The Momistery

The chalice is a sippie cup,
Goldfish, the broken bread.
"Why are ducks?" the homily,
While being tucked in bed.
Squeaky toys intone the hours,
Yet, this novice will confess,
The years amidst the least of these
When past, will seem most blessed.

Marcia N. Lynch incogknitoshop@gmail.com