

Sonnet
(from *The Book of Not*)
Michael Greenlee

and in heaven a blind god spins madly
churning to the insane piping of flutes
mouthed by knowing angels whose once golden
skin and downy wings have been ravaged
by the eternal atomic glory
of our most high god. sing alleluia
as fallout descends like manna and for
the space of an hour silence reigns.

my blasphemies are the only true words
i know, so in praise i lift them up.
and i know no better charity than
my sins, so freely given. of this i
have no doubt: my honesty i'll give to
god, whose grace will bury all of us.