I couldn’t think of anything to say

My hands clung to the wooden pew

As I kneeled on the floor to pray

Offering myself, my life, in lieu

Bargains and baptisms of flesh

Prestigious collars, chains of words

Webs of lies and nets of mesh

Olive branches in mouths of birds

Stained glass that illuminates

Light that hastens to conceal

Passages on which she ruminates

The verses have sacrificed their appeal

Walk me down this aisle deplete

Speak now or forever hold your deceit