

The Body of Christ

Bob Barrick

The scent of embalming fluid
from bearing the pall at my grandfather's funeral—

it's like a fresh cut melon crushed
and sent through the garbage disposal,
filling the kitchen with rich aroma
and following me, even when I leave home.

I drive through the old parish,
my ancestors standing in sepia
upon each porch I pass,
and I arrive at the Church of the Holy Cross,
where the bell chimes for each grape reduced to wine.