

Maddy Searle

Temple

The moon is no longer my goddess.
I praise Venus with every judder.
My body is a hymn to Cupid;
He is in its arches and secluded pathways.
Each crescendo blasts my mind to whiteness.
Who will join me in the temple?

A hand will skim mine as we present our offerings.
Dutiful eyes, obedient lips,
Voices synchronising in prayer.
Our devotion will be irrefutable.
We will shed worldliness
For a spasm of enlightenment.