

*On Knocking Over My Glass While
Reading Sharon Olds*

The milk spread,
a translucent stain
covering the word *milk*,

snaking down toward *come*
and *womb* and *penis*, toward *gashes*
and *swiveled*, toward the graceful

grey flower and the infelicitous
errless digit, so that suddenly
the page seemed to be weeping,

the way a statue of the Virgin
in some poor but devout parish
might begin to weep, ichor streaming

from the eyes, the open palms,
so that when the girl kneeling
in the rain of the convent yard

touches the mottled white
folds of the stone robe
her lupus disappears. And I felt

as that girl must have felt,
that the Holy Mother herself
had come to reveal

the true nature of the real,
goddess in the statue,
bread in each word's

black flowering, and I rose
and went to the kitchen—
sacristy of the cupboards,

tabernacle of the fridge—
to refill my glass
with her wild and holy blood.