

ZADKIEL PEERS THROUGH A MAGIC LENS

Chasse les puces God cried
and we galloped behind an ear
adown the neck the back the hand
the thigh the calf to the small toenail — but
here it was a blind-alley desolate and nevertheless
yet forlorn in consideration of all said and
done
the jackals yelped, Cyclops glared wonderfully
and the day I said when the bonds shall asunder
and all the people embrace each other and
singing to the Lord.