

Cafetorium

Anathallo

You were baptized by a dollop from a cool whip bowl
(Finger flung)
Sulfer water, holy water from the drinking fountain of the high
school
Cafeteria
Among the great cloud when Margie whispered "Amen"
Bulletins slapped back at the heat to move the moist dead air
I was still unborn, but I have heard the first hand
And Jack says that the body of love
And the hearts thereof can be baptized in the beads of their own
sweat

Salt rings like the outlined shroud on the tomb of your skin
We saw it on the vhs
The building stood erect
The march and the singing tongues processed
The crucifix cut from Styrofoam swung flung over your shoulder
Raining golden glitter from the glue-gun boarder
We thought about the easy yoke
My mind, my heart, choked,