Spiritual Awakening

So, a priest, a rabbi, and a mullah walk into a bar, hung on silver chains encircling the neck of the man who is going to kill you. You don't know it yet, you think he's just another bum looking for a warm place to rest. But the flash of silver in his hand isn't just his blinging ego, but his bible with sharp pages. The choir bellows in the background, singing "Ave Maria" in A minor, a minor that falls on deaf ears, your ears, as they fill up with the sacramental wine that spills between your lips.

A priest, a rabbi, and a mullah walk into a bar, arguing in languages you could never understand. You're so far gone, you couldn't care less until a bible thumps into the side of your head. And all you can hear is the buzz of prayer floating around you like cartoon birds calling "Cuckoo Cuckoo!"

A priest, a rabbi, and a mullah walk into a bar, and the atheist bartender tells them to get out, because he doesn't believe in Santa or the Tooth Fairy anymore, and doesn't want to hear the fairy tales and legends the three plan to share.
They leave and you breathe a sigh of relief,
until you go to smoke a cigarette
and hear shots ring out around the corner.
There's blood everywhere and
all you want to do is go to church
and pray that you be saved.

A priest, a rabbi, and a mullah walk into a bar,
but that will never happen.
So you order another rum and coke
and try to wash the taste of her out your mouth,
as you mourn the loss she put in your wallet, as well as your soul.

### Stay Calm and Weed Whack

The sun’s hot rays beat down upon
our backs, making us feel like prisoners intertwined in an
old fashioned chain-gang, waiting for the merciful whistle
blow to signal our end. Vibrations from the purring beast
in my hands prick and tickle like little needles
an old Asian woman would want to stick in my pores,
*To release the bad chi*, she would croak.
No second thoughts about zen or chi or relaxing spa days, only
metal barriers that need their beards trimmed, where field hobbits
with fishing-pole tails build cities in the tall weeds,
and scatter when the twisters come,
*I don’t think we’re in Ohio anymore, Frodo.*
Where old candy wrappers and cigarette butts finally stop
on their windy journey from car window
to decomposing on the side of the road like the
carcasses of lost pets,
*But, that’s what we’re here for, maids for litter bugs.*
Nothing but the whir of the weed whacker and hiss of
truck air-brakes can be heard in the early morning haze,
though the squat green frog in the ditch
they call a river below tries desperately to
be heard over it all. This peace can only last so long,
before the caravans of SUVs full of screaming children
and moms on phones come squealing by,
in their early morning drive to higher education
_A free day care, full of knives and greedy eyes._
Disrupting the peaceful flow, like the stone as it splashes down, sending ripples
across the stagnant surface, scattering the algae and tadpoles clinging on,
leaving us rippling with annoyance until the sounds of screaming
kids and “Shut ups!” fade into the morning commute,
and peace is restored, until the next stone decides to fall.
Instead of thoughts of anger and fantasies of attacking,
_I’m going to need a bigger, more pointy tool._
Just stay calm, and keep weed whacking.

**Virgin Page**

Black scratches on a virgin page.
Does its innocence flee in fear?
Afraid the permanent tattoo of notes
Taken by an uncaring student?
Or does it hold to the looping lines,
With shivering fingers and unheard cries,
Gripping the script with white knuckled strength,
Trying to keep itself from drowning
In the college rule and binder holes?
The swish and push of the ballpoint pen,
Feels fluid and natural in hand.
But does it hurt the virgin page?
Like the first flu shot
Or a stab in the back?
The scratch and tear and pleads of mercy?
Is the ink really ink that flows from the metal tip?
Or is it really the page’s blood,
Bleeding black words like a cry
For the writer to type instead?