

Lot's Wife **(or, I Would Trade The Heavens Again If You Asked Me To)**

Hannah Jenkins

*You knew
what would become
of you.*

*Harlot,
Traitor,
Woman,
bartering your God
for a single human moment
of disobedience.*

But, oh, what a moment it was.
The taste of salt on my tongue,
the gentle twist of my neck.

Oh, how glorious all that light looked
as it burned everything
I thought I loved.