

Wes Rothman

Born

There exists a lie:
"Christ is with us."
Spoons and forks last
longer than us –
they experience more mouths too.
Our lips know the tongues they welcome are desperate.
Desire desperation, it means
you are dying slowly, slow enough
to live.
We have toothed silver.
We use curvy basins.
We pray "Our Father."
Christ *is* us and we walk –
meat. But it's sinful
to misquote the church; venial
to say spoons and forks last
longer than us; mortal
to crown cutlery –
superior of ours.
All crowned
with teeth and curves
yield desperation. Born, you
are crowned with flesh.