

## **Rifles At Recess**

### **"Custom Made Backstabber"**

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Paralyzing prophecies sleep in the throats of saints who  
spun the sun while time  
Stood , stood still the dreaded tears of the spiritual  
have reduced the angels to  
Rust who in turn gouged their eyes blind with  
sharpened halo's.the sky rained down  
Smoke on their heads and they fled to hide their  
shame in the shadows of wings.  
Thieves on the thrones had no trouble wishing slumber  
under plastic crowns as they  
Mocked deadly desire. bookshelves of blank pages  
bibles lined the trophy rooms of  
Third class gods who had no history . they were  
messiahs in no ones eyes , not even  
Blinded angelic ones.they begged to hang on  
homemade crosses and spit at the  
Onlookers who bit their tongues behind smiling lips.and  
they fled to hide their  
Shame in the shadows of wings. satisfaction the size of  
cathedrals blanketed their  
Wounds from view and not a word was said because  
we knew that both the mime and the martyr helped us  
buy the nails.

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