thirty-three

By: Theresa Rogers

as a child in Catholic school
I was made to pray

in church I slid off the pew
to the kneeling board
to repent as I was told

a fat Bishop slapped my face
to welcome me I didn't believe

then you left in your Jesus year

it was not the blue hour or gold
but deep night when you walked
out into the world

to leave it and us behind

I would get on my knees
now and every day
not to pray but as a beggar

I might even be humbled
by the gift of pink streaks across
my cheek if it would matter