

Abracadabra

J. S. Absher

The missionaries stay in an old apartment.
The shades are yellow as runny yolk.
The afternoon sun is beating to get in.

When I help them practice teaching, they
call me little Mister Brown, like in the book
they've brought from Salt Lake. They fold out

the flannelboard like a square umbrella
and set it on its side. As they rehearse
their dialogue, they stick to the black flannel

colored cutouts they pretend to pull from my ear.
One cutout, a business man in blue suit and short-
brimmed hat, they set at the top and call God.

Surprised, I ask who's His Daddy—and *His* Daddy:
who's the God of God? They say, Have faith.