

Making holy in the air

I.

Take the Styrofoam chalice  
With two hands  
All surfaces to surfaces

Lay two hands upon your personal, retractable  
Altar. Cool, grey, like a sky.  
Finger tips pointing in the direction

Of motion.

Pressurize.

A sane woman in a seat before me  
Is walking a virtual terrier.

I smell soap on the inside of my wrist  
Beneath my watch.

Others cover their faces with their hands. Oh Lord, I can hear no one breathing  
But myself.

II.

Lay your fingertips on another's eyelids

There is movement there.

You are the one who covers his face in sports celebrity.  
Who strikes his forehead on a low-hanging bin.  
And who put that there

A slow filling of dark liquid,  
You whisper to the editor

Tell me, what did Jesus do

From 12 to 35?

III.

Holy is the intention of one's hands.

Sunglassed swearings

Gloss between

Our apolstered pews.

A light-skinned woman recruit

Fearless, gum-aggression

An unexpected volume

Or triumph of skin care,

Profane hygiene, an

effortlessness. Like

A fucking martyr, ok?