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Encounters

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Encounters

Pharisees and Saducees and
All those other “ees”
Beady eyes and bald heads covered
With beany caps
Snakes and vipers all of them!
Point crooked fingers at the
Angelic Jesus
Yell Crucify him! Crucify him!
He changed our wine to grape juice!

Fagin grabs little Oliver by the
Collar
Rips his only shirt
Rotten teeth and bloated, cracked lips
Worm their way into scratchy shrieks
You will steal or you will . . .
And a chipped fingernail drags
Across the boy's throat

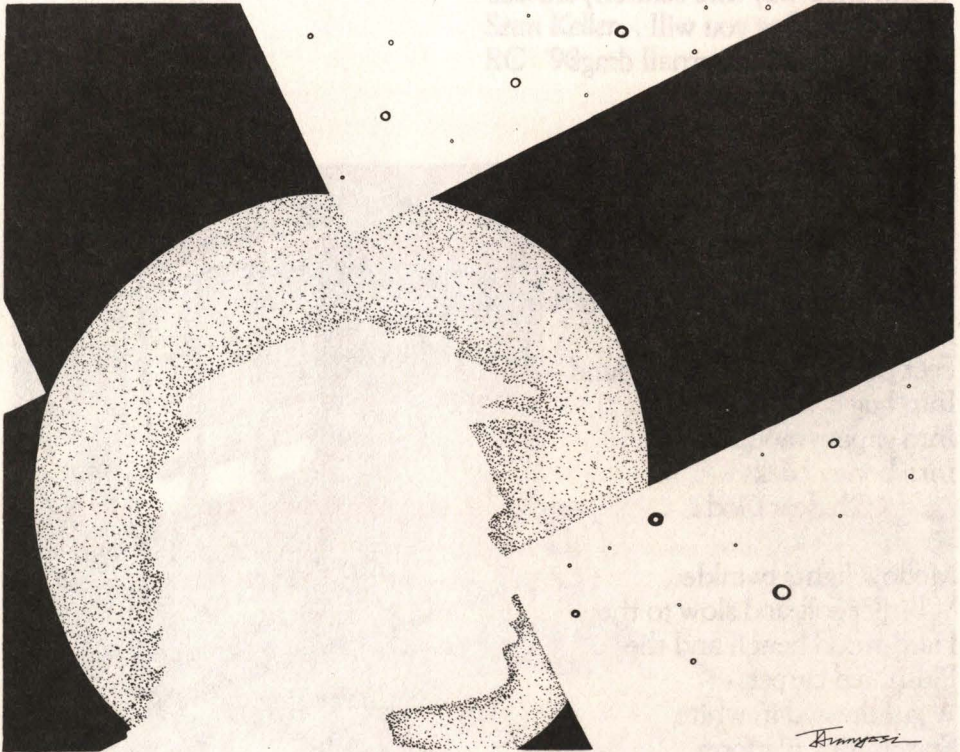
Stick people piled like tinker-toys
Lift bug eyes at me . . .
 Oh dear God
 They're real
Bones poke through the paper skin
Arm interlocks with leg
Feet poke up, down, all around —
Into bug eyes
Into gaping mouths
Into boney backs
 Oh dear God . . .

Mellow lights twinkle
Whisper soft and slow to the
Hard-wood bench and the
Plush, red carpet
A girl dressed in white
Stands on a platform
Shocks of brown hair fly
 Every which way

continued

Refuse to be tamed
By the little black cap
She sing-songs along and points at the
Worn parchment with a tender reed
She is off key and she stumbles
Over her words at times
But in her face I see the sun
Burst with a radiance
And fire
I have never known

Amy Joyner
WC '91



Amy Joyner