

Reciting Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians Aloud Word for Word to Distract Myself From a Panic Attack

by XXXX

I hold dreams made of iron
that tip my spear of regret—

I thrust at the side of Christ
I am washed by his blood

I bathe in the splendor of the savior,
I am blinded by his Kingdom

I am now clean! O Glory to God
I bloom like a thousand carnations

like a snake I shed my sinful skin
emerging a flawless tongue of flame.

