

## In the Shadow of Magdalene

*Elise Dobson*

Father, I confess to a faltering faith.  
For I've bore witness to your Saint  
Magdalene for sale on East 38th.  
Money for pleasure, a biblical feint.  
The Virgin Mary carries latex love,  
a sanitized and sultry slut.  
There is no God in the blue above—  
but on her knees stays the beaten mutt.  
A pimped out sinner sold for an eighth,  
adorning only her Habit of self attain.  
Choral hymns stink of Catholic wraith,  
breath that reeks of poor self restraint.  
Father, I confess to sins hereof.  
My act of contrition washed down with rotgut,  
deliver me absolution from the Lord above,  
“Go in peace, you heretic smut.”