

As If Nothing Matters

Chris A. Peck

When I looked at the body
I thought only in clichés,
those that I had yet to experience
for thirty years.

But the second part of
her empty shell did not
seem to be anywhere.
I stared at plastic.
Carbon.
An absence of blood.

And what I do know
is that racists believe in God
and that the homeless bless in God
and that children pray to God.

But I have prayed only
in the shower,
wrestling in my cleanliness.

And what I know
is that I don't think about sin,
but I do think about knowledge
and understanding things.

So, when I think about God
I dread the day that I must find out
if my understanding
or my sins
mattered.