
SISTER MARY APPASSIONATA ADDRESSES THE MARION COUNTY WRITERS' GUILD / *David Citino*

This voyeurism means you mortals
no sin, as long as you try,
with each heartstroke, to comprehend
your calling, this appalling apartness.

Only remember. When night beneath
constellations, streetlights and neon
inspires your lines, you recognize
the divine beauty of what's mortal.

Perfect strangers will hasten by,
faces blurred, eyes fathomless
as opals, hearts deep as the Blue Hole
of Castalia—forever, you could fall

through them. Telling them to us
must be your duty, sacred and profane.
How little you count alone,
and how close to god you grow

by inventing the name of everything,
fitting teeth and tongue to words
so lovingly each becomes a taste,
brackish as blood and just as sweet.

You'll learn the price of passion,
to grow even more quickly old,
visions burning holes in heart and souls,
even those who love you guarding

their secrets. There's no dark,
writers, you can't see into,
witnessing so ignites you, revisioning
the world until you get it right.

Everyone you care for lives forever.