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## Unleavened

Ronie R. Altejar

*John Carroll University*, [raltejar21@jcu.edu](mailto:raltejar21@jcu.edu)

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**Unleavened**

By: Ronie Rafael Altejar

The altar's marble glitters with flames.  
Organ pipes, wet with age, arouse solemn hymns.  
Lit wicks dance and interpret meditation.

Pews are molds, the logic of our prayer.  
Square shoulders, the frames of our windows.  
Warm wind breathes past our still panes.

Hands fold in our laps and do not rise.  
Petitions fill the cracks of our fingers.  
Real warriors battle with folded hands.

The stained glass paints the martyrs in gold.

Side one sings, loses its tempo.  
Side two loses its pitch.  
David's Psalms are our war cries.

The unleavened host is raised up.  
Knees pound against the floor tiles.  
Genuflection—the hammer that sparks reverence.

The deacon holds the Son with veiled hands.  
We stare. We are blind. Still, we follow.  
We lap up flames that fall, food for the fallen.

Housekeeping sweeps the fire off the marble.