

Choice

Had a talk with G-d last night,
this was his offer:
All my sins forgiven,
all my debts paid,
everyone I ever fucked over or fucked
reborn and made to feel clean,
no more pain for my eyes,
bulldozers and tanks
rust into anthills,
nothing more ever dreamed of or manufactured
to melt the skin,
hunger not even a word,
only one language,
love.

Yeah,
all this,
all this,
or I could have stars on my boots.

And you should see them babe,
everyone wants a pair.

5/11/91
C. Mehrhoff