

Dyed January

Quincy Rhoads

Look out at the snow—
tinged green and pink by a man
obsessed with painting

the face of Jesus.
His portraits of Christ fill the
Flea markets; they lose

to oily still-lives
of tractor parts and corn at
the Jackson city

fair. His livelihood:
teaching his craft to thoughtless
kids who care nothing

for the deeper truths
of God, or Baudelaire, or
(surprisingly) even

pot—which is why we
are here today on this snow-
filled afternoon. With

class canceled for ice
and after a nice dimebag
of dank weed, he is

inspired to show the
town the true face of the Lord—
a dappled spectrum

of Rit fabric dye
mixed with food coloring bought
at the Kroger down

continued

the street while the town
scrambled for milk, bread, frozen
peas. The hills now like

the rainbow after
the flood. Noah on deck; Ham
below, fucking goats.

*And surely your blood
of your lives will I require,*
said God, dreaming of

ice-covered driveways, West
Tennessee towns, and all the
artistes gone off course.