

## The Lord's Supper

Mickey was only six, but still he knew  
his mother was a hooker. She was gone  
one Sunday when I picked him up for church.  
He flung open the door, bouncing up and down,  
his eyes gleaming, no shoes or socks,  
his hair mushed up, his pants too small,  
without a bath and without any breakfast.

Twenty years ago I came to the Jesus thing  
and this peculiar healing feast.  
At times I've gone to the communion table,  
pinched off the tiniest piece of bread.  
Then sometimes I reach for the largest chunk,  
as if for more forgiveness or a bigger love.  
At times, I firmly press my lips at Jesus' cup,  
slowly sip the juice like sacred broth,  
and tell him all the battles that I've fought.  
At times I down it like a shot  
of holy bourbon, head thrown back.

That Sunday, Mickey and I went up to kneel  
at the communion table in front of the church.  
He flopped his knees to the floor and fidgeted,  
then eyed the chunks of bread and cups of juice.  
His need required more than one of each.  
I could have stopped him in his reach  
when he tried to sneak another piece or two—

we were breaking the rules, I know—  
but I let him have his fill of Jesus' body  
and the juice too. I couldn't have known  
how many eyes were on us or who was watching.  
He ate the plate of bread and stacked  
the plastic cups when he was done.

We walked back to our seats in circles of swirling light,  
the bread and the juice all twitter and trill inside us.

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