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## A New Temple

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## A NEW TEMPLE

*Daniel Hues*

The seas are becoming evermore like graves,  
The waters poisoned with martyrs' blood,  
The bodies you see are the corpses of slaves,  
Is this the commencement of a second flood?  
The tears of forlorn angels dawn,  
A new temple to the gods of Babylon.

Shall I kneel on all fours?  
Perhaps they'll discard their stones,  
Or are we just borrowed whores?  
Wearing sour flesh upon our broken bones.

Behold the mass valleys of charred soil,  
Where those who cultivate imminently falter,  
The vast oceans of blood continue to boil,  
For no virgin remains to adorn their altar.  
Who will frustrate the wisdom of the wise?  
Why do they hide salvation from our eyes?

Shall we go worship in their temple?  
Shall we crawl into their adulterous beds?  
Conjuring fear, they cause us to tremble,  
While in the secrecy of our thoughts,  
We long to sever their heads.

"Love your enemies," as it has been said.  
I'm sure my love will flourish when all my enemies are dead.