kneeling on sharpened floors

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lesson plans, if any actually existed, were aborted so, too, the discussion of Vesuvius' volcanic ash in 79 A.D. encrusting Romans like chrysalids mid-thought as the cold shrill sirens of a tepid war breached the universal routine forcing the abandonment of mind-dulling patterns increasing heart rates in a soldierly dash to the cloak room for a shroud: the fabric of protection smelling of home and the love of our mother kneeling on sharpened floors we shared touching intimacy with terrazzo buffed to an exquisitely fine edge resembling the pipes of a pressure fed organ mechanically aligned in scaling rows we were tuned to the import of prayer keyed for the unlocking chant accompanied by a celestial backbeat clicking and clacking the beads of sorrowful mystery: the weapons of choice in a children's crusade against crimson, godless hordes kneeling on sharpened floors wandering on inswept eyes this we prayed:

our Father who art in heaven hollow be thy name shall we be found here by a new millennium's progeny, sharing in that same archeological wonderment lately abandoned in gray wainscoted classrooms?

most Pompeian's died in communion with their families we died lonely among strangers orphans to our God as we knelt on sharpened floors at the hour of our death amen

and i heard the Lord God speak

Christ, where's the light!
and i heard the Lord God speak
to no one in particular:

way to go, my boy, you found a path the nuns are as wrong as the Pope's last decree there's more than one way to do this right

I admire the way you hid in your bed discovering a world within squaring the darkness with eyes pinched shut reducing your vision to see further ahead finding it luminous at the edge of the void then mapping the liberating light
consider yourself lucky
some children don't get there
they fail, they flail,
they fall beyond the pale
but you, my boy, you found a way
heaven's no more than that