

the first time i was in a confession booth
was in the kitchen with my mother
wearing a blue apron
who asked me about
the missing cookies
from the cookie jar and mortal sins.

later i had to go to our church
and its imprisoning confession booth
but i was confession hardened.

i had learned to lie
next to the sink
with freshly picked okra floating in water.

all the priest had to offer was
a confessional wafer.
who in their right mind confesses for that.

in a confession booth.
wf.h.
2024