

1987

Sunday Morning

Cam Martin
Denison University

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Sunday Morning

Kneeling respectfully,
you stake your claim
beside the wooden seat.

Head hanging self-
contemptuously, you project
by the gut-full your bottled
beliefs into a swirling galaxy,
mouthing

unspoken sacraments
you pray for stamina and dawning
stain-glass colors to temper
the volatile spirits, the devil
offering

lip-service for salvation,
something about delivering you
from temptation

and seeing the light
in your dark corner, you cringe
behind tight-lipped curtains, confessing
your "human-ness" and lack of conviction
for your fallen state.

Cam Martin