**Yaweh Photographed at a Lynching**

John Landretti

He is not among the exultant

twenty-eight pointing up

and back. Nor in the two figures

standing on air. He appears

nowhere in the hemp or among

the sharp-edged shadows

of the phosphorescent flash; not there

in the washed grays and whites

of shirts and eyes, not in

the light-slammed leaves,

the dark lines of the limbs, the tree itself

or behind the tree, inside the den, within the snake

asleep; not on the wide black river

whipped with light from the rooms

opposite, nor in the clapboard church ten fields

over, or in the thousand pine points piercing the fog

above the sea. The face of the moon whispers

No, not here. Farther out, the ancient dusts of

galaxies turn and look into their twinkles:

Not here, they say

not here.