

Eucharist, April 2020

by [Elizabeth Harlan-Ferlo](#) in the [April 2025](#) issue

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“Church!” says my toddler, pushed up against
the counter on a chair
so she can help
mix the muffins I’d meant for
our cancelled vacation: morning glory.
Named for a living thing that won’t stop growing.

My daughter’s named
for a Biblical risk,
a preposterous situation. “Church!” she says,

and I’m glad she recognizes
the rectangle of cathedral
livestreaming its emptiness,
mics dropping in and out. “It’s really good not
to see you,” jokes the priest.
The camera juts in, pixelates, as consecration begins.

I shouldn’t be here in the kitchen,
in worn down slippers, flannel pants, breasts
loose under a political-slogan tee shirt.
What is piety, really? What’s righteousness, now?

The tiny verger waves her wooden spoon
over each empty round in the muffin tins. We’re here,
somehow, with all those who dare to leave prayers

in the comments, with angels and archangels,
I wrench out a clump of batter, lift the cup.