

# Theology of Forgiveness

*by* XXXX

In my life when I am pursued  
by some wildly delicate thing,  
I feel the need to curl into a ball,  
and elevate my being to that  
of a child's toy, or house ornament:  
    a void in the fine mesh  
that is "human dignity," some soiled  
interpretation of God's Creation,  
a bestial lie for our sake.

None so forbidden as that glistening tree,  
nor as forgiving as that damned snake.

