Meat And Drink

Todd Vens*

*Iowa State University

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MEAT AND DRINK

They wait for him
to sip the communion wine.
Enormous great-grandmothers
unable to kneel
and desirous
yellow tongues:
Oh, it must taste so good.

Children fumble
under pews,
look up
and see horror comics
paste north south walls—
stations of the cross
marching east to west
with panels
of humpbacked Christs.

Garrish
red yellow
green blue
pieta,
all four eyes,
search over sleepy heads
and holy water,
outside,
to the angled days
slowing to solstice.
They ignore
the muttered Mass
to turn over
the grey principles
of winter
converging fast.
Cornworship
and harvest,
making striking
habitus lists,
are over.

In turn slick sips.
Can you curl your tongue
or take it on the palm?
Transubstantiation
sparks past
red palates
and unleavened
becomes unhealed.

They walk to their cars.
A small dirty cloud
stops,
drops through quiet morning
a thousand crystal
postage stamps
that tilt and dive
onto any nose
and taste sweet as
loess shavings.
Eager.
Pork chops thawing
and a sinkful
of potatoes
to peel.
They are all
getting home
on the bright
greased highway.

*Todd Vens*