

Hobby Horses

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What holds us together is our discourse—
hints and asides, a whisper in the cloakroom,
School of the Prophets held across the backyard hedge.
Stealth gives Adam-God a reviving breath,
let Gog and Magog flex their muscle in the U.N.

And if our proselyting discloses a doubting Thomas,
we simply shrug, our talk erasable and unfootnoted.
We didn't *really* mean the Lost Tribes are cavorting
within the crust, or that the Illuminati has our grinning
president-elect in its hip pocket. Just an idea.

Like the idea a Gospel Doctrine teacher passed to me
over the urinal once: "This reincarnation business
is easily explained. Each of us has a guardian angel,
right? Who had his own life, right? Couldn't he
seed our minds with his own landscapes and faces?"

Or a patriarch's musings after a barbecue:
"As for the spirit, it gives off this definite aura,
prickly quills of heat you can feel with your hand,
and not to be bragging, but when Brother H. tested me,
I was like a puffed-up pheasant—pure feathers."

Angels, pheasants? At least, no one can fault us
for believing too little. And if thought is action,
then we're pioneers—paving a highway through chaos.
Delivering worlds out of a desert of unknowns.
Puddle-jumping our mortal dust straight to Kolob.