

# RAHAB

## ADAM LAMBERT

They didn't blow their horns but beat them  
Regular and right as the mason's hammer.  
They didn't march but paced with god's gleam  
In their eyes and hearts for six days,  
And on the seventh his rage. Pure devotion  
Is to give something up entirely;  
So in piety they barked as saints bark,  
And with their torches ready, tore through  
To burn my every neighbor's child  
In the Lord's Name. They spared me—  
Whore to god, whore to Canaan—  
Whore who hinged a war for nothing.  
I still sleep but often wake to woodfire  
Snapping out in the wee hours,  
Mocking like a prayer the six-day's din.  
Morbid belltower of Jericho alive.  
The clack of their horns echoed for miles.