

I am the spirit who fell on the nun who danced the Kyrie

I ran in her blood
shook the house of her
lovely like a baby
lovely like the underwing
of the fieldfare

I spoke her bones and tendons
slid to the edge of her hearing

flowed from the aisle up the steps
became the glim of early light lapping

what did the elders say
amen rattled the window
amen intoned the marble altar

dear one dancing
become the flounder in the shallows
the eel in the well
glide from stone to slow particle
bow to the pressure of water
rise to the meteor spinning