

On a Former Lover's Hands (or Faith, Suspended)

by Angela Zito

I learn to pray	watching him play piano:
hands transpose	service sprawled in sheets
lined with Italian	italics (not the Latin my lips
puckered around	poised to sputter, spit up)
he lets fingers read	and write, ring black & white
knolls that hallow	each three-knuckled halleluiah
and I sing a subtle	diphthong: sing <i>Amen</i> —
choke at the harsh	annunciation of our discord.