

# Holy Grounds

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Dustin Ryder

Your voice tastes like honeysuckle, coating my lips and staining my skin. I'm in a place of worship, down on my knees begging you to bless me. Tracing freckles like forbidden scriptures—I want to consume all the sins you've buried. My hands will wander over the gold of your skin, hesitancy in hovering—I don't want to tarnish something so Holy. Your breath ghosts my neck, forgiveness trailing in its wake. That's all I need—the blessing in my ear as you tell me my name. Are you making me Holy, or am I destroying the divine? There's a pull of hair, an urgency in the way our eyes clash. Words have always failed us, nerves holding our hands and butterflies breaking past our lips. There's a cataclysm in my soul, hands trembling as I can feel the concrete kiss my knees once again. I'm corrupting Holy grounds, spilling sins like wine. Desperation as I clutch her sides, corruption bruising the delicacy of her skin. Her words bounce in the hollow of my chest, cracking ribs and finding the heart I thought I'd lost. I'll watch the blue of my fingertips light like fire, ghosting her lips like the blind finding God. I fear she doesn't know how Holy she is—that those that only take don't diminish those that are ethereal. There's a smashing of lips, copper and tiger lilies mixing. Forgiveness smears my skin, her fingernails grazing prophecies on my chest. She tells me I'm more than the sins that have consumed my soul, that I was created with the darkest parts filling the sky. This doesn't mean I'm not Holy, as she shows me the ink that still stains her hands as she blessed me. She reminds me that constellations only shine when there's a lack of light.