

## Bible Versus

13 was too soon  
to starve, too young to  
salivate for salvation,  
yet your unleavened bread left me  
parched and ravenous.

every day was Sunday preached  
by belt buckle bible,  
the lengthy sermon for skin  
to offer its tithe of welts

when the evening service started,  
the first stones flew from  
the eyes, then  
the mouth, then  
the hand—

thy rod and thy staff  
come for me,  
conform me,  
comfort me much  
like Job was  
told to curse and die.

what verse gives alibi to hide  
behind leather and brass like  
God's own polished fang?  
I keep handling this snake  
and its endless hiss:

"suffer the little children unto me  
suffer the little children  
unto me suffer

the little children unto me suffer”