

1988

Communion

Amy Judge
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Judge, Amy (1988) "Communion," *Exile*: Vol. 35 : No. 2 , Article 19.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol35/iss2/19>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

Communion

Tidy, pale men, in pressed suits,
on Sundays successive as sunsets,
delivered small square pieces of bread,
white and dry as aspirin,
and juice, dyed purple, sweetened with sugar,
in single serving glasses
lined up in rows like sparkling clean utensils
on a dentist's tray.

The too clean odor of antibiotic
pervaded their perfect pleats
and anesthetized intellects.
I had that too hard bench,
notes from my sister,
and forgiveness.

Amy Judge