Second to Last Supper

Dylan Carpenter

Divinity is a shepherd,
On a hill, blazing toward that
Sweet chapel ripe with poinsettia
Atop the altar of Sunday
And stained glass — a mosaic to
The obelus in all of us,
As the dust settles and stirs so
Entrenched in solid oak-shaped pews,

My body is the children’s
Choir and the organ has become
My own mortification now—
A mutilation morendo
Of not yet He / not yet all Hymn;
The service begins, whispers die,
Yet the daybreak bell chimes on high:
O’er hilltops o’er glory, it’s over.