

# Finding My Religion

**William Walsh**

Atlanta, Georgia

In a small southern town not belonging to us,  
your Baptist tongue talked a slow waltz  
with my tongue as the push of your palm-flats

flushed tight against my body  
and the sweet salt wound that does not heal  
broke open to believe in the sum of all things imagined.

I am a man adrift on a raft  
of religion – God all around me, my delicate breath  
of time – I write only letters to you

but as our ears burned against the darkness  
to hear the call that turns back our breath  
into fever, to feel your *breath-bite*

into my breast, I know  
we are ribbons of unanswered highway twisting  
a vision streaming between us. I can tell

when you take a step because my eyes  
absorb the prism of light like cat-glow  
and these moments we celebrate

religiously belong to us, forever,  
as we hold each other under the cross  
of our arms, your Eucharistic-white

breasts tender in my hands, the hard joy  
of believing in the Supreme  
freedom of imagination. Tonight,

no star is big enough, nor falling  
far enough away to match what we want  
or imagine we want.

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