

The Unit of Wine is the Cup

Mischa Willett

After a line by Anthony Madrid

A peck is apparently the gathering unit for peppers,
pickling preference aside. I hear it and smell a rat
—too convenient, that. Surely, a speck is what's meant,
although we do say I'm a bit peckish, or we read it anyway,
and perhaps, in such straights, a pepper is the answering
angel, the echo, the sauntering ram.

Try one. See if it doesn't sweet like a kiss,
a peck that blooms, or pick through
the scratch yard scoping grub. We all do it, but cast
the unit according to what revelation—that's
not a seed!—we have it in us to believe. Each,
each in search of relief, knock a crack, hinge
a creak. Try it, by which I mean praying.

Mischa Willett is the author of poetry books *The Elegy Beta* and *Phases*, and editor of the evangelical epic *Festus* (2021). His poems, essays, translations, and academic articles appear in a wide range of venues. He teaches English at Seattle Pacific University. See: www.mischawillett.com.



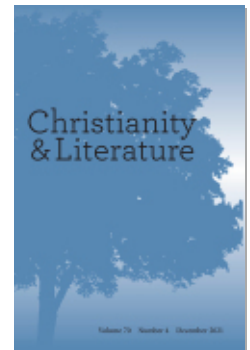
PROJECT MUSE®

The Unit of Wine is the Cup

Mischa Willett

Christianity & Literature, Volume 70, Number 4, December 2021, p. 456
(Article)

Published by Johns Hopkins University Press



➔ For additional information about this article

<https://muse.jhu.edu/article/846230>