Revelation

I was their false prophet, a weed that sprouted
from the cracked foundation of the Church;
contained within its walls; made to grow
where I was not meant to be planted.
I tried in vain to absorb the dim light
that filtered through stained-glass windows,
and soaked up holy water that neither
killed nor could truly sustain me.

I put down roots in the baptismal font,
wrapped leafy tendrils up the legs of a baby grand,
and began to blossom as I ascended the pulpit.
There, I unfolded crimson petals,
becoming a being who resembled the Holy Spirit,
but whose shadow bore the horns of a lamb.
By my fruit they would recognize me.

I concealed the shattered pieces of my halo in my mouth,
said my prayers, felt the shards slice my tongue.
My offerings had been cultivated in rich resentment,
pulled from my branches glistening with guilt.
Not one orb in this harvest exposed the mold
blooming beneath its unblemished skin. "Amen,"
I said, swallowing the blood that had filled my mouth
as my disciples prepared to devour my Last Supper.