

Bronwen Tate

Prospora

They took turns making it, offering it, and some were clearly better at it than others.

Our big freezer out back was full of it, back-up for emergencies when someone forgot.

Bread is the most immediate offering. The most practical.

When I'd been fasting, my teeth tore into it.

Different seals.

A piece called the lamb.

Bits chipped off in commemoration.

My father made it in the Cuisinart with the chopstick jammed in the lid to make it work even though it was broken.

Ideally, someone reads the psalms.

After Good Friday, they took the red flowers from the epitaphion, dried them, and ground them up.

The next batch of prospora flecked with red.

Epitaphion

It is all acted out.

They carry this shroud, and we bow our heads in sorrow, as we do at Panikhidas.

Even though we know what happens in three days.

Even though we have already begun preparing the red eggs.

We sing of how Joseph of Arimathea asked for the body and laid it in a new tomb.

Epi means at, over, on, into, after.

Taphos means tomb.

I want to cry. I want to be moved. I want to be somewhere else when this is over.

Bronwen Tate just received her MFA in Poetry from Brown University. A native of Portland, OR,

Bronwen now lives, writes, and bakes strawberry-rhubarb pies in Brooklyn, NY. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Word For/Word*, *Kulture Vulture*, *Lungful!*, and *horse less review*.