

HOLY CROSS POETRY WALK

3. Area at top of "grand staircase"



Find the map and follow other stops along this poetry walk at: <https://crossworks.holycross.edu/poetry2021>

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HOLY CROSS POETRY WALK

BODY AND
BLOOD

The full moon rides ahead in the sky.
A wolf howls, worshipping the wild.
The lamb trots wearily in the dark,
Careful of her step, so still and mild.
The animal eyes gleam
At night, the brush thickens
With tension and with steam.
So quickly does the wolf move
That the lamb cannot see.
The perfect scene appeared,
The perfect pain and hunger.
The dreadful longing mixed with fear
Brought forth a deadly juncture.
The skin was delicious, the fur so thick.
But little did the wolf know was the flesh sick.
He chewed the blood red body,
With a sneaky curled up lip.
And when he swallowed the bread and wine
His heart began to tick.
Soon his bloody jowls froze
From the poison in his veins.
The lamb lay slaughtered, battered.
Yet her eyes were wide awake.

- Sofia Keefe