

CAITLIN ROACH

## *morning hymn*

*after E.M. Cioran*

a bit of blood this morning—

stop trying, dear. I have told you I am  
immunized to faith, still I believe  
in a trilogy of twins  
like us, in safekeeping, in  
that blank console, keeper of all  
our secrets, etc.

what is it—  
are you *so* full, are you so sound  
& how is it  
you hoard all that chaos & still  
move so thick through rooms  
taking with you the stasis of a kestrel  
in flight. if I held, if I blew  
you in my small hands, that sweet  
yellow flesh would slip  
through as the quetsch plum  
meat falls from its pit.

stop being so whole.  
be wary that I may grow tired  
of you, my sweet  
& your meeting god too frequently.

—still, come.  
glut this purged body. make it holy.  
the recipe needs, the mouth is calling  
for a little spit,  
a little salt  
& the hour's hinge