

Church Construction (Leaps of Logic)

by Jowell Tan

They're building Jesus brick by brick,
To fill a hole in your soul that you never knew existed.

Suddenly you've got something to do on Sundays -
Wake up early and dress your best,
Sit in uncomfortable chairs next to fellows you've never met;
Your new brothers and sisters, everybody!
Your family tree just expanded exponentially.

The pastor takes the pulpit and begins the sermon.
Through him,
Morals become the Commandments,
Common Sense becomes The Good Word.
All the while you struggle to stay awake,
Your neighbours on their phones while you try to keep on track.

Then, just as soon as it started
(which couldn't have ended soon enough)
The service is over.
The congregation streams out the doors,
From the bosom of God into the world of the heathen,
Where they resume their wine and dine,
The holes in their souls still unfilled,
Still waiting for the right thing to come along and do the job.

