

My Religion

Cassidy Lewis

I long for a rebirth
in your arms—take virgin mary
to a field, she will soon be
mother. This I know.
man takes from her
and calls it holy, promise
your touch will never
be felt in a way
that could heal me.

Instead, Bethlehem creeps
out, girl is first cradled
then condemned. This
is tumbling over
in the manger: forgetting
the friends in my skin,
him risen.