

I Have Fallen

at the edge of the bed
my fears sleep in, hands clasped
into
white knuckles, wringing
the life from my palms—
I screamed prayer into
the walls,
demolished
my mind, built
a temple, called my body
a sacred place and
desecrated
it, tore
the blindfold from my eyes, lit
a fire in my chest, tortured
a confession from my lungs,
spread the ash with a whisper,
begged at the feet of fools—
became the fool, believed,
I am not the sort of woman this God will talk to.

Dedication to Young Smith's "After the Rain"