

POLITICS
(1996, 2018)

I am trying to make sense of what happened
when you came into my room like a god
and took, with your touch, my faith.
I am trying to write myself back to belief.
I am always confusing you with someone else,
bigger than myself, omniscient, omnipresent,
who can always take what he wants,
calling it love, or rape.

(Politics:
two men stand hand-in-hand on a podium,
promising anything to get what they want.)

I am trying to make sense of the meaningless.
A child is sodomized, you get
treatment, tenure, a second chance.
You move out of state. You find Christ.
You write long letters explaining yourself.
You correct what becomes historical fact.
You assume that we'll soon forget. The war is over.
You've won. You have become another person, reborn.

David M. Eberly