

“opening”

there is something
morbid in divinity:
the burning of
bones at the altar,
the blood spilling
between fingers,
the final breath
laced in holy tongues.

there are tell-tale signs
of ruin: cracks in
alabaster stone,
holy words left
behind, your teeth
bared as my finger
skims your cheek.

“curiosity”

maybe i've got a god complex,
standing still on the sidewalk,
wanting more than i should.

child's got a taste for divinity,
they confess, a choir singing
that i don't know my place.

maybe i've got a devil's taste
for *more*, standing there still on
the sidewalk, and snatching
it from the world's teeth without
a second thought is my fall.

maybe i'm not a saint, but
streetlights flicker above me
and i have never feared the valley.

“enact”

how to kill a god;

rip the honeysuckle vines

from the pillars

like skin on bone,

turn ruby rings into

brass knuckles that glint

under the moonlight,

twist his prophecy by

the neck and hand it back,

make him feast

on the bones while

wine is heavy on

your breath.

forge your oath

into an omen.

“overcomer”

the wind eats at their warmth
and their fingers ache for just
a little bit to hold to, to remind
themselves (*elude themselves*) there
is strength in cracked marble.

they were all that was | i am all to come

the river kisses my open palm
as to remind me (*promise me*)
we are all born of the water.

“promise”

here is the new covenant:

wherever you go,

i will go.

i'll sing my life into

each breath; i have always

been your resting place.

and when you kiss me,

you hold the one thing

humans will never cease

to believe in — *death*.