

PLUTONIUM

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Rays expose us
When we walk through dark museum halls
And see the glow in every painting's Christ's face
And the glow from a rock
That should not speak

When she returned to her shed,
the sainted Mary again,
leading her husband,
telling him not to light the lights,
and was the first modern woman to witness
the Holy glow
from nothing more than purified earth.

God. Ape. An eve. An egg.
And named for the damned, they damned us, these saints
Generations before
Burning holes in Marie Curie's hands
When she and Einstein once went for a walk by the sea
Maybe thinking of daughters.
They had to have known.

But the search was for Hitler
Exclusively for him.
The children planned
To defeat Lucifer with God's creation
But when their telescopes sailed past Uranus
They had to have known.

and the morning mum
shimmering against a cloudless sky
sees God

God has visited us. First Trinity. Then, like the sun, the East.
God may be hiding there
Furious we've come looking,

Or maybe urging us on.

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