

Sin

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◆◆◆◆◆ /sin/ noun: an immoral act considered to be a transgression against divine law.

7. Every moment is just as unclean as however many moments have put me in this place, but I cannot recall. Why is it so hard to remember something I can never seem to forget?

6. The undressing of my mind begins with me and ends with unraveling; uncoupling frantic epiphanies of light and red and broken mirrors, seeing myself mangled by my distorted reflection as I try and figure out what it means to be.

5. Father, did I bait the wolf? Does temptation live in the plump of my calf, or the curve of my spine? I am not what I have become; why must myself feel so foreign?

4. Why must I look into the mirror and see a shadow of what I was, what I could have become? The wickedness of your eyes haunts me still.

3. Sometimes I wonder how much of my religion I carry with me. I would like to think none, but then why, I wonder, do I feel so guilty?

2. The tides of time come and go, but I am the foam at the crest of the wave which never truly disappears, recycling itself with every turn onto the shore. Nothing is permanent besides impermanence, but it is hard to believe that is so.

1. Maybe in time, I can write a love letter to myself. My body did not deserve this. I want to thank her for fighting still, for putting pen to paper instead of bottle to lips, instead of finger to trigger. I've grown weary as time marches on; yet my life will be an ode to living. Forgiveness is an act of self-love.

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### Death

Blood does not drip in the movies.

It spurts a fountain of scarlet hatred, defeat;

The villain dies.

End of story.

In real life, we die slowly.

Cuts and scars and scabs opened again,

Oozing from it, the exposed flesh we try to cover.

We ignore our wounds.

Once tender, unmarred skin, gives way to

Mended reminders and some, fresh as the day we received them

Continue to fester under our own influence.

From blood, we are born, and to blood, we return;

I pray my deathbed is not a scarlet letter,

Forget-me-not in crimson hues,

Making visible to the world the scars I could not let heal.

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Rebirth

And from my womb springs light ethereal,

Honeyed life,

Mended by my broken sighs.

A promise to give more than I have been given,

To never touch what was not mine,

To welcome love with marred memories,

Tender as the newborn flesh.

I realize, now: repentance is fatal when it is not your place to repent. As I pray to my Earth, my mother, the marrow of my bones and the song of my lips, I am reborn into holiness, into life.

A name too sacred,

Sickly sweet ambrosia on the tongue, in the mouth;

Flooding the senses as I gasp for the first breath into new beginning

Knowing I am once again whole.