

Sunday Morning Series- 7: Sunday Morning Trifurcation

by Gary Hardaway

Omniscient God, fuck off.
Go light the corners of another's
dark imagination. Leave me to my small

despair and petty hatreds; my envy
of the rich and smart, the rich and beautiful,
the talented, the powerful, the charismatic,

the even-tempered, the happy, the good.
All-seeing and forgiving Jesus, bite me.
Go diddle in the sand

to save some other sinner
a death of stones. I never begged
your bloody intercession, your diplomacy

with chilly Father and his kick-ass Holy Ghost.
I am not Lazarus; leave me dead
should you sashay past my corpse;

read the big black DNR.
And Ghost (a ruthless Ariel), kiss
my ass, you witless sycophant,

and fess up, Spook—was Mother Mary
any good in bed? Or did the Big Dick do
his own little nasty that time?

