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Getting Saved

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GETTING SAVED

—for Phillip

I have smiled at the lord all day
And Yes!
The harvest comes in.

My pods bearing stone peas.
I eat, glad,
A stoic with the belly of Job.

I wait for the bush to explode,
The radishes to fly
Toward the table.

Instead, woe drifts down like leaflets
Dropped on the enemy.
Bearded angels glare back
From the corn stalks.

I refuse to be saved.

I want my heaven sudden
As the white of a potato

Halved by accident
With a rusty hoe.