

Young Gods

Blaire Ostler

Slipping off a Sunday dress—
hoping you'll join me and undress.
No more dark slacks and white shirts,
corruption of innocence tends to hurt.
It's worship too irreverent for pews,
forgive my transgression against a holy muse,
but, trust me, crisis leads to transition.
Take your time. Steady your volition.

Have a bite of this forbidden fruit and see
nothing you knew is what it seems.
Come with me and I'll show you a sight,
as our bare souls gleam in the evening light.
Look beyond the Garden, where life is genuine—
life with real power, real risk, and real sin.
I'll crush a snake with my heel and a subtle grin.
The act barely even bruised my skin.

The world has finally made her debut.
Orange rocks, a purple sky, an ocean blue,
pink clouds, green leaves, all brilliant hues.
The lone and dreary world isn't dreary with you.
We're out of the Garden now.
Look at what has been endowed.
We'll till the earth by the sweat of our brow,
and ask all our questions—no more sacred cows.

Close your eyes and imagine eternity,
then manifest that vision with me.
Heaven is here on earth, if we're willing.
Our cup runneth over. Possibilities are spilling.
Bring your gods. I brought mine too.
Together we'll find out which ones are true.
We are that we might have joy,
and priesthood power is ours to employ.

I can see you have an appetite.
Here's my fruit, have another bite.
The work begins tomorrow at first light,
but let's laugh like young gods tonight.