

# Anathallo, Cafetorium

You were baptized by a dollop from a cool whip bowl  
(finger flung)

Sulfur water, holy water from the drinking fountain of the high school cafetorium

Among the great cloud when Margie whispered "Amen";

bulletins slapped back at the heat to move the moist dead air

I was still unborn, but I have heard the first hand

and Jack says that the body of love

and the hearts thereof can be baptized in the beads of their own sweat

Salt rings like the outlined shroud on the tomb of your skin

We saw it on the VHS

The building stood erect

The march and the singing tongues processed

The crucifix cut from Styrofoam swung flung over your shoulder

raining golden glitter from the glue-gun border

We thought about the easy yoke

My mind, my heart, choked