

# Christ Church

it's been weeks since i last came but  
the granite steeple does not register  
my coming and going as much as tear  
of wind and generosity of rain

inside i have time to breathe  
incensed body of christ  
as he floats  
around me

pews lacquered by years  
of brushing leaning  
carbonate my hands  
into wood

guest speaker gives the sermon  
saying we must experience  
the pain of chrysalis  
to realise the butterfly within us

i get the sermon by the way she tilts her head  
propped against the weight of each pause  
i fully understand when my womb clenches  
grape fists of blood hungry for reaping

we receive communion  
it's clear choumate understood  
when he ate and drank  
his enemy to gain mana

afterwards i shake the reverend's hand  
the hands of someone who knows how to  
cradle newly baptised babies and  
massage spirit into sunless backs

it's a modest autumn day  
i choose to walk in the sun  
hymning the bare fact  
of the ember season.