

Naive

Sleeping at Last

Religion is a breeding ground
where the devil's work is deeply found,
with teeth as sharp as cathedral spires,
slowly sinking in.

God knows that I've been naive
but i think it makes him proud of me.
now it's so hard to separate
my disappointments from his name.

because shadows stretch behind the truth,
where stained glass offers broken clues
and fear ties knots and pulls them tight.
it leaves us paralyzed.

but in the end such tired words will rest.
the truth will reroute the narrow things they've said.
the marionette strings will lower and untie
and out of the ashes, love will be realized.

God knows that we've been naive
and a bit
nearsighted to say the least.
it's broken glass at children's feet
that gets swept aside unexpectedly.