

## *Whatever Made Tertullian Rave*

Whatever made Tertullian rave  
or strict Jerome in anger kick  
at his cub clawing in frolic  
and live flagellant in a cave

or grim Savonarola not recant  
with fire at his fingernails  
or Dante circle several hells—  
tops cedars in the high Levant

with domes of lissome cumulus,  
uplifts from molten Orizaba  
flaming spews of welting lava,  
steadies over waves, tumultuous

in storm, winds wild with birds  
in panic, strewn from echelon—  
and ekes from this balked hand  
the twisting filament of words.

SAMUEL HAZO