

## **Hymns for a Nonbeliever**

It's quiet worship for an atheist.

It's holy contemplation.

I do not know the name of god,

My back's not felt the pew;

But when acolyte hymnals brush my ears,

I find I need to cry.

I find my body wants to pray.

## **Knowledge Divine**

God spoke softly to me  
in a cadence which shook my soul;  
he shared secrets that I longed to hear  
but I'm not sure I should know.

Mother Earth held me close  
toe-to-toe with Father Time;  
she imparted ancient wisdom  
of lost worlds and past divine.

So I fill stained, scattered pages  
with emotions yet unfelt;  
but when I tried to tell the world of them  
mortal words seemed not enough.

If only to relive these sounds;  
the fresh wonder of solemn verse.  
Like God, again, gripped tight my heart  
and sang it saccharine melodies.

## **A Private Rapture**

When my fingers dance  
in beams of light refracted,  
my earthy limbs whisper  
for my holy body to glow

I have found some sacred magic  
I have touched some secret god,  
and she is mine alone

She is mine alone

## **Salvation**

Touch me tender  
with unequivocal passion;  
For through this timid criminality,  
I have met God herself.  
She will swallow my prayers,  
and devour my sensibilities,  
and this shameful, perfect magnetism  
will keep us from salvation.