Losing Her god and Singing in May

Felicia Chisholm

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Because her secrets are parasites.
Deep in her tissue they thrive.
Having gone to the Man making sure to be cloaked with atonement she weeps.
Deep in her separate entity—the soul—they thrive.

Though the Glory always conspicuous on her countenance as a songstress,
the graveyard inside her body still breathes. A dumping ground.
Suitors emptying deplorable spirits into her container while
she laughs a winner's laugh, but is an oblivious participant of idol worship.
Greed, rage, and murder taking residence in her sanity and yielding not
unto elders' warnings, her would-be discerning vision grossly impaired.

But time passes.

A night polluted with betrayal led her home, and her reflection
gnawed and groaned—demons exposing themselves, golden flesh turned sooty mire,
and a generation of parasites slither their way to the surface and rupture.
A bolting to bathe provides
no relief,
no cleanse,
no tabula rasa,
no forgetting that which is behind.
The urgency for consecration to replace her invisible incarceration now sorely evident,
as the stench of secrets fill her nose and sizzling tears pierce her pores.

Hoping for rescue once sleep arrives, but guilt haunts those hours, and the
desire to die deadens the delight of another Sunday morning.