

ROBERT NAZARENE

*Forgotten*

He was tested. And lost.  
A victim of the viruses  
of Christmas and credit,

giant banks with crosses:  
trash beside the interstates—  
infested with mice studying

to be rats. They'd even gotten  
his birth-date wrong. He rove  
the earth beneath a crescent

sun, dove deep beneath a sea  
of toys and trinkets, an ocean  
of red and green and glitter

to form a new kingdom:  
*occulte*. As was his nature  
he forgave—he gave thanks

and made a vow  
never to come again—not  
for anyone. *Never*.

This is not a religious poem.  
Not anymore. Even as a little  
boy—he always told the truth.