

Catechism

by Gabriel Mamola

“Long live Iguana,” shouts the rain,
“His spines are godly reticules, his temple in the green mush
Is small and holy, weird. His fingernails
Are sickness and his flesh ungood to eat. He will permit
No termites or any small rodents.” The rain doesn’t know
What she’s talking about. A codex in Forgottendom has this
To blame: “Do not go into his temple lightly. It is not belong
to him ... defend it ... [Iguana] and ... curse”
This poem is over.
Reticule, radical, catechetical—
Permit no gods but the jungly ones.