

## Holy

the critic in me used to mock other's hours spent in church  
pulling syllables together to chart a course toward salvation  
i'd scoff & say  
"how can you throw so much of your life  
away into a bucket of belief how can  
minds be led toward such deep devotion"  
until i saw who i pray to with paralyzing fear of an empty bed  
pray with yearning for a lover when i have one near  
never satisfied, scared to death i make everyone leave  
i burn with passion for a life i don't lead  
hoping that i've stepped beyond what's possible yet  
never reaching the beyond i think i grasp when i dream  
all to know what it means to be Holy  
to move with a deeper understanding of each injury  
to wear my damage like delicate white crêpe cloths drifting off my limbs  
to rest with my empty body & feel overcome by what i saw in his pupils  
with light i cannot see or comprehend love i can't describe as easily as a cloud  
his mouth was always the source of warmth i feel with no need to quantify  
to know i keep a partner for love's sake Fear of loss is not a reason to stay  
i used to wonder how they kneel in pews  
regurgitating taught paragraphs never writing their own mute liturgy  
until the critic in me found a new vice to dive on  
ripping my story up for not matching the narrative  
i wasn't living in line with my soul & body  
treated my mind like prison it was severed Trinity  
kneeling bedside screaming as i bite down on sheets  
tongue wetting comforter ducts dry of rain  
muttering vowels a shadow his walls miss  
puffy eyes focus on the only card left to play  
becoming a martyr for the only life i've managed to save before  
killing what keeps me bound to find what I breathe for