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**My Fallen Priest — A Confession**

“A debate over celibacy in the priesthood is gripping Britain following a scandal involving the resignation of a Scottish bishop ... (who) disappeared a week earlier. A woman with whom (he) is said to have had a long-standing friendship disappeared at the same time.”

—Saskatoon StarPhoenix, September 18, 1996

I love the way you braid your robed legs around my body, whisper to me in darkness about enemies on horseback, explosions in parish farm yards, as fires burn at the back of your eyes.

I worry about how much longer we can run before they hunt us down, find us together in a white bed full of matted purple asters, sheets stained with sweat & pollen, semen on my lips, my hair.

I am your ruination, the one who taught you the difference between laws of the flesh & laws of the church, the one who cups your penis in my hands to show you the difference, the one who excites you to forbidden heights as you pray marry me, marry me, our faces buried in goose feathers to muffle laughter & fear as soldiers ride across the roof above our heads in search of everything we have learned about faith.

Katherine Lawrence is a Saskatoon-based writer whose work appeared in a number of Canadian literary journals. Her first book, *Crooked Hemlines*, will be released in the fall of 2001 by Coteau Books.