

March Wednesday

I'm obsessed with the future, the one
with dandelions that metastasize like

multiple-choice bad endings:

My heart a fisted hyacinth
refusing to open one morning,

or, *ha, ha*, tumorous bulbs detonating in my breasts,
or, like the lily feasting red beetles,
my bones turn to lace.

Can anyone save me?

This week, the resurrection advertised, the future
wrapped in a foiled chocolate egg
I'd like to unpeel.

I don't know Jesus, though I've been told
I'm one of his people. Once
in a Florida church I even sang

in a white robe with gold embossed cross
sheening from my breastbone
to my belly, my mouth

opened to receive the host
to see what He was like.

All my life I've been trying to resurrect.
Little thrill of Jewish guilt.
Apart from that, he tasted like saw dust.

Apart from that life went on, the future arriving, then passing.

What if I were one of the faithful? Today I'd
line up for the sanctified thumb to cross
my forehead with the ash of burnt palm leaves.

For forty days, cease & desist lamenting the henceforth
and hereafter, the terminally-recurring tomorrow.

Wouldn't I take as a sign the end of last night's party,
my body turned on its axis
from latched door to dirt road,

my parked car where I left it, altered
as the road, transubstantiated
by snow falling in moonlight, my neck

tilted to receive each arrowed flake on my infidel tongue?