

## “MY GOD”

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he stood on his pedestal- cutting a piece of my heart out.  
Biting the fatty piece- blood spurting from  
open artery. I can't

let myself be sacrificed to a God  
who does not love me. Liberating days  
long gone- where they didn't feel like

I was going to drop dead- Am I dead?  
returning and dying  
for the hundredth time-

He was going to kill me again. I could see it  
between razor sharp teeth and lizard eyes.  
*Hunger.* For the fresh taste of

fear and grief- the loss of home  
in those lizard-like eyes. Back when he treated  
home like church.

Back before he chose to be God  
Walking with humble auras, skin that  
kissed sunlight. Our cats nuzzling

his ankles with their cheeks- Now their tails puff  
and they scatter. I can see  
our angry god, vomit-covered wife

beaters and shredded khaki shorts. I blink and I still  
remember him- freshly inked tattoos, germaphobe  
hopeless romantic,

Shots of espresso, a love for dance,  
I open my eyes and see my god-



*Where did he go?*