

Olivia Bustion

See in How Neat a Hand I Am Writing To You

After Heloise laid out
arguments like organdy
shifts,
& Abelard undressed her & dressed her in them,

*Let your eye be single, go
rest you in the arms of philosophy*

& after the Canon's men bowdlerized his prick,

*Even at Mass I only see smell and taste your body, softsalt, not
the ciborium in the priest's hands the boy swinging a thurible or the Host on my tongue*

he led her to a corner of the empty
refectory & unhooked
his cassock to show her.

She ran her
tongue like an aloe-leaf slowly
over the absences, then softly
spoke, myrrh-myrrh:

guilt]

gift]

"This wound
is your guardian
angel,
that your eye may be
single."

Our penury
is our penance;
but the penance,
our best plenty,

foison of voice
parchment & pen.