

## DISCARDED SERMON SIX

Lordy Lordy, I wake up so tawdry; so filled with animus, so tired, so willed to provide forgiveness.

<sup>2</sup> Forgiveness as a weapon; forgiveness for its guilt inducing benefits.

<sup>11</sup> My hard commodities, I carve my church each day I clear my throat in the morning; my pew, the pressed wet tall grass where a fawn has left the impression of its body in the daybreak.

<sup>12</sup> To wake each morning broke, hungover, and fifteen minutes late for service, is to recognize oneself as a thriving animal; a body built in the thin veneer of a luxurious material— a feral entity in the world whose visage is as soft as murder.

<sup>13</sup> My empty vassals, I need the distilled spirit of christ inside of me like a wild hare needs a brand new boning knife.

<sup>13</sup> Dear Jesus, *como si dice*, “*come dice a tomato on the carrara marble of myself?*”

<sup>9</sup> For living dangerously is a romance language my minimum wage playas, and its all about the annunciation.

<sup>4</sup> Hot holy glory, give me a kettle hole to extinguish summer crushes, for the Lord demands we finish our frivolties in

August, when summer and fall are fucking each other into, and out of, existence.

<sup>11</sup> Why design this, Oh Lord, this process that sentences the forest to four solid months without chlorophyll, exiting the year’s stage with stained glass displays of sunlight made visible through the layering of leaves— Lord, why *hellfire*-colored vellum?

<sup>10</sup> My paper pulp, my sweet ground wood, the reward for one’s total devotion is a portfolio of diminishing dividends; I, for example, have been abandoned in parking lots, playgrounds, confessionals, & caverns— in marriages.

<sup>10</sup> My meager tax brackets, if you’ve never watched a body break, you probably can’t afford a mirror; like most honeybees, our overseer, designed our DNA for two explicit purposes: to work all your life & die in the fields.

<sup>10</sup> So come all ye obedient babies that labour and are heavy laden, follow me over the forest floor, and Buttercups, watch me corpse.

<sup>20</sup> Next weekend we will gather again to watch the local boys body one another into the cut grass, into the paint, the mud— each cleared injury punctuated by

our applause.

<sup>16</sup> In between plays, if you listen, you will hear the animal vespers beckoning, a constant soundtrack in our auburn and phthalo blue evenings— begging the question: why does no other grassroots anthem move us as authentically as a cricket's evensong?

<sup>20</sup> We, gathered here in this assembly, are broken things tracing our grease-stained fingers over sunsets from the bottom of this valley; we are the Lord's trash cans, bludgeoning stones, paper fists, his catacombs.

<sup>5</sup> Dear Lord, we are the semen lost in lesser dark crevices, huddled together under glorious ascendant birches & firs, praying to you for salvation in the form of anything: witchcraft, a search team, psilocybin, royal ovum.

<sup>3</sup> My delicious ambivalences, when we were the size of apples, the Lord gave us no appetite for fitness, no friends or taste in apparel, just senses & semiconsciousness— our mothers sampled hyacinth, brandy wine, tobacco, asbestos.

<sup>3</sup> We grew into hand-me-downs, never afforded the choice of what football team our clothes said we supported— Pittsburgh Steelers, Cleveland Browns, Philadelphia

Eagles, Dallas Cowboys— how desperately I prayed for just one thing that could be said to be mine, one thing solely my own.

<sup>3</sup> When I was six, I trained our family cat to jump out the first story window, hands full of soft triangular treats, coaxing him to leap over the dense shrubbery.

<sup>17</sup> The next morning, our neighbor summoned my father to come retrieve the body from beneath the wheels of his still idling vehicle.

<sup>18</sup> My parents let my sister & I each pick out a new kitten from a cousin's litter sometime soon thereafter, an unforgettable lesson that the best way to double one's prophets is to look real hard in the mirror.

<sup>11</sup> My dumb, lazy, laissez faire Lord, is a prayer only a wish one is too afraid to knock on a neighbor's door to ask for?