

**Wilderness House Literary Review 11/3**

*Philip O'Neil*  
**GOLGOTHA**

And the world felt strangely familiar  
standing above the stones and bones  
of thieves, bandits, renegades  
and those blasted for being unknown  
or the block where so many perished  
for light, inclined ideas  
what did I do to find these vales of tears?

I am sure that genes have memories  
Sometimes somewhat skewed  
So I repeat the tales of barbed wire  
And wear them in my shoes  
I wish I could be your coffin  
To hide your memories  
But lets not be together at the crematorium  
Lets sing our last with the blues.

Again the world seems familiar  
Then I touch hands in your open casket voodoo  
Like the lost tissue thin figure on Calvary  
praying for a daddy to kindly let me through.