

Vigilante

Peter Cowlam

Angel made good with the whitewash, at all
Points here in the bathhouse, a man in slacks,
A jacket, one duty left: To annul.

Here was our confinement, brick on cold brick,
And the systematic stopping of our pulse.
Its spillage has been blanked out, bit by bit.

We are due in a place where he can't chance
Public recognition, as I list off
His name, pursuit no matter what distance.

All I now see is his brushwork: these glossed,
Once rubiginous stains. Do I expect
To tell him just how it is? I mean this

Monstrous throb in my veins, this pang for revenge.
I can't scrub these numbers from my flesh.