

# 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."

