

Rising

What if you could wake, rise from tangled sheets to the smell of brioche
each morning? Your skin would come alive like a priest
who opens her incense box, breathes in the smell of old moss

from a monastery of memory. She almost recalls the way moss
eats stone, softens a morning in France, the rising bodies of brioche
in racks in the windows. She's never been. Have you? Yet you know this priest,

you know this scent. Perhaps we all seed from the same priestly
field, from heavy grains teaching our first bodies to bow. We dip to rain, to moss
on rocks. We remember the transformation from grain to dough to brioche.

This morning you rise, smell that brioche, that ancient moss. You find, again, the way to prayer.

Wall, Emily, "Rising" *Common Ground Review* 18, 1 (2016): 73.