

“Sinner”

My knees
are stained
with violet
and green

capillaries
burst with
tiny stars’
last exhale

fragile caps
stung
with eons
of immobility

My hands
are clasped
intertwined with fear
and freckles

kneeling
at the altar
of a long
gone man

and all
I have
to show
for it

are indents
in the carpet