**Sacramental**

Bloat as a flea, a blood-soaked moon

departs the skin of the sea sated,

floats through a cooling palette

- ice wine; old ivory; lead white –

to the height of a monstrance,

dispensing a garish beneficence

to the votive, the sequent tide.

Easy be taken in. Uniquely

the sequined path seeks out each eye.

This is the way of Faith – blood

that rises through consecration;

a rite of the illumined – forward

the moth-light lures the swimmer;

behind, the chimera vanishes.