

Scriptum Est

Tom Riley

He read us stories from a book as blank
as a white sky. (He couldn't read the sky,
however.) Words marched forward, rank on rank:
he read us stories from a book as blank
as any deity we'd ceased to thank,
as hard and empty as a raven's eye.
He read us stories from a book as blank
as a white sky. (He couldn't read the sky.)

The Elect

The righteous pagans cursed our easy grace.
We shrugged and smiled and knew salvation well.
Looking our wounded savior in the face,
the righteous pagans cursed our easy grace.
We strolled away—a calm, unhurried pace—
and were pleased when we heard their fury swell.
The righteous pagans cursed our easy grace?
We shrugged and smiled—and knew salvation well.