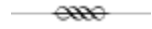


## **Sacrament**

Jenifer Browne Lawrence



You can't swallow  
the moon without changing

your shape. Sugar  
moon, you called it,

but I opened my mouth  
and knew it was salt,

hanging in the east window  
above the topmost branch.

Let it in and your heart  
will list to the west, headlong

into the Pacific, hard waves  
scattering your light.

