

Sacrament

Mason Farr

The last time I saw you was Christmas,
in the nursing home.

When you held that glass of gin above your head
like a sacrificial dagger

and said it gave you something to live for.
Then you plunged it into your body.

Sinewy hairs coated your face,
since you stopped shaving,

Hiding the popped vessels,
and lagan eyes

trapped in the sunken vessel
of you

surrounding a mouth
with lips wetted by the nectar of the gods.

Condensation dripping like blood,
down your bruised and shriveled forearm

And before I left,
I held you in my arms.

The frail and gruff
sacrificial Billy goat,

Dying,
so the rest of us can live.