

# Sunday Storms

*by* XXXX

Poems reflect their poets.  
Mine: ugly but loved.  
It is just as well.  
Why should I pay extra  
just because I held you too tightly?  
I should pay you less  
because you stank of cigarettes  
and cheap booze.  
Not that I don't prefer it,  
but surely that's a breach of conduct,  
or professional expectation?  
You were also late.  
I was already touching myself,  
almost didn't need you at all.  
Sudden torrents erase the sun,  
and it is evening during the day.  
These past few months made me religious,  
knelt in front of the altar  
and recited the Lord's Prayer,  
intending every word.  
I was made incorrect by many things,  
love & madness,  
seething demented evenings  
going through a thousand lustful dreams.  
I am flesh, first of all,  
and second: Son of God.

