EPISTLE FOR THE GODS

dear god of busted red chuck taylors

you are tired let me wash your feet like your son

dear god of sons

are you father or son first original sin or forgiving sun first

will you let me in for dinner even if I lusted after every moment

in the flashmob of my running away

dear god of the meal that reminds me of my father’s hands

in this story, bread does not transubstantiate to flesh but to the cliff

where my father found me in the snowstorm

dear god of the closet did you get my first letter back in 2015

I’m still there sometimes you are like my favorite neighborhood café

dear god of my smallness

when she told me I had a beautiful smile I surrendered all my ambitions

& I wanted to live in the small nook of my dimple

dear god of californian wildfire who burned down kathryn’s house in santa rosa

is every funeral here a homecoming for you

dear god of rain

in the next life do you want to be the storm or the umbrella

dear god of the two roads diverged in a yellow wood

I am busy making a third path of my own

dear god of yellow

burn bravely & let the light of every yellow street lamp be a halo-shaped home

for those who cannot return

dear god of second-hand couches

you’re my favorite for showing us resurrection exists even for the pagan

dear god of generosity

I wanted to be you but I’m afraid of giving it all

& saving nothing for myself

& do you have clothes crib car

& what did you sacrifice for virtue

dear god of vulnerability

I bow to you under a velvet taffeta of rain

in a temple perched above my first ancestor’s grave

that is where I sing that is where I begin

dear god of music

I saw you in the soft percussion of his scratching his skin his hair

then a gulp down his tunnel-throat: a pedal dampens the piano

in a concert we forgot to attend

& dear god

the man on the tv is about to jump from the building

& I am one year away from being born so I must be napping

right next to you & why aren’t you catching him

& where are your hands & why is there static superimposed on blood

& men in helmets & grief sparkles across your face like pyrotechnics

& is this why the first language I picked up after birth was tears

superimposed on tears & why didn’t you send me there to catch him

I was all yours