

ERICA WRIGHT

AT THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

We slip our hands into icy water,
see how long we can stand the safe pain.

Outside, the sky's so gray
that it looks like we're being swallowed,

tossed down the gullet of some leviathan.
Some days, I believe it's all a simulation,

and a player's left the controller behind
as they rummage in the refrigerator.

Children are being killed en masse
thousands of miles away, and Jesus,

can't anything stop it? Jesus I say
in anger, Jesus I say in prayer,

Jesus I say in the tone of voice I heard
at the church where worshippers

speak in tongues, foam at the mouth
with faith. I envy that conviction,

my own milquetoast ramblings no match
for the destruction I read in the news.