



# Remediation

in this house,  
I pray for greatness  
that is anointed in snake sheddings  
and baptised by the tears of a martyr.  
I sit at this dinner table  
and raise my hands to the light;  
fingers dripping with gluttony,  
ears drawn to the mutiny  
of baby lambs being led to slaughter outside.  
I lower my head and hands and stare at the rot,  
and the voices compel me to be distraught,  
but my torn faith only draws me closer to the edge,  
because in this house,  
only the broken remain,  
pressed down on both knees  
and begging to be saved.

in this house,  
both the carcasses and I are mere vessels for the  
burnt tongues that know not how to move on,  
engrained in the old oak walls that run rampant.  
I think I am on a path of delirium,  
every droning groan that echoes through the  
floorboards only drives the blade I hold deeper,  
and as I grow weaker,  
I cannot do anything but strip my garments off  
and bathe in false benedictions;  
devils dressed in godly fabrics,  
gold poison seeping from their lips,  
beckoning to intoxicate me  
through kisses on my forehead.

in this house,  
a piece of every lawless lover of mine  
is stashed away in each room,  
and when the sun goes down,  
their wails creep into me  
and fill my chambers with gloom,  
a cryptic haze that insults my divinity.

I could breathe for a moment,  
but what would that do other than to remind me  
of the dust once-settled  
and the stench of my shortcomings.  
I could rise from my seat  
and feel the floor give way under my feet,  
but what would that do other than drop  
me into the basement full of bodies,  
stitched limbs that have dared  
to knock on the door of this house,  
this wretched, disease-ridden nest of violence.  
and so I tell the shadows;  
if they find me after the fact,  
let them know that I died lurching.  
if there is beauty to be found in my madness,  
let it be known that I died searching.