

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.

