

Walt

So, I've been having this recurring
conversation with God and I

keep insisting that, in some respects,
Walt Disney ought've been ordained

by the pope, being somewhat of a royal
of America and what not but

I think, today, I caught God on a bad day
because he said, "why don't you go fuck yourself!"

I admit, I was offended! I mean the nerve!
If that had been some stranger on the street

I'd have replied, "..and fuck you too, pal!"
but I couldn't, I mean, he's a friend.

"You don't need a friend like that," another friend said,
"these days you just don't truly know some people!"

My father always said, "son,
if you can walk away with three
good friends in life, you're a lucky man!"

I believe you pop.
But what of heaven?

Heaven can't be a made up place
for the betterment of the middle class?

I've begun to consider His silence

drawing closer to the understanding
that there is a difference

between putting your trust in Walt Disney and
putting your trust in the existence of Walt Disney.

God, are you there?

(thoughts have been occurring to me)

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