

Hagiograph
by Robin Elizabeth Downey

Will you grant me
a bright halo
for miracles
performed by my
tongue between your
thighs

When I die
just a little
will you unbind
my winding sheets
to reveal me
still naked and
incorrupt

Will
you cut relics
from my hair and
wear them sacred
about your neck
to feel your prayers
like the kisses
of a lover.