

# Bite

## Jerome Sydenham

The wolf's laugh eerie cracks the humid night air  
    The rabbit freezes the box in his lair  
    The owl hoots shrilly searching the dark  
The moon white fangs through the trees tall and stark  
    Who would emerge on a night like this  
Who would loose his bonds and greet the air with a hiss  
    The battered Christian bows his head in despair  
    The crown of sharp thorns revealed 'neath his hair  
        His scrawny body worn thin by the trial  
    Stands taut and painful on the pilgrim's last mile  
    A million fleshy things converge upon the spot  
        His eyes retort the atmosphere is hot  
            Aah  
    The wolf sniffs ivory fanged he bristles up his spine  
    The fox smiles knowingly but dares not step out of line  
Through the twisting crashing silence the broken Christian creeps  
    Each footstep like a thunderclap amongst the trunky deeps  
No bird makes sound no creature moves to break the gripping air  
    And the Christian he raises his hands up to his mouth for a  
        Whisper he cannot dare  
            La-la-la-la-la...

The Christian wakes trembling with sweat  
    The cell's dark walls stony and wet  
    Metallic echoes as the bolts are drawn back  
The door swings inward dull light through the crack  
    The jailer looks indifferent to him  
        A routine morning martyr's death for him  
    A misty cold sad morning greets the Christian's haggard grin  
The rope is slung and the noose is tied and the Christian's neck is thin  
    The block is raised he stands erect the rope beneath his chin  
They pull the block and the Christian drops he hangs above the sin

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