

The Prophet

Our city's wild-haired prophet
Stumbled through the gutter
Of our subtle street
Crying:

God is being killed,
Murdered by a stoneman's hand-ax.
Giddy chaos overwhelms his brain;
Head-blood gushes down his face,
Gurgles in his throat.
He tears his chest
With dying fingernails.
I see him falling to the nadir
of neurotic nothingness.
God is dead;
Mourn, man.

Our prophet staggered on
With timely steps until
His voice was out of range
Again.