

# THE QUARRY

Evangeline Hester

Crescents

The world holds crescents in a cerulean sky  
Jostling with stars that in syncopation lie  
With the darkness

In homes and hearts  
Tomes and marks  
Chiselled on the walls  
Did you pray today did you pray today did  
You  
Wash the blood off your hands?  
The stain on your lands  
The twist in your parts  
Our hearts  
Crisp and monastic

While our limbs lingered there in the silt  
Calling to one another like oily birds  
Will you wash yourselves will you wash yourselves will you  
Wash

Those homes and hearts?  
Bleeding parts  
Of some great horned beast  
His arteries the streets

Clogged with jostling worshippers  
And Philistine foreskins  
Curdling and curling inwards  
Crisp like burnt plastic

Latrines the gutters  
And dusty shutters  
That wink prying eyes at one another  
Have you prayed today have you prayed today have you  
Into the dusk.

At home,  
A mother strangles a bird with scarlet thread

While windowmen  
Wash the blood off cedar doorposts  
Door hosts  
In Sodom