

A Memory of You and I in the Basilica
Saturday February 23rd 2013 3:58pm

Austere pews,
my grip on your thigh,
ceilings soar
as you
watch me watching you.

The only humans in the waiting room,
besides the choir practicing hymns,
praising god and other things.

No cross on a chain
contains my neck.

I clench what keeps me
warm in the dark
instead.

Crack my chest,
my yawning heart
open
for you.