CELIBACY

With tonsured skull gleaming
dull in the stained vast glow,
the man lowers his face.
Sloughing off angular reality
his darker self washes across the altar,
tunnelling for relics
buried under the weight of heaven;
gripping them to its dusty mouth,
telling them intimacies,
whispering domestic secrets,
married shreds of reason
lulled at a small fire
lost under the weight of heaven.

The shadow of the image Mary flounces across the altar,
lies in his path.

KERRY O'ROURKE

Wishing not to seem a fool,
I didn't come.

Although I heard your scream
Draw razors through my brain.

I thought you might be joking.

Sorry.

PETER BELL

I wondered who I was
Until one night
I walked in suddenly
And caught me.

PETER BELL