

1948

## Communion

Sam Schulman

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## COMMUNION

## I

I hold communion with my god  
 in a black two-lane pavement that runs to the mountains,  
 in a hammer on a nail,  
 in a crew (and crews) of eleven that the Pacific submerged.

God holds communion with me  
 in my little black dog's bark,  
 in the blade in my razor,  
 in the green and brown, the thorns of desert plants.

Here I place my hand in god's,  
 his lips kiss my brow,  
 we walk a rutted road  
 that fringes the mountains.

God and I, we sing, the old hundreth,  
 danny deever, shine on harvest moon,  
 I slap his back. We joke  
 and laugh in each other.

What's god's surname?

It is God.

And mine?

It, too, is God.

Kin?

Brothers.

## II

O, Christ is the axe  
 and you are the block  
 and the head that rolls  
 is me.

O, You are the axe  
 and Christ is the block  
 and the head that rolls  
 is me.

Yes, I am the axe  
and I am the block  
and the head that rolls  
is me.

What's your surname?

It, too, is God.

Kin to Christ, to God, to me?

Brothers.

SAM SCHULMAN

O

From this curved syllable depend  
Miracles of mood: despair rounds  
Lips everywhere, pain weeps a wound  
With oval woe, and questions sound  
So; ecstasy moans, grief is groaned,  
Greed gloats through inflected command

Of this circular sound that sits  
Silent toned on page and O waits.

TED ISAAC