The Last Prayer

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Whispered compline,
fluorescent suns,
white-coat saviors,
angels none,
and you, my love,
never a saint,
shorn and halo hung.

Like my faith,
stretched upon a rack,
dislocated,
broken-backed.
Like seeping prayer,
cast out, retracted,
sewn and weeping still.

Weeping like you,
half-witted, in pain,
obliged to resurrect again,
and so I pray,
(though this prayer is surely sin)
spare the miracle,
this time, let death win.

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