

SEAN SINGER

The Golem

...who killed the martyred man found reborn in silt and
peat a fine tar-baby wrenched in a struggle his back curving like
a little taut cello and a black rope around his neck his teeth
battered as a worn-in porkpie fitted through the reeking smoke
sounding out who killed me listen and hear his auburn strokes
through the dragon-hail his broken muscle pink-black water over
slippery fetus balls glossy as a fish in the longing play of
the waves creosote resin sea singing who killed...