

JERAMY DODDS

The Cracks Between the Boards at Christ's Table

I dreamt of lying there once
you know that place between infinity and not enough,
the place between your breasts.
I loved your laugh,
It gave me energy for other pursuits
that didn't involve you at all.
I remember meeting you.
It was a crack in an old tree
you were searching the walls for writings.
we both swayed with the dancing forest wind.
I don't want to die
without repaying you for all given,
so take my necklace
and these crumbs from the cracks
between the boards at Christ's table.