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Companion Sonnets

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COMPANION SONNETS*

Molech**

"Since ninety-nine's enough in any flock,
Let bitches' wishes rule the world tonight.
The fetal lamb will hear no fatal knock
When Dr. Death comes calling, decked in white.

My bred dams retch their writhing seed, agree
To void their ripening dirt, to let Death gore
Their bloated guts. I hex their homes and free
From crimping love: I crown fruitless the whore.

I cater to the hawk; I spur the vult-
ure's beak and Cain's kill, breed ghouls that wink
At stiffs, exalt Narcissan love, and cult-
ure moms who bleed to white the dimpled pink.

Life's just a trick, beguiling men of sleep;
I tend to death and am not known to weep."

**Molech, god of the Ammonites, demanded the
sacrifice of children.

Yahweh

"I save the limping lamb, save her from night
That she may taste the day and hear my knock.
Though ninety-nine now feed upon my light,
The last is first and sacred in my flock.

My daughters pump their blood for life, set store
By birth, and suckle mewling babes. Though free
To weave a shroud or shawl, they shun death's gore
And knit green love to heed a chance child's plea.

I feather sparrows, watch canaries molt.
I love the puking babe, perfume the stink-
ing sot, renew the loon and slut, exalt
Samaritans, uncurl the twisted kink.

I blew black dirt to flesh to love and keep
My earth, and when Death sucks its wind, I weep."

Mike Vanden Bosch

*An earlier version of these companion sonnets appeared
in the March 6, 1987, issue of *Calvinist Contact*.