

Holy

Spread across mystic philosophy
is the notion that god is in
everything hangs seedling
in mountain ash
waiting to become May.

Words too, they say,
or the shape of an 'O' or

the mouth of this here man
on Bathurst and Queen

his heart polished on a hunger
stone, his cold
voice asking for silver.

Listen—
 shame has flowered
dried and dropped
to the asphalt

covered up his name.