

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,