

Passing a Church

by XXXX

Does God feel the same way
whenever you practice your indifference toward me
by neglecting appointments, by arriving from New York
without the socks I asked for, by not kissing me?
If he does then I am sorry I am hurting him.
I am sorry I cannot feel love for you the way you feel it for me, Lord.
I've heard the rumors: trumpets so shrill they cause walls to
crumble.
Genocide because you were feeling a bit iffy.
A city of homos turned into disco inferno.
Your efforts, insofar as I have read them, are noble and brave.
I don't think I'd last that long on a cross.
I'd blast those motherfuckers right down the hill.
"Father, forgive me. I know exactly what I'm doing."

