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The Chalice

Cara Bullinger

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THE CHALICE

One lunar dance before the spring equinox,
She was an empty chalice on a stone altar,
Draped with mold and rotted cloth,
Crumbling under a sky of cindered stars.

The dead, charred moon was the fruit
After the sin, flung from the ivory hand
Into the grass, shriveled, dark blood-red,
Like wine droplets still clinging
To the chalice left overturned by the man.

Now she is bitter for one so young,
Left with only the dregs of his spittle
And the memory of his straight, hard back
When he walked into the west.

But far beyond the meeting place
Of eastern sky and mountain,
The sun is ascending
To dim the dark of her night.
The cup-rim glows with rising light.

A high, white bird sings across the sky.
One songnote before the cup
Will hold the molten sun,
She holds the bird's cry and image
Within her chalice mind.

Cara Bullinger