

# 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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