

JOSHUA KRYAH

*Red Hymnal*

What breaks            so fervently loose

From the *Traje de Lucas*            sequined with its saints

Lights gone out            one after another

Bearing nothing particular            but song            in particular

Because everything said            is true

At least once            the *Veronica*            led the bull's head

Away from you

Tho now            we watch

Incredulous            the posture you hold

Announcing            the horn            in your side