

wicked

i did eighteen years
in the pews crowded with easter
speeches and hand fans and tambourines still
rattling out the memory of the flat tune
i was forced to lead my turn
to raise the dead but

it was only my father
that stood to sway above
the grandladies planted shouting *that's alright!*

a little curse in dress robes good sunday speak
for fucking up see it used to be
a solid choir was the key to a full house til funerals
did us one better leaving me

to sleep in bad and twisted
as if god forgot that i got baptized twice!
once for fun twice for real

trouble was his boy
had no blood to spare by then