

Sunday

DARIUS KING

I tried not to believe
in your Father who
holds you captive
on Sundays,
when I wanted to read poetry and people
watch in the park and
dread the week together.
I stared begrudgingly at the
lowercase *t* around your neck
and imagined its silver cord choking
the life out of us.

I was apoplectic when He stole our
Thursdays and eventually our Fridays. I
could not imagine
this could be real love. The kind of love I
had for you. And I could not compete with
the cross or your pastor.

But I still
breathe you religiously.
So, last week when you tried to siren-call
me into the church, I came quickly to
the sound of your woodwind melody.
I fell to my knees at the foot of
the stage and cried for Him and for
you—I cried
like I had feared Him my entire life.
You asked and I delivered
myself to the kingdom
for just one day.

A cross-less, Fatherless
man I am and likely
will always be, but
dear, you've made me believe in something.
You've made this sinner set the
silverware and pray over his food!