

## A Voice of One Crying

By

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In broken boxes with stained sides, in wet trash  
and excremental sludge, he squats, screaming  
that we are snakes fleeing. They grab his arms  
to bind him. Grubs and beetles drip from his moist  
tousled hair, inching down his face of dirt and mucus.  
His clothes, smeared black with vomit, tear, fall  
when he struggles. Through golden cracked  
teeth, guts squirt out when he crunches  
down on roaches, gurgling that we are fruitless trees,  
to be cut down, to be thrown into the fire.  
Like swarms of locusts from the desert, he rises, foaming.  
We will be cleared from the threshing floor, burned  
like chaff! They cover his head with a black bag  
and we laugh at the impotent man, listening to his limp  
words, watching his thrashing headless body against  
the night, disappearing into the distance. But in the silence,  
we wonder, if he knows of something approaching,  
bearing down on our sacred Jerusalems.