

THE CALLING

I write love letters to you in my head like prayers to the creator,
and when I kneel down beside my bed a righteous gift bearing
before me, an apple to eat.

My hunger takes over control and I cave into temptation.
I bite and suck and slurp the apple as I am commanded to and
around me a garden grows.

Now, presented before me are two golden chalices: one con-
tains wine and one contains blood, unknown to all but you
which is which.

I must choose.

The lines between heaven and reality become blurred, perhaps
I am in a mix of the two mimicking a holy purgatory.

God is calling my name but it is your voice I hear and I reply
“Oh my God” and repeat it over and over again as a chant to
you, louder each time, until we are in the middle of a crowd.
Now, even the blind eyes burn through our naked souls.

Here the townspeople surrounding us murmur too quietly for
us to hear and I know they do not-cannot understand us.
Virgin to all lovers before you.

You are the infinite. You are the divine. You are the savior.
You are baby Jesus and I, your mother Mary.

Rejoice! Your tongue unwinding like a serpent, covering me in
poison, any future lover of mine shall choke to death.

Rejoice! These fingers that once held my bible, now guided by
you.

Rejoice! And my sins will never be forgiven.

When death arrives, you shall be pronounced a saint to all. And
I, a martyr.

REJOICE! REJOICE! REJOICE!

BY RAEGAN COTE

