

March Wednesday

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

multiple-choice bad endings:

My heart a fistful 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.