

Karl Keller

## **The Comforter**

The argument holds:  
the love of God is lonely as time  
and the lines of the world are drawn precise and clean:  
nothing transcends the dark but the dark.

A bastard spirit in a time of flux  
creates what he seeks singing,  
a fascist under the sudden skin,  
making all he meets mine and more,  
possessing obsession and no more.

Hands every man a bold word  
shocking dirty and a little poisoned  
so to get the gift of distance  
and make in the void a voice bent  
asking who am I knowing.

Wanders out of the skin's tight room  
a child beginning the world again  
with eyes that mold hands into eyes  
and allowed like Jove to lust the paradox  
of appleseeds in all grave skulls.

Sings, scars, divines, and is  
to be integral with the irony  
of a black chapel in a clean wind,  
and everything in the night  
the spark of an alien in inalienable delight.