

The Worship of Woman

Elise Dobson

I am from the bend in the river,
where the Willow Tree roots writhe with sin in the embankment,
and the Cottonwood snowflakes atop your Sunday best.
I am from the wooden pews in the Catholic Church where the scripture is shoveled down the raw throats of non-believers like the Eucharist,
and no amount of church wine could wash the taste out of my mouth.
I am from the body and blood of my mother, a truer religion than any father could sermon.
I am from the font of sickly sweet honey and rose petal thorns,
for I am baptized in the generational rage of Eve.
I take communion from her breast,
and pray at her feet.
I am of woman, from woman, to woman.
I am not religious but I'll be damned if I miss a Sunday.