

pray with me:

A faithful sin tastes brazen—golden -rod
dipped like satin sitting on a Saturday
night porch, the kind of attention that

begs for a lick of clean skin until we get
unmade.

I can't stand to have another saint's promise
break before it can bend fate away from
this reflection of me, still staring.

Stay with me now,

see how things stay fragile
in the cracks we choose to
let settle.

We cannot be whole without them.