

April 2016

Losing Her god and Singing in May

Felicia Chisholm

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Chisholm, Felicia (2016) "Losing Her god and Singing in May," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2016, Article 20.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2016/iss1/20>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Anthology by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. For more information, please contact bramed@winthrop.edu.

Losing Her god and Singing in May *Felicia Chisholm*

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.