

Do the handicapped go to hell? (Probably.)

maybe this is some sort of karmic justice.

as a child I used to laugh at people like this.

the ones who couldn't control their bodies,
and the ones who couldn't stop their mouths running.

and now I walk into a church foyer with my head down, eyes locked on my feet.

I feel your stares.

with every crack of my fingers
with every click of my tongue
every forced half smile
every single tic.

I feel your stares.

I know you think of me as abominable
you tell me you'll pray for me,
and I know it won't work.
because nothing does
earthly or otherwise

I stand tall and try to shake your watchful eyes
because I need to be strong.
that's what any good Greek tragedy needs,
a protagonist.

but when it is just me and the earth
I kneel to Gaia and ask her to answer
for she has sculpted me with her own two hands
and because your god will not have me anymore

my tears seep into her eternal earth
and return to where they came from
I ask her why her cruel and beautiful hands have sculpted me this way
because there must have done something
something to deserve it

She does not respond.

Nobody never does.

All I hear is the light raps against her earth that alert me of oncoming rain
and I pray to whoever will listen that the stormwater will soak into my clothes,

absorbing me whole and rushing me to Hades
There I hope I will find eternal numb in the peace of Asphodel's meadows
For my heresy is romantic, and I am eternally maudlin
and I am certain I deserve nothing more and nothing less