

do this in memory of me

She walks. He follows. Night fall is dressed in the sun's reflection, guiding them down the hallway to the celebration room. A procession to the bed ends with genuflection at its feet. Sign of the cross and up, their backs rest against the wooden headboard.

The altar is drawn by the line that divides the sky from the sea. Night drops to her knees. Beyond the window, the moon traces her body, arms above her head, her reaching hands clasp each side of the moon, and she sings...

Take this and eat of it.

This is my body and it will be given up for you.

The sea rises to meet her with his right hand open over left palm. She pulls the moon down with white hands. She places her hands in his. Their bodies are hymns. Their chant dissolves the moon in the sea.

Christian Carl

Other Side of Nothing

I press a towel to the crack
under the door. In the blackness
I disappear to myself. This is
how close I want to be to you.
Palms pressed to the cool sink
I feel the edge of things again
and returning to the bed place
my hands around your soft belly.

Jim Zeigler