

# CONFESSIONAL

The booth: my couch;  
the priest: TV, late night  
when all the preachers say *You*  
*are not all right*  
*and the demons are there because you chose them.*

God, I've made you up so many times by now you can't scare me,  
but I believe the preachers,  
I believe them: I do ill  
*and no one notices*  
save you, save that swiveling eye of yours.

The TV dies. I dream in  
metaphors of metaphors: rainwater  
floods  
The Earth With Me In It.  
In the water, I make you up again, God,  
*into a boat.*

## DEVIN BECKER