

Rome in Fog, Photograph by Thien Nguyen



# contritum alas

Poem by Milo Aryn Koenig

i am guilty.

*guilty!*

i know this, and yet it did not feel wrong.

i lost what i was made for

- [who am i now??]

but sin was beautiful,

all fine cloth and precious jewels.

- [of course to sin would be beautiful,

*how else would the Devil make you fall?]*

i have committed an atrocity, and now i must pay

maybe someday the road to Heaven

will feel a little less like dying

- *and a little more like coming home.*

