

Literature

by John Riley

My God is not a God of chance, she said.
The year was youth and it was our first dance.
She wanted to make sure we agreed
love is for God and lust is for Satan.
Of course I do, I said. You're safe with me.
Neither of us had moves and were relieved
to stand in the corner and ignore the others.
Three years later we were drunk. I slapped her face.
Do it again, she pleaded. God hates a dirty whore.
Let's move to Texas instead I said. Start over.
At the end of the summer she left with a plumber.
He had a truck and plenty of money to snort.
I turned my back on Dallas. Picked up a new vice.
First the Germans, then the British,
a little of the French. It was all great fun
until the Russians did me in.

