

## **Bombs Over Providence**

# **"A Vision After The Sermon: Jacob Wrestling With The Junior Boys Soccer Team"**

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Ash and palm, burnt black, caked to my forehead,  
For we are the children of faith in dead gods.  
Fear not bedrooms nor states, as they are merely the  
bait,  
And hate is still the sermon of this mass.  
I have lost the nerve to listen about hellfire, brimstone,  
self-guilt and atonement.  
How could I sanctify a union?  
I'm re-thinking gender as pink and blue holding cells.  
Triumvirate of old shame, old hate and apologia.  
We fear to death the father, in the son's bedroom.  
Give up on the ghost, Padre, he's keeping it quiet.  
Are we not as strong as gods we've killed and proved  
wrong?  
Change comes slowly.  
Can you bare the weight of the first sin and prisoner's  
fate?  
I gained from picking scabs, my wherewithal, my open  
tabs.  
Rosaries our fists, thanks to the fates I kissed.  
Burn up every bill on the table, deny any oath we swore.  
What about all the love in my brother?  
Growing up thinking it was wrong.  
Stones thrown had wings of scripture, so olly-olly-oxen  
free,  
You better read up, boy, kneel down and get praying.  
I got a Mother Mary says I'll get to you first.  
Deny that I could be as strong, and you'll soon regret it.  
Deny that I could last as long and I'll bury the last to say  
it.  
Idle hands, safer beds, quiet minds, take this to bed.

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