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The Lord's Table

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The banquet table was spread, But I could no longer smell Satisfaction in the room.

I couldn't swallow the smiles Nor could I decipher The language I once knew.

But still I joined them, Nibbling crusts of dry bread And sipping tepid water.

The elders' faces grew old Like the legends That seasoned my youth.

I sat in silent pews Staring past the chancel, Wanting more.

I hungered to be Consumed, and left Emaciated.