

**Confession of a Suburban Housewife**

There are two things  
I have always wanted to be  
(wrong place, of course,  
and quite the wrong century  
apart from the breakage of several commandments):

temple harlot  
terrible with snake scourge  
sacred in silks and mysteries  
a Promised Land  
hoarding dark honey  
brimming with clear runnels of milk  
ease to the multitudinous laden and randy  
who tremble at my portals  
the yoke of my legs sweet  
burden of body light  
a Holy of Holies  
aloof intimate  
warm as Arabian sands  
cool as water melon  
indifferent fruit of the earth  
open to all . . .

and then the Eucharist  
wheatfield swelling with grain  
vineyard ripening under the sun  
munificent substance  
refined  
to wine

frail perfect circle of wafer  
worshipped in jewelled chalices  
displayed in golden monstrances  
wreathed in incense and hymns  
eternal consummation  
never completely consumed  
blessed increased multiplied  
on innumerable tables  
savoured  
on sapient tongues  
immortal glow  
in the gut. . .

no need to tell me  
I have a poor grasp of reality

my penance to be  
the most faithful of wives  
caught like spaghetti  
dangling  
from steel tongs. . .

—*Elizabeth Jones*