



## Zealots

by Fran Duffield

Whispering belief  
secretly, fervent in faith  
until it's tested:  
then the doubt rises  
like a cold mist  
across the eyes

in this cult  
you can't ever leave:  
you can walk to the ends  
of the scorched earth  
but it will stay with you  
under your skin  
like a half-erased tattoo

marriage makes converts  
of agnostics, delirious  
to have something to believe in,  
but when they lose  
their religion  
there is no solution,  
no resolution

lost in translation,  
the mumbled words  
of the wiser, would-be  
adviser  
fall to the desert soil  
like dead leaves