

JUDAS

Lord, it is one thing to be loyal,
but this -- me betray you?
And, worse, for money? So you can hang
until your ankles wear out and your weight chokes you
for our sins? The fine sacrifice
to prove love and pride? I can't do that.
I think you realize what it will do to my name.
Try to get John to do it, or Simon --
and don't say again I'm more intelligent.
That may be true, but this is too much to understand.
Don't look at me with your gentle eyes
and talk of your dying to prove anything.
It would mean more, never to recognize them.
We are right -- they are evil. Don't look at me.

-- Richard Frost

Breuberg-Waldamorbach, West Germany

Thursday's Autobiographical Poem

In libraries
where Borges
clerks
in dark sunglasses
my book will be
fitted
like a shrunken shoe
onto the glass foot
of Obsession,
layered in
the C skin
of the onion.

Cor-ren: Marcus
Flavius Flaminus
born Americus,
chosen immigrant
of letters
whose chariot
vanished
shortly after
violating
Xanadu.