

the last supper (christ and judas)

dish stacks, mauve bouquets,  
eleven men wolfing blocks of meat,  
pushing loaves past fur and shot  
to wads of animal pulp.

a cylinder of tobacco between lips,  
blood spat through teeth onto a plate,  
the violets wilting.

paralyzing savor,  
lethe of gristle left  
after the muscle and fat are dissolved,  
stretches of rabid pink foam  
from chin to chest.

the dinner and those snuffing it  
become a puff of smoke cumulus and grey  
as doomed sky;  
within the lightning fog

two others isolated  
at opposite crests of the table:  
a psychic,  
looking through the greasy towers  
of porcelain and flesh  
into the other one daydreaming  
of jewel heaps.

then inside the settling dusts there were two skeletons,  
one hanging beside the other,  
both driven brittle,  
and the rubble of them taken into the air.

salome

cheeks glowing hot  
as an electric stovetop,  
hair slicked back oily tight,  
mouth the black of midnight oceans:  
the many-eyed skunk  
whose glittery spray thrills,  
slippery wax at the jarlip:  
decapitator of skies,  
the sun and moon her pretty hats,  
the stars her wincing army:  
girl of monstrous skill,  
so many men's skulls  
powder in her fist.

judith/holofernes

judith, strangled in roses,  
walked in slow motion  
from her bedroom  
to the kitchen,  
dug her knife into the sink  
wherein the water darkened.

she spent the prior night  
staring into the head's eyes  
from which mercury wept  
until dawn.

her apprentice boiled coffee  
and prepared laundry:  
bloody bedsheets, robes  
and curtains.

naked at breakfast,  
the women discussed the body  
and decided on its burning  
after a long bubble bath.