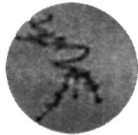


## CRUCIFIXION

My emotions are drained daily  
Into a glass goblet to quench his thirst  
Unsteady hands lift to lips  
I am fallen, spilt on the ceramic

He's trying to pick up the pieces  
Unknowingly stabbing me in the dark  
The bread is broken  
Just like so many of my dreams



I worship the ground  
He walks and I step on broken glass  
Pain weakens my sacred spirit  
Still I continue hypnotically on

I bear the shame I deserve  
My emotions, The Blood, The Wine  
They are spilled on the floor  
Intermingling in unison crimson red

—*Tiffany Hord*