

## A Catholic Boy's Ticket to Confessional

God stood watching  
over Michaelangelo's shoulder  
as he chipped away at the stone

But Michaelangelo  
became a man possessed—  
He went fucking  
berzerk.

(I know I shouldn't  
say that with  
God in the room but it's true.)

He wasn't supposed to make it  
That good, but he couldn't keep  
His hands off you  
And I can see why.

You are a beautiful  
slab of rock, baby,  
and when the volcano  
erupted  
you began to flow and ooze with your  
hot scent all over the earth.

And you're so hot you scorched  
the hands of that sculptor 'til he cried  
Mercy, baby, Mercy  
And his eyes sizzled as they  
looked upon you  
And his fingers twitched from the steam  
off your skin.

He danced with you close  
around the room ignoring  
The modesty of his Lord,  
Wrapped his polishing cloth  
around your waist and put on  
the finishing touches.

And all He did  
was give you life.

--Mark A. Clements