

eels, Altar Boy

A monk with a hard-on
And a lavender robe
That scratches his thighs
Through the hat that he strode
As he follows a path
Filled with every desire
And mimics his footsteps
And sets his prayers on fire.

Well I too have chosen
That which left no choice
To sing without loving,
A solitary voice,
To observe with passion
Each careful denial:
The protrusions which give my life meaning
For a while.

Sometimes I see you in berries and weeds
You're brushing your teeth with liquorice seeds
Standing too close,
Pulling your clothes,
Smiling at God
And the meaning of life grows.

No and I'll never tell
And I'll never know
What candles you light
After the show
And I'll never tell,
And I'll never ask
The meaning of life after mass.