A Little Deliverance Never Hurt Anyone

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god is an octopus,
  eight legs whirling through the
  water he sent down to drown the sinners,
  reaching suction cups to the survivors and prying open
  secret clamshells—because the octopus is
  omniscient, omnipotent,
  calamari.

god is a waiter during rush hour,
  prayers and orders coming from all sides and no support
  on the foodline, the angels are on their break and
  no one knows where the water went, or the wine
  (either will do, really) and they’re running low on miracles,
  so you’ll just have to wait
  your turn.

god is a deadbeat dad,
  drunk on sacramental wine and worship,
  so full of love and justice that he takes a swig
  and a swing
  at you or the t.v.,
  and the cracks spiderweb slowly because
  no one can look heaven in the face and think
  ‘this is what i deserve’

god is a coming attraction,
  neon in the dark and full of promises
  that he never even made. slick men in lamé suits
  hawk his wares on the sunset strip, the road to Damascus,
  wholesale gone holy. they pitch his deal and kiss some babies,
  douse them in water and call it divine.
  god is good for business.
god is a blue whale,
bigger than you or i
could ever be and not particularly fond
or mindful of us, for what more are we
than frail foreigners, estranged
from the sea and sky, landlings too weak
and wary of the depths and darkness,
to cause a stir in the mind
of a titan?

I'm my own goddess
acrylic on record sleeve painting
Corinne Dyrda