

God's Teeth

Five Poems and a Chuckle by Stefan Freedman

His Bad Side

Ours is The One Way
There's no other Truth
Just decoys and traps

The prize is
Rapturous heaven
Way-hay

While you lot are,
You know,
Stir-fried forever

Well, you know what God's like.
You really don't want to get on
His Bad Side

God's Year Off

When God went on Sabbatical
All the faithful
Took a break
From praying,
From believing

Religious wars
Fizzled out
The whole human family
Gazed amazed
At a peaceful world

Then someone yelled
'Watch out
Here comes the substitute'
She looked aged and tired
Not much of a God, really

But reluctantly
We all slouched back home
To pick up our weapons

Good Heavens

In heaven
We'll take no gender benders
No tree huggers or save-the-sardiners
No freaky, frilly, peace peddlers

And they won't let you in either
You tily livered liberal
Sharing your slice of wholemeal vegan quiche
Sipping an organic chamomile infusion

I guarantee we'll be normal
Right thinking
Every one

And just in case
I'm bringing my gun

The Higher the Fewer

Ours is The One Truth
But surely you see
Your faction is losing the plot

It's no disgrace, friend,
Look, even my congregation
Mostly get tangled up in details
Missing the whole point

To be honest there are only
Three of us here
Who really get it

And the other two, bless them,
Are obsessive old fossils
Who no longer know
What month it is

Which leaves
Only

Me

Welcome to the Spiritual Helpline

If you're a Subud member hold on
while we test which service you need

If you're in crisis get over here
and join the party

If you're into enlightenment hang up
and you will become non-attached

If you're into Astral Travel, thank you
for having a low carbon footprint

If you're RC you need to know:
it *is* all your fault!

If you're an Atheist, God help you

If you're a Rabbi carefully remove
a small portion of your phone

If you're Satan will you
please stop gloating

If you're God, don't give up on parenting
— and better luck next time!

Just Here

Just here
Within the noise
— a silence
Within the pain
— a balm

Just here
God who abandons
Our lives
To wolves of hazard
Picks up
All the broken remains
And holds them
Close to her bosom

Just here
Within the noise
— stillness
Within the pain
— release

Delicious
As a lover's kiss
Familiar
As my right hand
Vast
As the ocean

For here
Between breath and skin
There is no
Division

