

A Heavy Millstone

By Bob Jensen

We gathered, we the faithful
When summoned by that bell
The small, the weak, the innocent
Drawn towards its knell

Three hours hid the sun
When that vulgar show began
The rapist with the Eucharist
Upon his filthy hands

Hands that tore the fleece
From the smallest, faithful lamb
And hands that left the soul defiled
And primed it to be damned

And when his rape had finished
And mass had then begun
He placed the Holy Host
Upon the slaughtered lamb's young tongue

And one hundred chosen in their pews
Knew well the father's sin
But offered up those trusting doves
Their precious, helpless kin

Men who to a burning house
To save the child within

Would rush without a thought

Allowed that sacrificial sin

And women, selfless shepherds

Who were turned back at the inn

Sat silent and obedient

While the faithful flock was thinned

And in that great cathedral

Built to glorify his God

The bishop killed the Lamb

When he spared the priest his rod

And for every priest and layman

Who hid the vulgar truth

May there be a heavy millstone

To justify lost youth