

altar boy

David E. Williams

A monk with a hard-on in a lavender robe
That scratches his thighs for the height that he strove
As he follows a path filled with arid desire
That mimics his footsteps and sets his prayers on fire
Well, I too have chosen, that which left no choice
To sing without loving my solitary voice
To observe with passion and careful denial
These protrusions which give my life meaning for a while
But sometimes I see you in berries and weeds
Brushing your teeth with licorice seeds
Standing too close, holding your clothes
Smiling at God as the meaning of life grows
Oh, and I'll never tell and I'll never know
What candle you light after the show
And I'll never tell and I'll never ask
The meaning of life after mass

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