**If That Is Not Who Is**

If it happens once a day, luckily few in a week,

in that rare exposure of time man claims inventing.

Catching abstract glimpses of anger portends myself,

it turns quickly when caught, like a thief

when light turns it off, but still, it admits nothing.

It screams a silent, ancient scheming language,

long forgotten in dark songs betraying music.

A viper with no ears, no country, just a wild island of ten minutes,

far from nations and growing impatience – sure of its own irrationality –

one heart is not meaning – two are more languid at home.

Six million captured souls still tell from the viper’s tongue the blackest

of nights where bodies burned on wires – formulas found of skins to

lamps and no one found their perfume except the stench.

Familiarity rests in nonetheless illusions we have of God,

But did He create our feet so we could creep in His footsteps?

Care must be taken then, no, a cure before dogma makes faith

a wrecking-ball, the walls of self-deception crumble

to a quick descent – where anger placates those lesser hates

of lesser gods they create.

If that is not who is anger it breathes outside the halls.

It has a sense of disgusting joy that discards placable

comedies that spin but do not laugh in your head.

John Amato

Isa. 55:11

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