

## Rebirth

My childhood ended with the vision  
of you, striding down to the water's  
edge, trailing promises in your wake.  
I felt then the desire  
to have your hands in my soul,  
felt the need to keep you always within

my grasp, my line of vision.  
The longings grew with the desire  
of a lust fresh awakened,  
quickenings my heart and breath; within  
minutes the bliss spread through my soul,  
muddying the purification of Christ's clean waters.

No Virgin you, a raw, tumultuous soul —  
no Saint me, shackled with desires,  
in servitude to your every vision  
of Heaven, trapped by my love within  
the confines of your Hell, awake  
and blossoming, nourished by your sacred waters.

You bathed me in that coveted water,  
taught me secular ecstasies, awakened  
me to my humanity. I desired  
your wisdom; you were my sole  
instructor, my teacher, my visionary.  
I gleefully placed myself within

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your care, desiring  
only your love to fill my soul,  
to fill the void left within.  
And when your life-giving waters  
finally spilled over, visions  
of joy and eternity came flooding in the wake.

My damnation, my redemption, my soul's  
perfect contradiction — my every desire  
manifest. It is within  
you that I find the will to wake  
and only with you can I envision  
my salvation, baptized in your blue waters.

AMBER CARTER