

# Accidental Faith

*by* Scott A. Nicholson

I

One day I will write a book.  
It won't be anything special,  
Just a humble collection of observations with commentary  
Which will sell modestly but be largely forgotten to time  
Until millennia have passed and the world is dug up  
For future historians to ponder  
And through their meticulous disassembling of dirt  
They will find my book.

It's not that they will feel particular  
About this ancient work,  
It is simply  
The only piece  
Of AD-era literature  
That is preserved well enough  
To read.

I don't know how it will come that this book  
Will somehow miraculously stand the test of time,  
But eventually someone  
Will have the bright notion to  
Feature this artifact at the center of scraps and fragments from the  
world

over,

To showcase this forgotten gap of little-known chronology;

They will call it a museum,  
Composed of tall domes and intricately carved arches,  
Four wings spanning the length of two football fields  
(Or as best they can approximate  
240 yards without

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/scott-a-nicholson/accidental-faith>»*

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knowing a thing about football)  
At each dimensional measure.

This too will be forgotten  
Until one day they dig that up  
Some unfathomable amount of time later  
And see my amateur scribblings  
Atop a mercy seat,  
Centered amidst valuable trinkets of gifts and offerings,  
Beneath the tall,  
Painstakingly crafted temple,  
And they will,  
Quite accidentally,  
Mistake me for a god.

II

Once I'm a god  
I'll make it a sin to worship me  
And require my subjects' undying loyalty  
To whatever false prophets they can imagine

I'll make man in someone else's image  
And make woman even better;  
There will be the most beautiful paradise,  
A garden of forever youth,  
And I'll tell them to eat  
Whatever the fuck they please.

Eventually they'll move on,  
Not ashamed of their knowledge,  
But because of it.  
They'll be bored of me,  
And I won't blame them;  
For there's much to see past those gates,  
And what kind of god would I be if I denied them their

Ambition,  
Knocked over their  
Towers  
Because they wanted to be closer to me,  
And immolated their nurture  
In spite of their nature?

And when all's said and done,  
If I get lonely on this pedestal,  
I will rejoin the world I helped shape  
In the same mortal form that completed it,  
Just to see how it all turned out.

They will welcome me as one of their own;  
I doubt very much that there will be gifts,  
But if one or two of them should happen to oversee my growth  
Then I will be grateful if not a little bit  
Gruff.

There will come a day when I forgo silence  
In favor of teaching truth.  
It won't be for the sake of preaching  
But for the benefit of bragging rights.

I'll tell them my inspiration for the sky,  
What gave me the idea for the sea,  
And how I stayed up all night some distant time ago  
Immersed in painting the stars.

I'll smile and tell them my perception of love,  
How hate is just the other side of a coin  
Which need not be displayed,  
The capability within them  
To question whatever they don't believe,  
Be it edicts from kings or

Limits composed by non-existent walls,

And for this effort they will sentence me  
To execution for my heresy;  
I suppose it's my fault really.  
But when they nail me to a cross beamed post,  
I'll look upon them  
With telling eyes in agony  
And with my dying breath I'll say to them,  
"You guys are dicks."

I guess what I'm trying to say is,  
I'm no Jesus.

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