

Slaughter as Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

The legend goes like this: in the frozen Arctic,
a hunter freezes layers of seal blood over a knife.
The weapon is hidden; the wolf is hungry.

The wolf licks the blood, licking, licking. The blood
is frozen. The knifeblade begins to surface,
and the wolf's tongue begins to bleed, but the cold

presses, and its blood mixes with the seal's blood.
The wolf licks and slices, licks and bleeds. Where
else could the story go but death. How clever. What loss.

The legend surfaces like this: I drank his blood,
his body murdered for me. The weapon was hidden;
the soul was hungry. I sacrificed; I suffered.

The blood was on my hands. I confessed
to the killing. I testified and testified, and the death
sealed my fate. Where else could the story go

but a bleeding out. How the act of worship
numbed me to my own crucifixion.