

*A Lesser Light
to Govern the Night*

by Ezhno Martin

How many times
am I going to wish I could still pray
to a god I believed could take all the pain away
before I break down and do it
and return to the soothing rituals of religion
knowing it's all a lie
because I know it's true that it'll make me feel better
even if only for a little while?

Things aren't looking good today
but no worse than yesterday
so I guess it's just wishing
and wanting for a better world
remembering back to when there were
names I could call
like Jesus Christ
Lamb of God
Mommy
Daddy
Kelsey

that could give me the peace of
unquestioning faith
in unconditional love.

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I think I'll just dial Kelsey's old number again
there's a better chance she'll answer
than the dead
or the deity

Maybe I can memorize one of my love letters to her
and recite it like a prayer
ten times in a row
till rote memory
makes all the thinking stop
and faith in bigger and better things seems
real again

I'm crumbling just a little now
just a little

I'm saying
I'm a wretched sinner

because it's so much more soothing
and simple than

I'm a broke down bitter lost miserable love ravaged loser

and that's good enough to make me forget about wishing there
was a god who could save me
till at least morning