

Naomi Tarle

**The Patch Through Hive (Rewrite of Dead Sea Scroll: The Book of Secrets)**

The speak-in is free.

Understand parables as crops,  
and those who would penetrate.

Those who hold fast-moving hermits,  
and those who walk over penny wells.

In every activity:  
stiff necks, hard palettes,  
and all the mass.

What good is the bridle,  
to those who search for the origins?  
Why is the root horned?  
Why is the joint steaming?

You protract with a whip,  
plan memory without angles  
like lions without prayers,  
so you might know the difference between secret and sin.

(but they did not know the secret of the way things are,  
nor did they understand the things of old,  
and they did not know what would come upon them,  
so they cannot rescue themselves  
without the secret of the way things are)

This shall be the sign.

When the source shuts up  
and wicker is banished  
as darkness in the presence of light,  
smoke may manifest the sun.

The world will be made firm  
with speckled darlings.

It is true that truth is utterances,  
tongues grasping for after dinner mints?

What should we call man?  
And the earth?  
Clipped below the bud.

Custard breast bones  
and the schemes of Belial  
shall have his name erased from the mouth.

Consider the soothsayers  
and say beetle.

Hear now what wisdom is:  
(tight)s  
(hidden)  
the heat with periods  
(the breaking)  
and the night (things).

He flosses your ears with children.  
He locks up behind the waters.

Splendid anger  
and terrible lined rulers.