

Tribulation Hymn

Parker Millsap

It was just like the lightning
that flashes east to west.
Just like an oncoming storm.
It was just like a coffin,
the hollow in my chest,
just like the Bible,
just like I'd been warned. I was tending the garden,
pulling up the weeds,
trying to bear righteous fruit.
But a man's fertile soil
was Satan's soldier's (?) seed,
He will plow up your garden
to plant a poison root. He came for my sister, she walked a narrow trail.
She'd follow wherever he'd lead.
But I took the highway,
I faltered and I fell.
He came for my sister,
but he did not come for me. Now I kneel at the altar
of the church of vacant pews;
in the rafters a chorus of crows.
They sing like a hymnal
of rusted organ tunes.
They sing like the broken heart
of one who knows.

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