

## Rope

### The Jesus Lizard

One free end bound his ankles, also bound his knees  
He had left a trail of blood that led into the trees  
He lay beneath a broken branch face down in the grass  
No mason or bricklayer he, a trowel was in his ass

They found spray paint in his sinus, cotton in his ears  
His cheeks showed little slugstyle tracks that dried there from  
his tears

The morning that they found him dead the sun was shining bright  
It cast a shadow of the rope that he had tied so tight

The shadow fell across the grass, across his filthy clothes  
It fell across the shit-caked pants he wore over his hose

He lay beneath a broken branch face down in the grass  
No mason or bricklayer he, a trowel was in his ass