The Good Book

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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.