

Nine Years Old

Laurence Snydal

Past Pastor Larvik's house square on the hill,
One doubtful day the middle of July,
A surreptitious glance thrown at the sky,
I cursed. "God damn you to Hell!" Then stood still
Eying the heavens. There was no great grim
Face emerging from the clouds. No thunder
Shattered the shocked silence I stood under.
I listened carefully. No sign of Him.
Try it again. "God damn you all to Hell!"
Nothing again. So much for Sunday School.
No more the Lord's lamb but nobody's fool.
Free from a faith that never fit me well.

No streak of lightning struck out of the blue.
God and his son had better things to do.