

"His Killers"

* Poetry
* 2013
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Johnny boy came a dunkin
In a filthy river bed on the Jordan
A flowering prophet of honey & hopper:
Up came one named Jesus "Baptised"
Into a world that should have known he
They reared his head of crown
While driving spikes in his wrists
still his purity held its ground
He looked out at his killers
Uttering his last words of compassion
forgive them father—
They did not know "I Am"