

Two poems by Kitty Boots

by Mathew Paust

Backslider

Church bells across the creek lure the faithful.
Communion, testimony, baptism, confession.
Some handle serpents.
I accepted doughnuts offered by the priest, but declined the Kool-Aid.

Fervent in belief they trickle from the sanctuary,
Pure, deluded, in pastel polyester and shiny suits,
Making their way to hot cars.
Turn the key, fried chicken awaits.

There are a great many sins in this world, none of them original.
My father kissed the cross before he died.
I drive the back roads.

K.B. 6/18/16

Wrack Line

To dance along the wrack line, and lay with you amid the stones,
round, polished.
You brushed away my desire like clinging sand with your dormant
spirit,
and denied the sun I offered you in my hands.

K.B., 4/30/16

