

Twelve Suspended

Isobel Sinclair

Twelve suspended, yoked, strung up at a liar's altar
Bared, soul or otherwise, with entities arousing an arrow's blood
—with wine at the endless feast.

A dozen sheep are sacrificed to the god of greed
And lust and shame. Husband, I shall call him your name.
“Villainous shroud” the creatures clamour.

Virtue goes unrewarded,
Agreement discarded
In favour of twitching feet
Soaked in blood.

White tunics dyed; callused hands wetted
With the lather, scrubbing their ‘lovers’

Brains from between the tiles.
Penance, salvation, redemption,

In the ruddy hands
Given to the task of the goddess.
Helen bares her breast invokes the ships
To make me wait.

But a falsified union, taken,
Leaves them high and swinging,
Twenty years too late,

I am forced to grieve alone
But you are forced to stare at what has become undone.
Dare to cut them loose.
Twelve to one.



Up by Daniel Cheung