

Our Lady of Lourdes

The priest's rote magic hums
pastel Yamaha synth. We are loaves
baked in stained-glass sun.

You call this "God's brick shithouse"
and can't believe your grandma's
in that box. You've never carried
anyone, not even me.

In beards and jeans, your uncles
are rough seas. Shoulders shake.
We're overdressed again,
rising to school-day hymns.

Last-rite fidget, your hand
drops mine to take a wafer
and then to reach for the casket.