

The Messenger

Volume 2010
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2010

Article 2

2010

Baptismal Rites

Steve Minnich

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Minnich, Steve (2010) "Baptismal Rites," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2010: Iss. 1, Article 2.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2010/iss1/2>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

Baptismal Rites

Steve Minnich

Smoke. Drifting under the door from the hall. The mesmerizing scent of burning, burnt wood – we are children, ratty blankets, bare knees and sweatshirt arms, around a bonfire outside the church. But! No church. No blankets. No bare knees no zombie sweatshirt arms – in class in a burning building. Limbo to the windows and take the escalator out of this second story classroom. Stop at the bottom of the hill to wait for – something – and none of us have shirts on. The girls in their white bras and memories of a kiss. Warm outside from the early morning sun. From the fire. Still standing at the bottom of the hill. Still waiting. Tired. Lie back on the hill to watch the show. You leave our waiting classmates. Come join me. An arm from behind my head so it might hold yours. I am a pillow and you are Cinderella. Your face close to mine. The world plays its vanishing act into a blue slate sky and we are left with: this carpet hill, your arm across my bare chest, your white bra, and this burning building. What spectacular fireworks these are!