

BYU Studies Quarterly

Volume 1 | Issue 2 Article 8

4-1-1959

Pictorial

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Recommended Citation

St.-Cyr, Genevieve (1959) "Pictorial," BYU Studies Quarterly. Vol. 1: Iss. 2, Article 8. Available at: https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol1/iss2/8

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PICTORIAL

GENEVIEVE ST. CYR

Lives of the saints with persecution remind us we have promises to keep, for the lie whether fresh on the lips or from long convenience makes conscience hoe-down beneath our step the word of that first equinox, the grass dry and no spring rain nor thunder in July. The heart is said and the foetus once formed, there is murder to prevent the inevitable kick and cry. Heavy with forgetting the red cunning of petals bruises and lets loose in pools a sickly blood, we have tied our ankles with cords thin and cautious as willow leaves and walked among the peonies where laughter dried in the sun and no wall to weep against.

We have promises to keep. Baking in the sun, the forever cake dissembles a flower we plucked from profusion of grasses while we meditated hunger. Now the flower is hungry too, and Rita the wound burning a crimson bud in her forehead reminds us of the time for planting. Agnes the flames could not devour nor man's eye nor beast, succumbs her white fragility headless, and the Holy Innocents in the grieving arms where the blasphemous sacring flung them wear their ghosts like vows we made. O clement and terrible, burning, drowning, the earth in their mouth, and all singing and festival, procession, profusion, persecution, reminding us.