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Pictorial

Genevieve St.-Cyr

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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.