

## The House of Something Quieter (and You)

It would be wrong  
A too-sweet wafer,  
betrayal of a fleshly truth  
To exist with You.

The moment of salvation  
must be observed austerely  
and purged if joy, or sweetness unbecoming  
is felt  
We are eating a body.

I belong to  
the house of something quieter  
Host to an esoteric spirit; not quite God.  
A Parisian chapel at midnight –  
at the tea stand a cleric potters  
Unspoilt by visitors that  
come,  
see,  
but do not touch;  
The tabernacle sees all.

Yet, a blind spot in His great panopticon in  
the back of Your head  
Anointed in detangling spray,  
pubescent oils and  
the safety of a mother who feels like she's done something right

You could have mistaken my gaze for holiness.

Suddenly I am eleven and eighteen  
I exist and die  
for, and  
by,  
the anticipation of a cue  
Do I kneel at "lamb" or "roof"?  
Or "Is this ok....?"

The sacrifice of my hands in tending to You  
I accept.  
If not for my vigilance of a broken reverence  
You had no stake in  
I would not have left.  
But I must.