

Station Break

Love is wasted on the beloved,
hands firmly nailed into their pockets,

their resurrection another laundry day.
Yes I was at your side when you died again.

Yes, I held your hand as you left us.
What time does the next bus come?

They ask over and over aloud
why God has forgotten them.

God forgot because God is God
with the power to do what we all want,

to salve our cockled memories,
wipe every dying breath off our necks,

return the skin to our knees
from every time we tried to break

another messianic fall, each time
crowing that things would be different.

We hope the next last supper is our last.
We want our bread to taste like bread again.