

Poem Ending in the Title of a Frank Bidart Poem

*This hymn falls heavy on my flesh. Primal. Blinding.
Light-of-light—dense enough to crush all things visible
and invisible. Each particle surrounding,
Each atom within.*

*I've sighed & heaped thick hopes upon you.
How their skins graced your neck—hanging
like millstones. See how you shrugged.
Sloughed them off so easily. See now*

*how the desire to be ground fine
like dust resounds. Fervent.
A supplication for release—*

*and I'm met
by the force
of this*

Song

of the

Mortar

and

Pestle.

