

# 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.