

Doxology

I had an image once,

While sitting in a museum

At the base of a Pieta

I saw myself picking at the marble

Thought about

Running my hands

Over Rodin's bilingual muscles

Bringing life to stained glass eyes

And seeing the wick of flesh

underneath

I will always be one to look for miracles

Searching statues for trails

Of tears

And looking to Mary

To make me green between my legs again

If its true that

Jesus sweat blood in the garden

Then may the pagan in me, rise up

If it is true then

May I too have a world

Without End

Amen.