

saline communion

sara rose carr

july 30th, 2017

i'd heard of a saline communion;  
the way she sang, stringing the words into one,  
ruminations divided  
catapulting her disposition into stolen looks  
when her neck wasn't craning down,  
when her eyes weren't so convoluted.  
it must be exhausting:  
the years of determined isolation  
delicate and purposeful ideology  
to conceive and manipulate the  
habits of thought of those surrounding her.

return to the source.  
return to your source.

i sought in her what too many seek in church.  
the frame around my face slowly becoming like hers.  
envious of her idealistic posture  
everything physically and logistically nonviable.

she is impalpable.  
forgiveness never given a thought.  
wrong-doings married with decapitation.

i drink from the same stream as her now  
like bathing with identical scents  
a temptation to dissipate  
wreaking havoc  
to ease her own trepidations,  
fearful of never fully  
returning to my source  
before obsession overcomes me.