

## BROOD OF VIPERS

*~Luke 3:7-17*

We went to the river to meet  
The wild man, his beard twisted like acacia twigs,  
Iridescent bits of locust  
Wings glinting in his teeth,  
His camel's hair sackcloth crusted  
With the spittle of jackals, wild honey, the juice of figs.

We went to the river to hear  
The wild man's barbed words about wrath and something axes  
Biting at the root of the trees,  
Spirit and something fire,  
Something threshing floors, granaries—  
Raving mess for us who earn a wage, collect the taxes.

We went to the river to learn  
The wild man's simple lesson on bearing good fruit—  
"What then shall we do?" we asked.  
He told. We caught his germ.  
Brood of madmen, we lost our heads  
In wild fanatical acts: We shared our coats. Told the truth.