

## Smokescreen

By Ron Bulla

Fashioned out of forgiveness  
Your memory wades in the air  
Stillborn against my sanity  
The dusty picture of you looks different today  
There is a movement in it  
Your frozen profile that I've been seeing for so long  
becomes a toothless smile. It says,  
"Bang the manger-hanging angel wasted  
The sins that speak of halos tasted"  
Your baptism robe ignites  
No sound do I make  
As your ghost hand wipes it away  
Why did I linger at the picture?  
I'll be useless now for awhile  
I'm glad that I live alone

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