

Act Of Contrition

by sean m. poole

I haven't written a poem in months.

With a junky's longing for the needle I step through the door of the old church, the air heavy with the scent of votive candles frankincense and myrrh - the reek of prayer and petition and plenary indulgence - The First Church Of The Last Resort is Open and ready to serve you now!

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Bless me Father, for I have sinned. I have taken The Holy and made it mine. I fully intend to sin in like manner again. The old priest, coifed in a showing scalp flat top, smiles through hand carved wooden teeth, ill fitting, stained with too much altar wine, splintered and moldering.

"Take this, my son, and eat it."

He pulls a mushroom the size of a cabbage from his breviary and proceeds to consecrate the Host. The congregation rises, hushed and expectant. Bells ring. The opening notes of Bach's Symphony in d-Minor well up from the organ pipes. The choir begins trilling an infernal chant, ancient and Celtic in origin, a perfect accompaniment in flawless harmony with the bells and the Bach.

Chimera of every description — lizard men, spider women, manicores, centaurs and satyrs materialize from the very air itself, writhing in rhythmic cadence, dancing with the armies of the damned. An ethereal light emanates from one thousand flaming censers. A geyser of sparks erupts from a chalice. Lions lie down with lambs. Monkeys fly out of me arse. The flapping sound of their mighty leathery wings competes with the orchestra in a cacophony of cartoonish clamor.

Two. Four. Six. Eight. Time to transubstantiate. The boy stood on the burning deck selling peanuts by the peck and I lashed unto the yardarm up high where all can see me am hung by the neck for composing dreck and committing poetic blasphemy.

