

## Anthropology of Faith

### A dream at a midnight

This is the dream. Ring nipple bells. I stand under the chapel boards listening to the peels of sunlight. Oranges in china bowls on the tables among the floating hyacinth. So many illuminated dust mites. God, how will I walk down the isle behind your broad back? Asleep I am still afraid and I will kneel on burgundy carpet and have crosses of water drawn on my forehead. Is this praying? Do the birds cooing and shitting outside the window count? One cracked the pane and left brains.

Rest in peace.

### A dream that is a story

It rained on the pavement when I brought him home. The green seeped over me and what fear. I will walk in my mother's house with muddy shoes. Carpet will be ruined. For two weeks cavorting in hotels with dark blinds I have forgotten myself. A poem being spun in the tongues of blankets. I made snow angels in my mind, pressed against the window with his cigarette smoke trickling out above my head. Oh, a no smoking room. The nimbus of it remains with us as we walk across the yard, past my first death. A bent-necked pigeon with little black death-mites crawling off its feathers onto my hands. I learned not to touch dead birds when I was ten. My parents were so loving when they greeted my Mistake. Then the Spanish Inquisition at the dinner table. ?Why do you think you love my daughter??

Hot irons should make a person mute, but didn't.

### This is not a dream

In my theater under the Chinese parasol and paper thin light, I am full. The world is airy and I once again am talking to myself, a thing I gave up years ago when the first boy moved in. Brief moments are coming back when at last I am all I need. Eternity is a glorious smell on my skin. Suka sleeps curled up against me purring as though I were her goddess. I know this feeling. It is the feeling of hearing my name. Every time the white curtains blow I think of you. When the palm trees rustle and the shards of another broken glass crack across the cement, I think of you. Alone, the animals destroy everything fragile. When I come home early morning from their houses another thing is destroyed and I pull up the oriental rug, shake out the slivers, sweep it up off the red floor. This is what I do because I miss you. And the cats were gods once in Egypt.

Hail Mary candles in clear glass make wind chime noises.

### A memory that is a dream

The true name of God is not to be spoken and I know why. To hear your name on the lips of love is to be vulnerable. In some lands true names had juju. This is the first moment I realize I love you. When I realize my name is a pheromone in your skin. That you speak my language better than I do. Jesus served his disciples, he washed their feet and bowed his head over their skin. I commune in this way with water turned into wine and my name hovering under your hand. My God, how will I survive this blasphemy? How will I survive this mistake? In this dream you are the wolf in the vestry. You hate me with white teeth and I can do nothing but run. When I wake up gasping you are stroking my name down my spine and whispering my longing to me. We worship a different kind of God and I never want to leave this sanctuary.

The Saturnalia King slit his throat on the alter of fertility after a month of orgies.