

Atomic Opera, Doxology

All I ever wanted
Was something huge
Unmeasureable
Not this
Crumb of crusty bread
Starched, whited linen
Altar
Grave
Ungraving
Not the here
Most equal of shoulders pewed
Pressed together and crowded
Rising in unison
In a perfect world
We'll find the questions
In a world without end
Arched beams stretched over us
Like ribs
Sheltering
Caging
This common sense of surface
refracted light of windows paned
This procession of vows
Hovering in the rebreathed air
This numbering of days
For these two thousand years
Eclipse
This amen
Not This
This cup.