

Whispering is the Same as Whistling at the Girls

The scent of cotton candy
is an echo in a church—
how it feels going down the throat,
cloud-like and silky.

Ritual and tradition are the
county fair as a child—
all like raspberries
distilled to their essence.

Thin tendrils of sound
reach through stained glass windows,
and suddenly you see that
the fair is no different at all.

Large ladies in spandex
make pink cotton candy,
pouring syrup into bowls
same as baptism fonts.

Priests in white satin are
angels in disguise,
holding white paper cones
ready to accept the sugar.

The clang of metal cars
mixes with Gregorian chants, and
dim candlelight is
a lot like neon.

Cans shot off a ledge
are water dripping from a marble fountain,

and whispering is the same as
whistling at the girls.



