

**Blessor. (Fr.) To Wound, to Hurt;
to Offend, to Injure; to Wring,
to Shock, to Gall**

If *to wound* is *to bless* they are blessed,
Trinket and Celeste, these two drunk, aging floozies—
one needs makeup to look aging and the other,
the desperate courage of aging to play a floozy—
they are blessed as they kneel there with the gallon
jug of Tokay, the crystal wine decanter, and their
loss-induced vision of the Virgin Mary. Oh I know
it's false etymology but think about it: doesn't what
brings you to your knees gut-punched, or makes you
sit on the toilet as your lover lies sleeping
and scratch bright welts along your thighs
with the paring knife, the fingernail scissors,
or drops you fetal to the forest floor because you've
run so far away from home, sobbing *mother, father,
help me*—doesn't the day you stand in the empty house
of the family you destroyed, sent your children
like dandelion seedpods spinning off into the golden
canyons of grief far beyond their small as yet imaginings—
doesn't even this somehow bless them, bless you?
Hard to speak of, even now. You will pray the kind
earth to swallow you.

Ah, but the god doesn't care.
Trinket turns to the Virgin when the bright one
spurns her. As for you—
that long-ago April you kindled like leaf fire.



Mount Pleasant Cemetary, Toronto. Photo: Joe Paczuski