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 Psaltery & 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.