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The Register

Madeline DeFrees

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All night I hear the one-way door sigh outward into billboard glare. The ninth-floor cul-de-sac left by the wrecker’s ball, my new apartment.

Inside the known hotel, décor of watered silk and fleur-de-lis, the French Provincial red-and-white, mine for the night, no more. A weak bulb wears a halo through the dark.

The street divides below the skid of rubber burning. One branch leads to a hill’s last word, one into morning. Flying in place, hung from its thirst, hummingbird in the honey throat of a flower.

Bless me,
Father, I have sins to spare and love these relics of the hybrid years I spent afraid to move. Chant of common life, field lilies, all that labor, too cautious then to spin. Not even Solomon would know these regal lily flowers, translated fleur-de-lis my wall provides, the glory flowers-de-luce, of light breaking clean on the iris. I open my eyes to the light.

Bless me, Father,
under heavy sun and hoping still to make your life my own. I cannot nullify the work this body’s done nor call each act religion. Wherever one road joins another, blind, I think of you and conjure up the loss. When two roads, gaining speed, speed up to intersect, I cross myself and lay the body down, arms open for what comes to pass. Father, I am signing in.