The Prodigal Daughter Comes to Ephesians 2

For J____.

Out of a distant country, I lay dying, purged like a plague unreconciled to a land of what was plenty— I sought out the food of swine, the *children of wrath*.

It was as I lay anguished—

that to me, an angel tore rich in mercy, undeserved—

it touched freely my human hunger, ravaged through my angry hands—

held me betrothed and entwined.

And with a stronger bound, and an even stronger join,

> compelled me to lie, there, still and to *listen*...

Tell me of the wishes—

you have for me your body I've bonded and knotted unto mine.

It's your *spirit*, girl— I've *wanted* my hot blood, you've *needed*...

So, lie here, more quiet and still!—

and *tie closer*

unto me...

3-7 Nov '15.

Weighing In

*For R*____.

And Annubis the Egyptian god of the dead, stood above me, reading from a scroll to explain to me my mummification.

First, the servants of the Jackal head, himself, he said, would embalm my body, and the Sons of Horus, incoffinate separately my lungs and my intestines. Then, the heart, he said, the Jackal head—

The heart his servants would leave in me my chest so that when I descended to the kingdom of Osiris with hired women weeping, Annubis himself, could weigh it, maybe feed it to his pet.

I'm not sure why the Egyptians believed I needed a heart once I was dead. If it was sin they wanted to know about surely, my sin was in the places where I had lived.

And if it was hunger they worried about it was Egypt the Nile could feed them. *My heart* could never turn into fish or bread. It was a heart, and dead.

In fact, I had never

been of God's people, yet knew the Egyptians hated them. Hated Moses, whose God caused the Red Sea to become walls whose God, for all the people He would deliver, He would a thousand times Devour—

Hated the Hebrews— Hated Jerusalem.

Thankfully, my pagan heart had no deliverer, Egyptian or otherwise—

And was, thus consumed by cloth, preserved in my chest for another day— A sea whose walls devoured.

19-25 Sept '10.

Two Brides

For J____.

My mother was a young bridea slender beauty, blonde---with long fingers, a tall neckwhite skin, a white homemade dress and But I, her disappointing daughter, as I feel I must be in comparison to the bride that once, was she— Can never be the picture of feminine primethat in her father's arm enfolded. she once, was led or in my father's arm, was virgin, and soon after, put to bed. The bride that I would be and I will never be a bride would be tall, indeed, beautifulperhaps not as fair but not as young, nor slenderly keptthe bride that I would be— She has carefully considered the unfolding seam of your two thighs, the sugared whiskey in your sweat, the creamsicle... of your brown-bodied breath-She has watched you measure to pour the grenadine, sip of the carbonated tonic, drink of both yours and mine ask for another glass...

6 March '17.

Sapphires

*For R*____. Child, I pray you not make my mistakes when you are here-I've been greedy and have greatly sinned against you*all* for the trickery of sapphires... Oval-faced, sultrily Ceylon beads, I wear them around my wrist and on my right-hand ring finger. Their miniature, carved expressions like *purring cats*—I let dangle from my earlobes, snuggle in my curlsand my bluest gemits each triangular facet, the specter of Egypt in the desert— I situate in the peaks of my collarbonesits pyramids pointed inward, aligned with my inner sphinx... But child, even these are not enough for sapphires, I've been insatiable, *more than greedy—* I was told to drink and never be thirsty again. But these jewels are not wells. are not oceans... I've never seen your eyes and can only imagine what they must be... An infinite oasis? The most bountiful spring? But here is my mistake— I haven't the power to draw so much from a rock... nor the *faith* to not have to...

5-6 Feb '10.

The Unfaithful Daughter is Called in Jeremiah 31

For J____.

As an unfaithful, wandering daughter would, I've run and run and now I ponder and its gardensthis city as a stranger. All my cities darling, have been of paper!---letters to uproot, to pull down, to tear couplets to destroy, and do harmthis is a city I've not lived in before. But here, I am gathered, called to be rebuilt, and to rest... Promises... new promises, have led meto a well-watered garden of an everlasting, loyal love... This city is not of paper this city is of *Law*, and I, its new people. this law, if I follow— if I follow it Darling and forswear the rooms of all former cities-

your innermost room may I knock? may I *follow* it too?

And the opening of the door,

2-7 Nov '15.