

I Sit Among the Mothers

by [Emily Patterson](#) in the [May 2025](#) issue

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in the balcony, summer heat risen,
legs stuck to the pew. Cross

my hands, uncross them. Cross
myself at the altar: bread

and blood, body and wine.
Wind my way back, grief quiet

as the wafer on my tongue,
soft as a hymn hummed

by a child, unheard.