

## Sacrificial Lamb

Like a snow-cinched statue or a slump of white burr, in the storm  
you are invisible. You are blood let, and brief out of the womb.  
Be the ewe's offering, the ram's quick spent seed, no more. Tiny  
hoof click, neck twist, throat a wooly exposure to good and greater  
possibilities, meek as an anecdote to loss of faith, not gentled while  
embellished with red streaming oil, a char of straw wisps, knotty  
life raft in some sullen god's tempest. You are the stand in  
for sin, the sinner, sin swallower, a way out, sin singed.

## One Trick Pony

Like Noah to the bone, one ark, one act, one swell guy in a chill beard. You are the trod between the here and hereafter. One hoof at the helm and one raised up on a storm-battened hatch. Down in the dark, in the foul of fowl, a chance to do some magic, round up a forum, initiate couple's therapy, show them the old hat trick. You are the last-minute entertainer, the act between, the cover over the eyes of each ark rider. Keep it light, work it, leave them wanting. Nothing will survive. You have a captive audience.

## Chicken

You won't be there, on the lawn, without head, bloodied, a puzzle of feather and bone, a twist of muscle. No fox will grind you into the soil before your time, no hawk flay. Your eggs will sit plum, teal, ecru in the corner stall, in a crib of dust motes and spider thread, fragile enough for thin shells, tight at the apex of board and batten, away from hoof and claw. And the cock, though silent with the absence of dawn, the blanket of gray water, beneath, around, above, finds you. You can run and you can't hide.

## Asp

To be Will's bright-tongued anecdote, Cleo's final bed-mate, cobra  
forebear, fork tongued, one tricked—then the aspis, then  
the long slide, the *sss* curve into chinks, cubbies, tiny little hidey  
holes, two of you, slink to slink, *poor venomous fools*. You will be  
the head's shed blood of Medusa, the hooded snakeskin  
robe, designer boot. Will there be grass after the deluge? Will  
you be in it, of it, or simply coiled in the remaining dust? Slip out  
of your skin toad swallower, sucker of eggs, *dispatch*, strike a pose

## Emzara, the wife

Bone-built, bone thin, bone weary wife; cleaner of chattel, stower of goods, turner of cheek. Into this shower, torrent, torment, harbinger of flood, the stuff that washes dreams, drowns infants, into all crowds, you come striding, sorting couples, summoning the check, vanquishing lust, ordering the dinners, paying the bill, gathering coats, (furs, wools) and arguments, allaying fears, cleaning the bins and mangers, wiping the noses, wicking the lamps with ease and patience, keeping more than two seeds dry in the hidden seam of your linen apron.