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## **Untitled**

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## by Ellen Cox

Watching two nuns Makes me wonder Why I'm less perfect. I want to be good, But carrying a habit For my body Wouldn't make the Difference. Sometimes, though, I want to try . . .

. . . to spend Sundays in church, Praying songs to Someone I've always Wanted to meet. . . . to seek
Lonely, empty people
And pour hope from
Holy chalices into their
Flat eyes.

. . . to laugh
Tears with the dead
Who lie in carved marble
Sarcophagi,
Remembering and counting
Days till the Millenium.

But I would cry In the love of One who So rarely touches the Body created.