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The Good Book

Torrey Woolsey
Concordia University - Portland

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The Good Book

Torrey Woolsey

- 1 I lie on thy bedside table
Untouched.... for several days.
Skin tattooed by water rings,
spine broke from forced backbends
in search of the truth.
- 2 Pages brittle and stained,
a clear representation of Sunday.¹
Doodles etched: I bore you;
I shepherd your wandering thoughts.
- 3 I have an opinion or two
and what I say should be absolute.
I have consumed stories that are supposed to emit hope
but what I regurgitate is fear and judgment.
- 4 I am a walking contradiction.
If I were your counselor,
One session I would tell you to stop persecuting those around you.
Enforce the reminder that we are *all children of God.*
Prompt that *it is right to love thy neighbor.*
- 5 The next session you will beam at the progress you made.
Expressing how you loved all:
Those who have sinned,
Those who are gay,
Those of a different religion.

¹ A wave of judgment as you reflect on the sins you've committed. You will never be good enough.

6 You are the epitome of proud.

I will allow your confidence to overflow
then I will empty it by telling you that you are wrong.

You will be damned.

Some people deserve to be delivered to the depths of hell.
I have the power to make you feel defeated.

7 On the outside, my simplicity is seducing and intimidating
but welcoming and familiar.

On the inside I am confused and misunderstood
(more often than not.)

I suffer from Kalopsia.²

² A condition, state or delusion in which things appear more beautiful than they really are.