"A Bop for Worship in Paved Parking Lots", "Pilot Light", and "A Ghazal for my Grandmother who Became the Moon the Night She Died"

Ashley Caspermeyer

*University of New Orleans*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scholarworks.uno.edu/ellipsis](https://scholarworks.uno.edu/ellipsis)

**Recommended Citation**


Available at: [https://scholarworks.uno.edu/ellipsis/vol49/iss1/16](https://scholarworks.uno.edu/ellipsis/vol49/iss1/16)
A Bop for Worship in Paved Parking Lots

The Lord’s Day is for service
spent reciting the Hail Mary, short
and sweet as me at eight years old.
My tiny hands, clasped in practiced prayer,
ask a mother to protect me from sins
I have not committed yet.

We follow the lines we’re taught to obey.

The Lord’s Day is for food
shopping after Sunday morning mass.
I thumb the circular scripture that covers
my mother’s purse as our steps shuffle behind
the procession. Each patron presents their offering
to the cashier, clipped coupons in their open palms.
The payment they give each week for a meal
that will feed the souls of the hungry.

We follow the lines we’re taught to obey.

The Lord’s Day is for returning
abandoned shopping carts to their flock.
Outstretched metal arms welcome back
their own, saving each one from becoming lost
beyond the yellow curb. Lines drawn so they know
not to venture beyond their intended purpose.

We follow the lines we’re taught to obey.
Pilot Light

in my mouth
accelerant
flushed cheeks
the color red
breeds in me
purge it—
an absent beat
life I’ve let die
a glowing flame
flickers still
as Mama made me
fuel to the fire
I thicken—
to feed the earth
because I was made
a viable host
open like a furnace
A Ghazal for my Grandmother who Became the Moon the Night She Died

Her belly swelled in the sky as she breathed in the taste of darkness. Her pulse, a filament buzzing, in God’s place of darkness.

Her lungs illuminated their presence before sinking beneath white cotton clouds, a moon waning in its chase of darkness.

Silence stung the cosmos, sharp as a paper cut from the razor edge of the moon. Her lungs and my eyes emptied into a vase of darkness.

Lips parted, fragile as the frayed line of white paper torn in two. A whisper to be swept away in the open-aired face of darkness.

She drank one final breath as the last crescent of Ashley’s light closed its eyes. Night shades pulled shut welcome in the embrace of darkness.