

PAGES MOVE

Yes, there were people hid books
behind false walls, pages closed on words

whose worth measured even with
death, the prize for their discovery.

These people are heroic, some police
terrorizing mortals for their pleasure

at the pleasure of religion. People
of the Book punish the book. It is writ

they shalt not read. Demonic
priests will read for you, lose

their hearts for your appetite. The moving
finger writes and you are told

move on! How impressive the moveable type
of some fake martyr's soul. Inside

those walls the pages move, while
some illiterate ruler bequeaths death

to a writer spread thin as scripture.
What deep,deep faith, what urge

brings mortal to copy this dictation,
what answering hunger to fix

those lovely markings to live
longer than a single life brought to the gibbet.