

Fragment

A dancing brilliance in the midst of
Sepulchral statues. Faces like Communion wafers
Drowned out by a pulsating flame.
I have never longed for church this much.

Sunlight outlines bright hair,
A nimbus framing the face
Like light through stained glass.
Draped purple cloth and golden Sunday dresses.

Shards are broken off and shared around —
The corrosive lingering acidity lulls me to sleep.
The air is stuffy with hymns and gossamer wings.
Heads down and blind.

My bleeding bored heart and
Beating hardwood floors
and rows, rows, rows.
It is finished. I am spent.