

SLANT-HEADED GOD

by Brad Reed

If Homo Erectus lifted hairy palms to a slant-headed God
And grunted for grace in battle, for a limping trigodon, for a Mrs. Erectus,
I think he would be surprised to know that his skull,
Made ancient with earth and water,
Stares up from a gray slate table
And causes me to doubt my dome-headed God,
Whose omnipotent silence is changed to ominous absence
By the way the gaping mouth, absent its swinging jawbone,
Whispers of epochs from the dust
With more volume than a pulpiteer.