

# Easter

*by Anne Elezabeth Pluto*

Easter

the emerald parlor  
remembered, come yourself  
to convince me now impose  
yourself firm to the  
maroon furrow  
that is my heart.  
Interloper, make your mayhem  
here, where I have been  
miserable - christen me  
this burglar  
who has stolen time and  
time again my sins rise,  
duplicate with yours,  
a column of white ash,  
our own promiscuous rupture  
of faith. I will give  
you back the way home  
assent from the cross  
gnaw through me to my bone  
and there write beautiful  
the names of all  
our dead in your salt  
milk be my confessor  
coax me, plunge sincere  
the epistle of silence  
handwriting on the wall  
and beside me, the cross  
lay sown, mount me glaring  
move finally bruised  
in the disjointed

homily of sex from which  
we will abstain, but  
not to disappoint, the  
long lure of love burns  
celestial in the dark  
to domesticate the night,  
each star numerous  
in its power to assail us  
now, in our charter of rebirth.

