

Religion

Some people down the road from me cross-stitch
All day. Clichés: Home is where the heart is;
Bless these fruits, all that religious business.
I know you're thinking I'm an atheist.
I'm not. I know which religious end is which,
But suffering is the metamorphosis,
Not stitching: walking to the precipice,
With thorns along your side, where God will catch
You. Maybe that is what they have in mind:
Heaven in pastels. I can't see past what's hard:
Waking up sick and hung over, no one
To love. A woman who drank turpentine
To make a point set fire to her yard
And died. That's the nature of religion.

—Kim Bridgford