

## Rage

Jarboe

And the red against black is the fulfillment of a  
contract carried on the bony back of the keeper of a  
stony plaque engraved with names of the faceless and the  
maimed by our "sleeper of the age," our "creeper of the  
page," the reaper of our stolen rage in all his foul  
glory puffed up with the fear and dignity stripped of all  
those left in crumbled agony decaying in the stinking  
heat, evaporating meat. The folded satin on your "Sunday  
best" shimmers like a glaze on this bright and holy day  
as you lick the lifeless gaze within this vast and  
splendid maze where loneliness is churning with maggots  
and worming, and flesh-eating beetles suck a furious rot.