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Thou Sayest …

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2003/iss4/22
One night last summer,
savage Emmanuel
snipped the screen window
and plucked Lizzie
from her nest.
Imagine the little lamb, the
inevitable horror—and he called it love.

Beautiful, benevolent,
Elizabeth . . . consecrated to God,
yet captured.

Emmanuel, the bearded street preacher,
believed he was
anointed by divine election.
Took the child, to be Augustine Mitchell,
his wife—and he called it love.

This claimed-to-be-man-of-God,
led Lizzie through woods and bramble
to his mountain shelter.
Buried his bride
beneath the earth
in a hole covered by boards,
cabled her leg,
toggled her to a tree—and he called it love.

Rejoice!
Rejoice!
Mary Katherine
Remembered Emmanuel
Helped ransom Elizabeth
From the bastard messiah,
God willing, not too late . . .

Each night Elizabeth whispers
herself to sleep, breathes aloud,
"I pray to god,
my Soul to keep."
Yet still from his prison cell—he calls it love.