

Mary Magdalene

Merlot pleather queen,
cracks in her corset robes.

Thigh-high stockings
plucked from the laundromat.

She whistles to the bank
penny candy in her pocket.
Change rains from her tongue
baptizing the homeless.

Walks the streets in mismatched Payless
sauntering with blister heels.

Denim frays hide the secrets
that her gospel mouth won't sing.

Find church pews
in her Palm Sundays.

Reverend harlot goddess,
the world burns between her thighs.

Let us pray.
Taste salvation
on the sidewalk,
as she walks away.

Meaghan Rhymer