Confession of a Suburban Housewife

There are two things
I have always wanted to be
(wrong place, of course,
and quite the wrong century
apart from the breakage of several commandments):

temple harlot
terrible with snake scourge
sacred in silks and mysteries
a Promised Land
hoarding dark honey
brimming with clear runnels of milk
ease to the multitudinous laden and randy
who tremble at my portals
the yoke of my legs sweet
burden of body light
a Holy of Holies
aloof intimate
warm as Arabian sands
cool as water melon
indifferent fruit of the earth
open to all . . .
and then the Eucharist
wheatfield swelling with grain
vineyard ripening under the sun
munificent substance
refined
to wine

frail perfect circle of wafer
worshipped in jewelled chalices
displayed in golden monstrances
wreathed in incense and hymns
eternal consummation
never completely consumed
blessed increased multiplied
on innumerable tables
savoured
on sapient tongues
immortal glow
in the gut. . .

no need to tell me
I have a poor grasp of reality

my penance to be
the most faithful of wives
captured like spaghetti
dangling
from steel tongs. . .

—Elizabeth Jones