

# ANNE CECELIA HOLMES

## *Anthology of Lost Beliefs*

Somewhere between feast and confidence  
I let myself go. It feels simple to walk  
down the street, brush against strangers,  
but in the gut of my heart there is a different  
kind of faith I have to feed before  
it gets bored. I'm not starving yet,  
which I take as an obvious sign  
for how I was built to wade through mud  
to the neck. If this makes sense it is because  
we are older. Because our organs now  
shift with purpose. Where my grace  
used to be is now in limbo while  
my brain figures out a new kind of order.  
I am anchored to nothing. I am a vessel  
for bullshit. Come at me slowly and even  
slower than that. I live on the edge  
of everything I've ever said. It's not  
a game to take lightly but have you  
stared into the blank history of what  
some people call truth? I bet all  
my blood on no one's salvation.