EISEGESIS
POETRY

Dylan Mitchell

Paul is the walrus; the walrus is dead.
I am he as you are me.
One spread of cards decides seven different fates—
the reader free to choose among them.
Whether they’re stacked matters not,
so long as their mooring holds fast.
God’s Word is spoken from every pulpit.

Look at His face in the white clouds!
Except it’s a coiled snake.
Hear His commandment among the noise,
feel the rush of its affirmation upon you.
Render the Protestant Catholic
if the words on the door permit.
Render a play for the stage, but don’t bow.

Flood the house with babbling soliloquy,
demand everyone’s attention be turned to everything but
“Why have these glasses fallen to the museum floor?”
You’ll find the sign in pataphysics. But
whomever dares interrogate a motive is stripped of their badge
and so Paul drowns in oeuvres,
murdered by the ghost in the Library of Babel.