

would someone please bandage
the palms of christ
and do something
about his other wounds.
he keeps showing up in my kitchen
tracking blood all over
the freshly mopped floors
and one of the dogs always slips
on his way to the dog bowl
while the other one explores
part of the eucharist differently.
i find it damned distracting.
compassion should have good manners
and be polite enough
to avoid the death dressed
biohazard team assuming control
of the passion.
it is no use.
he always threatens to bleed out
by the refrigerator if i do not listen.
he never gives up
on chastisement and responsibility
with those downward looking
sad atonement eyes.
it is as if his mind wanders
as he loses
more and more blood
which makes him so light
that he begins to rise
and circle the lightbulb
like a spiritual moth.
there is nothing i can do
about it.
he wants
to bleed and he wants to be the nurse.

the epiphany.
wf.h.
2026