

# On Giving Blood

*By Jason Koepp*

I felt a little like Jesus,  
the familiar sting  
of the needle we've all felt.  
I spent the day thinking of you,  
always thinking of you,  
and it didn't matter who you were.

This is my body,  
this is my blood,  
do this in remembrance of me.

No wine is sweeter,  
no bread more filling  
than the communion we now have.

When you feel me rush into you,  
think of storms and floods,  
of barriers broken.  
Take a deep breath under those clouds,  
the sun will come soon enough.