

Cecilia Dolan

Dr. Nusholtz

Creative Writing

December 7th 2022

Poem #2 revision: Portfolio

**Starving Faithful**

I haven't always fought it.

I used to be perfectly content

to kneel.

To fold my hands under my chin.

They say

*Take this all of you*

*and drink from it*

*for this is my blood.*

And as they tip that silver chalice

to my lips

I fold my hands

tighter,

knuckles threatening

the skin,

careful

never to over indulge.

*Remember you are dust*

*and to dust you shall return.*

They say

smearing ash across your forehead.

I can't remember exactly when that

started to burn,

Smoke held in my throat,

rasping as it

smothered my breath.

Maybe it was the time

I stood in a winter forest

with the air sharp

and the sky electric

with the restless moon.

When the wind forced through the trees

and sang my name.

I knew.

There was never going to be enough  
of this  
for me.

Well, *God's gift is everlasting life*  
they say.

Because it seems even dust  
needs that promise  
of always  
dancing  
in rays of sun.

The blood was sweet  
scarlet stained my tongue  
and for awhile  
that was enough.

Eventually though,  
the wine gets clouded.

Like smog floating on the bay.

Iridescent and thick.

Diluted.

Impure.

Time.

It's so deliberate  
in its devastation.

Even the buildings that once  
brought us to our knees  
eventually  
return to dust.

If not graffitied stone.

A collapsed bell.

A missing cross.

I haven't always fought it  
but it has been some time now.  
Long enough for me to forget what *it* is.

I always dream of being something  
greater.

Something vast.

Eternal.

It's only sometimes that I dream

of being

something

small.

Pointless.

Like an earthworm

trudging through dirt.

Then I could stop worrying

that I'm maybe only

temporary.

There would be no question.

