

## The Sacrifice

I have taught myself to do nothing  
but hide behind closed doors lighting

candles, down on my hands and knees  
mopping up half-hearted prayers.

I'm most blessed after saying penance,  
but if I lack emotion or harbor a stuttered

kind of dismissive love, it's from years  
spent leveling the foundations of tiny

wooden churches. After our confessions  
have lifted themselves over our heads

and risen through the steeples, long after  
Easter has gone, you ask what I sacrificed

for my God? To which I reply, *my body  
in death when I first exhaled your name.*

## Moving Forward

Your shoulders open to places  
that leave us in the dust,  
as if I've been looking back  
for a million years and you have  
moved forward with the speed  
of light. We've driven home  
down these roads many times,  
having to look at ourselves  
in dirty mirrors, your solid eyes  
closing somewhere in the wind-  
shield that has no problem  
surviving in any weather.

Eve

Didn't you know  
it would end like this,  
this urge to disturb  
the darkened room.

This end to be gravity  
at work, but only just so,  
to chew again and again  
what you must swallow.

To swell inside with tense  
ribs made of his leftovers.

This need to drink  
an entire bottle of

Chardonnay, carve  
apples with a paring  
knife, whispering over  
and over again eat, eat.

## Strange Love

What a disaster, you and I searching  
for that silver spark in the dark,

for our part in the history of lovers  
only to find we have no past together.

As we make love, every breath  
is a prayer, our low moans forbidden,

our crying stifled, every moment out  
of context breaking our backs, calling

calmly, awkwardly to those that came  
before us. How I envy the other girls,

how their faces must have flushed  
pinkish-red as they stood naked

before you in their rough impurities,  
exposed, as we all are, to love's

fluctuating degrees, as our bodies lie  
yoked, our hearts weak stars blinking

from the edge of the universe as if  
to say *breathe* when I call out your name.