

It's true. The problem with mercy is that honey
Never gave any

Clear answers to anybody, thus the sweet
And sour, the fate

Of Jesus Christ. Why is there nausea for
Each redeemer,

The snake in the heart? Why is each kindness weak
With a soul-ache?

Force is plain. Better the pitchfork, the thin
Belt landing on

Small legs; oh, better to sleep without bread.
Love doesn't add

Up, and for this we need what's merciful,
Christ when he fell.

—Kim Bridgford

Rapture

Sex and religion claim it: the deep swoon
That shoves reason

Aside. How else explain loss? For in shrill
Heart-thrummings still

In memory comes our deepest longing. Why
Else would there be

Babies in anonymous earth, or scraps
Of saints in heaps

For sale? Transcendence is the way to God
And through our load:

Flickerings of the sharpest joy that we know now
By passing through.

—Kim Bridgford

Love

It's the O that does it, gasp of pain
Or then again

Joy. You could drown in it, the mirror-lake
That means bad luck

For some, the icy kiss on the lungs, the shore
Just an unsure