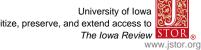
BOYER RICKEL

[The Romanesque Christ, made modest] The Romanesque Christ, made modest by the taste of a later century, his lambent lapis-painted loincloth stripped to plain gray-veined wood, hangs bleeding over my head in an apse across from a lintel carved half cock, half scorpion who, in the Medieval bestiary, could kill with a look. A walk through the stone volumes of reconstructed cloisters in one long in-breath. Do fish know they swim in water? is how I feel, faithless, adrift in an internal expanse in search of something akin to the atmosphere of a familiar body.

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