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On Seeing the Lion Enter Noah's Ark

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ON SEEING THE LION ENTER NOAH'S ARK

BRIAN BLUMS

Lashed to this jumble, this throng, this motley
Procession of cowardly grazers and groveling cattle,
You alone stare angry and defiant at my delicate man
Flesh.

You, proud sovereign lord of beasts, are now forced to march
Good soldier two and two under the dark and doomed
Trees, into the cold belly of an old man's ridiculous boat;
Into the preposterous ark of a white-bearded knock-kneed
Wino.

Fierce guardian of the lusty black earth, of the sacred
Ground, of rich fecundity ever waxing in the absence of man's
Invading footsteps, you have known no sin yet are castigated
By *He* who is not of your image—once tawny warrior-king of
The dry and buzzing golden grasses what has *He* done to
You?

He has made you tame; *He*, almighty God, has left you
Weak-kneed and toothless conquered that *He*, oh angry
Hebrew God, may flood the Earth and murder his willful
Children.