

Easter

by Anne Elezabeth Pluto

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the emerald parlor
remembered, come yourself
to convince me now impose
yourself firm to the
maroon furrow
that is my heart.
Interloper, make your mayhem
here, where I have been
miserable - christen me
this burglar
who has stolen time and
time again my sins rise,
duplicate with yours,
a column of white ash,
our own promiscuous rupture
of faith. I will give
you back the way home
assent from the cross
gnaw through me to my bone
and there write beautiful
the names of all
our dead in your salt
milk be my confessor
coax me, plunge sincere
the epistle of silence
handwriting on the wall
and beside me, the cross
lay sown, mount me glaring
move finally bruised
in the disjointed

homily of sex from which
we will abstain, but
not to disappoint, the
long lure of love burns
celestial in the dark
to domesticate the night,
each star numerous
in its power to assail us
now, in our charter of rebirth.

