

Indulgence

by Emily Sparkles

I crave the confines of the convent.
My heart and mind the only victims
Of my heart and mind.
Vows made to One
Used to unfaithfulness;
Jealous but just to forgive.

I should have been a nun.
Cloistered away from approval,
or lack thereof.
Love filtered and focused,
Devoted to duty,
Finding meaning in the menial.

I would practice mortification.
A terrestrial purgatory
For soul and body.
Seeking absolution,
Enraptured by salvation,
Venerating the Venerable for all time.

I long for sanctuary.
Some dispensation from the Church
That allows protestants instead of proselytes
To seek asylum.
Barred from aspirancy,
There will be no hiding amongst the Holy.

