The Pleasures of Prayer

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Flecks of ice on the windows
Burn like fireflies
Searing the panes in the winter noon sun.
Yet the cement skin of this church does not stir.

I sit barely compressed
In this hard house of blood.
For flesh is my spongy garment
Bearing up this stone sanctuary.

I have massaged my humid fingers
Into the seams of this chill monument.
I always siphon my saps of spring
Into this concrete cadaver.

I now secrete resins in my glands
Limbering up these still trusses.
I will melt the marrow in these vaulted ribs
With the sting of my galvanic embrace.

Luke Mancuso, OSB, is an Associate Professor of English.