

false consciousness is here at its most metaphysical, and perilously close to offering an explanation of why people do not behave as middle class intellectuals suppose they should. The advantage of introducing so overtly political a concept is that it is a reminder that the church cannot be considered atomistically—the situation of, say, the working class in the church cannot be considered apart from their situation in wider society, any more than the church as a whole can be considered apart from the commitment of its bureaucracy to the values of capitalist society. It may be that radical reform of the church can only follow radical reform of society.

In any case the intention here is not to predict the future of the church, but simply to make the point that, whatever the future, it lies neither with ghetto Catholicism, nor with the bureaucratic church.

# For My Daughter

by Stan Smith

The world turns. Past midnight  
a valve in my side  
pumps on. Without collaboration  
invisible cells burgeon and shrivel  
for years yet. I lick  
the seam in my palate where the slow tissues welded.

The house listens to itself,  
and I listen, breath suspended.  
It is the tick of the world running down.  
There is black ink on my fingertips.

Grace tips the owl's shriek  
off stage, where I am caught writing  
in this room's hexagonal moment.  
Silence invades that vacuum  
left by the far cry. Night  
contains this house and its stillness.

A patch of light sits like a cat on the stairs.  
Sounds, driftwood of darkness  
on the spent beach. You snore.  
Your pink hands poach my life.

Puffball spores that never find soil  
random as your beginning.

The world turns in its sleep  
and my daughter turns, drowsily.