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Soul's Harvest Church, Newburg, Southern Indiana

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Sunday Morning
8:06 AM
Preacher man pulls on his galoshes
and prays to the Almighty for divine assistance in reaping
all 327 lbs of Mrs. Wilson's heavenly vessel.
Walking by your tin-slat church,
I wonder how you'll harvest mine.

Perhaps Ghost-buster style,
A man in the frock with lasers,
electron hyper-rays,
and a container unit.

In the 4th dimension my sizzled soul
would stir martinis with Slimer
and waltz,
waiting for Judgment.
Or

I say I’m hosed into a river flowing
Styx-like through the concrete nave—
my soul slurping in a flood of the Spirit.
Once at sea, I would speak in tongues to the crawdads,
while preacher man floats by in a glass-bottomed boat,
fishing me from the goats and the sheep.

Praise be, preacher man—
blast me, hose me, fish me,
I’m ripe for paradise.