**Poems**

they

sit

sheeted

and shelved

tucked between pages

like holed-up priests waiting to serve

to be of use, for light to fall on them once again

spangling cups and salvers, reliquaries of a world returning to normality

*Read us*, they say, *Read everything we have to tell you*, but they do not know me, do not know me as well as I know them, forget I wrote them;

they did not write me and do not know I would have them burned for heresy. They are saved by their refuges, by books that do not understand their fight but still shoulder their burden, risk being taken out and shot. The world has not changed.