

another day at church

by Josh Seiler

I grind my teeth

the sound amplifies in my jaw

As pastors speak, I wonder

their intentions

Donations?

A sense of rationality?

Hopefully for someone to

get rid of these darn gnats

I swat with my hairbrush

and the people roll to the

front for prayer, like

peas onto the Church's fork.

I look away

I look at the paper maché

rose pedals on the wall

and wonder their intentions.

I grind my teeth and picture sand between them.