

Upon Viewing Renaissance Art At The Joslyn

The sure smell of religion;
Renaissance art.
She nearly genuflected
when she entered the gallery,
felt the sting of burnt cedar
upon her tongue,
the pain of guilt and catechism.
The taste of holy oils and inquisition.

Too many Catholic ceremonies
and papal institutions
deflecting the brush
from a true-to-life Virgin.
Always pale, washed out, sexless;
as the Church appeared to be
but never was.

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