

Throwing Up in the DC Temple

Gregory Brooks

Maybe it was envy that churned inside me
as I looked around the room. Wondering
what healthy Mormons felt instead of fear.

My body forced everyone to consider
what it meant to be sick in such a holy place.
Scarlet sins on white carpet white shoes.

I remember the shock of the workers
as I prayed for Jesus to return right then
and translate me into a parable

a nameless miracle who walked away
touching his stomach in sheepish gratitude.

That morning a green tie had coiled around
my Adam's apple miles of dark highway
chauffeured me to the endowment.

I swear I saw Satan hurtle past us
on the Beltway weaving through traffic
exhaust belching smoke like an omen.

But it was just a guy running late
to a construction site sipping coffee
blasting Metallica to stay awake.

GREGORY BROOKS {gregorymbrooks95@gmail.com} is an exmo poet with work published in venues such as *Psalter & Lyre*, *Utah Life Magazine*, *Irreantum*, and *Touchstone*. Greg believes that ex/post-Mormon poetry is a significant and undervalued aspect of LDS literary culture, with many more stories that deserve to be told. Diagnosed with bipolar disorder in 2013, he believes in frank, honest poetry as one tool for cathartic recovery. Read more of his work at linktr.ee/bipolargreg.