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Sunday, May 2, 1999

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LYDIA COWAN

Sunday, May 2, 1999

40

41

The Sunday of the ceremony
The rigid pew
Against my back
The lily-white taffeta and chiffon dress
Mother made me wear

Pastor Aaron read: Hebrews 13:4
About giving yourself
To God

*I had
Nothing left to give.*

Pastor Aaron
Called the little girls
To the pulpit
Nausea gripped my stomach
As I walked forward

Wrapped up like a pearly present
One he would unwrap
Like he did every Sunday

His liver spotted hands pressed silver
Into my palm
I slipped the purity ring onto my thumb
The only finger that would fit
I feel the engraving:
"I am my beloved's"

I remember thinking:
I am no one's.

*Lydia
Cowan*