there was gravitation
and listening
and laughing
and crying
and staring
and seeking

We can't see,
they said.

That's the point,
I thought.

Currents of sighs carried time along for
one-thousand one-hundred and seventy-six hours

Being, wrapped up in worries,
slipped out from mouths.
Weeping melted its way to embrace in the black.

Dreams and fears all showed up
and passed away
in impossible-to-reach crevices
between notes of a melody two voices intertwined

Love, and its terrible companion, Desire
tried to sneak into the mix.
Those two are always after some kind of utopia.
Skepticism jumped right in
aiming to silence their dulcet and deceiving voices before—
before— The Angels. **The damn Angels.**

The Angels dropped in.
Pulling seals off scrolls we'd closed and tucked away
plaguing us with their piercing noiseless peals.
Thunder and flashes of what was or might be,
refusing us the cool comfort
of controlled alienation from self,
from choices made, from neighbor
...damn those angels and their pushy peals.

Love and Desire continued to roll about,
leaving their marks on everything and everyone—
no one seemed to notice.

It was time.

He said "I bring the pain like"
and I, having been given the key,
and the ability to bestow and take away spirit,

I took the stars out of the sky.

ABJECT

Christ.

I saw a sheep
in a video.
It was led
by powerful men
to a room
where it was bleating while beaten
over and over
head bashed in
until it— they? he? she? perished

...children were cheering on the sidelines.

Christ.

I saw a man
in a photo.
He was naked
Ropes wrapped
round human wrists and ankles
frail flesh dragged
lips stretched limbs bent
body consumed by coarse roads
dead.

...community cheered on the sidelines.

Christ.

I read a tale
desire for liberation
was the plot.

Some say you want
justice for creation

Some say you want
justice for humans

Some say humans
and creation
are one

Some Say your disposal,
by callous human hands,
and hearts paved with traumas,
is your radical way of doing
justice for everything
absolutely every.stinking.rotting.awful.thing.
...with preference for the poor.

Christ:

The second death
was just as tough as the first.
So, maybe quit kidding around.
There are lives at stake.

Amen.

IMPATIENT ABJECTION

Christ.

The second death

The third death

The fourth death

The fifth...

all as tough as the first.

Robes, cleaned white from bloody vengeance?
Also ineffective. Not doing it for any of us.

There are lives at stake, Worthy One.
So quit kidding around and get here, sword mouth.

Amen.

FOR THE FRAGILE

Worthy are you,
fragility.

Today, as all days
you receive:
honor
blessing
glory

A sharp tongue
articulates and gesticulates
among all who, you know...
don't know.

Slicing,
dicing vision that sees
through minds
through matter
to...Truth.
Bloody truth.

Alleluia!
Hallelujah!
flesh, and nerves
and veins and arteries
and bones and souls
and hopes and dreams!

all cut through.
right to the point.

how can the world be
without
your clear clarification,
your neurotic navigation,
your expert explanation?

Without your fragility, lambkins—
what woe might be spoken?

SACRAMENT

A wo/man
clothed in warmth
and light
the swell of desire
pulsing through vein
stands
in a vibrator museum.

Seven bright lamps
stream
from behind
shining
on the wall before

A timeline is posted there
It starts with “Rome”
and ends with
“Rome,”
but,
looking like today not
...then.

The entire composition
consists of men's voices
and men's views
and men's beliefs
and men's pathologizing
and men's controlling of
women's orgasms.

A caustic snicker slips
through twisted, taught lips
as agitated arms raise up
with the crescendo of silent scream.
Hands open toward drop-ceiling tiles
replete with shining halogens
whose spiritual light
outlines two thick, calloused, middle fingers
decked out in sparkly red polish,
pointing upwards.

Prayer ensues:

“How long,
O Holy, and True?
When will you exact justice
for us who continue to dwell
among *this* bullshit?”

Response arrives
in the form of blood.

Catharsis.
Amen.

FRAGILITY CALLED TO ACTION

No more
clear clarification,
neurotic navigation,
expert explanation...

Give me
your critically soft, sensual eyes
and that double-edged sharp
of your careful tongue

What other woes might come to be?
Please, please don't make me wait any longer.

Amen.

WHORE AND HORSES

I smell like the thunderstorm
seven times entirely poured out.
You love that mystery about me.
It's energizing, you say.

Heat rises from my body
in barely-there tendrils of steam
while cosmic blood slides from wounds
older and deeper than the sea

A star shoots across speckled abyss.

With each heart change
straight paths crumple into
question marks
whose uncertain shadows
inevitably fall across my threshold.

Another star streaks across the depths.

How many deaths must I die,
before you notice how
you make and remake me?

How many times,
remade and sharpened,
before you notice the sword we've built?

Dewy earth, salty and sweaty,
supports our bodies while
moss, mud, magnificent iron musk
floats between us—
we inhale,
we exhale.

A shower of stars fizzle and fall

I wonder...

Are we coming out, this time,
or are we going in?

What does your mission call me, today—
a bride, or a whore?

ADAM’S LAMENT

OMG.

W T F ?

I did not earn this shit.

Amen.



S. R. LaDue | 2022-2023