

SACRAMENT

*Communion always begins with bodies....We get spiritual,
but God got carnal. (Kenda Creasy Dean)*

Dissolving our *me* into *we*,
God names us the object of his proposition:
Come to me all who labour, and I will give you rest.

And when I come he cradles my head in his hand
scoops up the water, lets it run through his fingers
 onto my forehead
(a little scared I try not to cry)
In the name of the Father, and the Son,
 and the Holy Spirit
I'm now wet
 clean
 safe
 embraced.

I'm made brand new,
 so when I fall (and yes, I'll fall)
 He kisses it better.

My hungry hands uplifted
searching for even a morsel of this Otherness—
When I ask for bread he won't give me a stone
 but delicious clear full-bodied wine
 of glorious maturity.

God, your sacraments are a kiss
 on the mouth of human living
 — Donna Kerrigan