

ritual is the sacrament of a god

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black widows
crucified
on the moss infested altar,

pupil goned eggs,
still rotting
on the church's ash's memories of psalms,

these escape the children hidden behind the veil of servitude;

the crown of thorns tricks children down
to consummation,
their blood water turns to holy wine

and trickles
into the communal chalice;
is there comfort in a rosary

the child asks, *is there comfort in a rosary?*

my child, that
is no longer a rosary,
and I know you still pray but

it stopped being a rosary before I stopped praying too;
we sink anyway, buried
underneath our own funeral pyre cross,

but incense will not exorcise us from what we did not know was wrong.

even if the mantises self resurrect
from the eyes of their self prescribed pentagrams,
ask them if they heard singing

in their coven of tongues;
we can only invite them to listen
while we hang our goat skulls

and make nests.