

Scrupulosity

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When I read, *To make stained glass candy*,
I pictured Saint Cecilia standing guard
at my side as I stood outside church
the last time, the curve of her harp
in the crook of her elbow, her other arm
cradling mine. Saint Dymphna urged
me to find solace inside, while she
cut down my fears with her sword.
I asked them to join as I entered
the church, fearful they'd leave me
behind.

When I read, *Once sugar dissolves, raise
to a boil*, I pictured the stained chapel
windows I loved, and the thoughts that soiled
the memory. Plenty of questions
of if I had sinned from passed-over prayers, movies
of me falling into flame, constant
wondering if I was the one lamb left
with no one to search for or find me.
Could God really hate me the way
I imagined, or was illness the culprit
again?

When I read, *Stir in coloring and pour
into pan*, I pictured the saints who prayed by my side,
weeping as Jesus had done, as my prayers
turned to cries, and
Easter incense turned to stove burner steam.
Stuck in a purgatory of doubts, alone
in hazy shades of gray, this candy
was the only semblance of chapel
I could bring myself to visit.

After candy is set, break into pieces.