

Reply to: “You Are a Spiritual Person”

Carol Clark Ottesen

Something wants spiritual
yet hesitates, not wanting to show a lack
of substance intellect
to not win at tennis or good looks
or socially be nil, lose keys, pray them back—
a blimp of spirit air, one rope barely attached to ground

Listen Descartes:
to split the body from the spirit is to take
the hair from the scalp mind from the brain
sex from my prayers God from the sandals
I have worn for years.

For I find I am a pattern on my kitchen floor bonded
to the sink marked on the woodwork riveted
to the ceremonious instinctual feeding of bodies wondering
about a bed of nails, cross again I know not what I do
kneeling to clean the floor nothing
rises past my plastic ceiling
duty has no wings words do not fly
but something does spins from the walls
brings the sky down rests on my sill
touches my body with purple and fine linen.