

SARAH BURGOYNE / from *Saint Friend*

Who Shall Keep My Sheep?

My Lord, you have honeyed
the bread of life. Lit a holy candle
far enough away from the dry flowers.
Give me your love, and help me
gather it up.

Praise the Lord, soul my O.
The trees are watered with the wine
of the bad kids. The leviathan
is hosting your heavenlies
and bidding your dos. The birds
have branched among your singing
and everywhere, dominion cedars.

My Lord, you have breaded
the honey. Dried the holy flowers
and made a trail of seasons
through the desert. Give me your help
and love me gather it up. Your open hand
has been for so long.

Anointing My Own Head With My Own Oil

He did not open his mouth
after bearing all the sins.
I say! These are like the days
of ____! So now I have sworn
not angry to be with you.

Probably you will forget
your youthful shame.
You will lengthen some ropes
with snakes, the cool way.
And bless a young seventh
wife. (Sing, O barren women).

But who can speak
of imaginary descendants?
The ice cools the glass
inside and out.

The Mighty Ones Are Budding

Praise the Lord, soul my O.
If 1.3 billion people tell you
you are a horse, you're a horse.
After all, the whole world stopped
to hear you set the stars up.

Look out. 2000 years are dead
on the table again. Where is your paw?
Milk, honey, and all that?
It's time to foot north.

But how many are your seekings!
Say it plain, Lord. We are terrified.
Give us some proper time.
And when your spirit you send,
may I frolic there, large and small.

At the Potter's House

I blew out the candle to see the holy smoke.
The leaves of your lettuce
very beautiful in the half-full shadows.
We will not let the beans boil over.

All life I loved the Holy Missus most.
The first myths about fruit becoming
enormous. Then it's time to find a new gift.
All very real, like birthdays.

Pajamas were good enough, so why
the dead face? Take my hand, John.
I will abandon my whole existence
eating a bowl of peaches.