

Winter 1993

## This Kind of Grace

Pattiann Rogers

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

---

### Recommended Citation

Rogers, Pattiann (1993) "This Kind of Grace," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 39 , Article 6.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss39/6>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@mso.umt.edu](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

Pattiann Rogers

## *This Kind of Grace*

Let's bless the body before love.  
By rights we should, every detail.  
We could use water, spring water  
or rose, minted or bay rum. A touch  
to the shoulders—*bless these*. A drop  
behind each knee—*sanctify here*. A sprinkle  
to the belly, yours, mine—in *heartfelt  
appreciation*.

I could dip my fingers into oil cupped  
in my palm, sweet citronella, lavender,  
clove, trace your forehead, temple  
to temple, that warm, assertive  
stone—*so glorified*—perfume the entire  
declaration of your spine, neck  
to tail—*so hallowed*.

We'd neglect nothing, ankle, knuckle,  
thigh, cheek. And for the rapture  
of hair, scented with sweat or the spices  
of cedary sages and summer pines,  
in which I hide my face—*praise  
to the conjoining hosts of all  
radiant forests and plains*.

And imagine how I'd lay my hand,  
move my hand carefully on and around

and under each axil and hummock and whorl  
between your legs, the magnificent maze  
of those gifts—*thanks to the exploding  
heavens, thanks to all pulsing suns.*

For these cosmic accomplishments:  
this delve of your body, a narrow  
crevasse leading into earth-darkness;  
this assertion of your hands, light  
winds lifting, parting, pressing  
upon supine grasses; this rise, the tip  
of a swollen moon over black hills;  
this sweep of union, hawk-shadow  
falling fast across the open prairie  
into the horizon; for this whole blessed  
body, *for what we are about to receive  
together tonight...truly, ardently,  
ecstatically, boundlessly  
grateful.*