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## Biblical Brooklyn

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# **Biblical Brooklyn**

By Autumn Stiles

all I can remember is your tomb of a body,  
broken and bloody like the Eucharist,  
and our final days together.  
how you sat silently at the table,  
world-weary, enjoying the fish,  
yet knowing that tomorrow  
could be your last supper.

and how your father, who art in heaven,  
gave you, his only begotten son,  
to the 66<sup>th</sup> precinct of Brooklyn,  
our Bethlehem,  
so that you might sojourn the sins of man.

in our spring-soaked youth,  
i would wash your feet as you combed my hair  
and our happiness echoed in the shimmering  
reflections that seemed to dance  
across the water.

now I am skin and bones, flattened  
from years of faithful bending at the knee.  
resting on wooden benches, leaning on incense  
as thick as the rosary beads now limp  
in my hand, trying to grasp  
the unraveling threads  
of the religion I lost  
when I lost you.