

## **Communion**

I cut myself. Often. The bloodslice like thin lips parted in prayer. The supplication in the rise of blood. Pink at first, feeding quickly on oxygen to implausible scarlet. Beautiful as the dark wine we take for Communion. Holy as Christ's own blood blessed in the chalice and sipped for our sins. Forgive/me/Father/forgive/me/for I have sinned. And my blood soft and warm sealing the wound slowly, slowly. Some dripping into the porcelain-white sink, later washed to the sea forgiving all the earth. But there is never enough forgiveness in just one cutting, so I will take this tiniest of suffering unto my own flesh again and again. The madness of the razor cutting to the altar of my bones, below the softness of my arms reaching out for God.

## **You feel terrible sometimes**

life's color drained to ashen  
as the old world spins, pirouettes  
like a circus dog on the back  
of a galloping horse. Icarus,  
ass-over backwards dripping  
hot wax and scattered feathers  
through gray piling clouds,  
falling into Brueghel's heedless  
sea while Auden tells us (un)amazingly  
how the white legs disappear into  
the green water as indifference  
sails calmly on. Your unwanted  
as constant as dreams you feel  
guilty for. Hoping for the thick  
wool of love's unraveled touch.  
Losing the drifting fright  
of needing, needing, needing.