

Honey on the wound

by [Amy Lauren](#) in the [March 25, 2020](#) issue

Will prevent infection, my mother advised.
But when I stepped on nails, wailing from concrete,
she followed those spoonfuls with a tiny jar,
dripping eucalyptus beads for further protection.

Like Saturdays, when my pastor's husband bakes
Communion loaves in midnight's sacristy,
humming hymns and molding mysteries, yet
I pray extra blessings the next day as my lips

touch the bread. Afterwards, with its sacred remains,
I whisper third, fourth prayers in my kitchen
before spreading honey. I felt most sure of feasting
on Christ's body at my wedding, defying the hell

out of my mother's warning when love became
flesh there. But you can never be too anxious
about absolution. At least, my wife thinks no less
of me throwing logic to the wayside just as a mother
sees a gaping wound and can't hinge it all on honey.