

KRISTIE WILLIAMS GUYNN

I am no monk, no flesh-thresher I,  
To winnow out, by dank silence,  
By hooded hunger and the raw, unflagging flail,  
That Adam's chaff, desire,  
Till the husk of me lie powder on the stone.

But rather, Father, kindle my desire,  
Fan my flickering resolve into a lust  
For bread and wine, for mansions and their master,  
Till its hot, holy tongue burn away the world,  
And I, the heat-borne ash, aspire.

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