

and running through doors became walking through doors became crawling
through doors became kneeling at the altar with the sponge people
I used to know and the man with the fingers

Eat the body drink the blood

I obey and keep obeying to the sound
of their applause and *amens* but what if I choke
on the body vomit the blood
what if his fingers get lodged in my throat
and his blood clogs my esophagus

They don't seem to notice
they've moved to another boy approaching the altar
to gorge him on the flesh and drown him in the baptismal font

So I am left splayed across the marble clutching the altar trying to stand

This is my body broken for him

Take eat do this in remembrance
of us

I get the urge to flee
move through the pews
and trudge out the big oak doors
under the church bells ringing

but how can I leave
when he left
me first?