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Morning hymn

Caitlin Roach

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CAITLIN ROACH

morning hymn

after E.M. Cioran

a bit of blood this morning—

stop trying, dear. I have told you I am
immunized to faith, still I believe
in a trilogy of twins
like us, in safekeeping, in
that blank console, keeper of all
our secrets, etc.

what is it—
are you *so* full, are you so sound
& how is it
you hoard all that chaos & still
move so thick through rooms
taking with you the stasis of a kestrel
in flight. if I held, if I blew
you in my small hands, that sweet
yellow flesh would slip
through as the quetsch plum
meat falls from its pit.

stop being so whole.
be wary that I may grow tired
of you, my sweet
& your meeting god too frequently.

—still, come.
glut this purged body. make it holy.
the recipe needs, the mouth is calling
for a little spit,
a little salt
& the hour's hinge