

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