

## Church

Please be seated,  
into the wooden bench,  
grasping the written works of human vices  
in the youngest of hands.  
I gladly rose for the gospel,  
because I knew all the words,  
though I lacked the ability to conceptualize  
Who it was I was truly singing for.  
Again please be seated.

The wood of the bench began to age,  
and so did I.  
Why my faith must be confined within  
those four walls;  
When all the daylight shined through  
the colored pains?  
Beyond developed thought.

Exposure to a world of sins  
caused discomfort upon the bench.  
I sat corrupted by corruption;  
A corrupted mind.  
A corrupted heart.  
A corrupted soul.

Stained glass windows became a mind stained  
with the permanent ink of questioning.  
A heart stained with hatred  
A heart stained with jealousy.  
Broken bread became a broken soul,  
Exposed to pain,  
Suffering.  
Water turned to wine  
and wine turned to liquor  
To Remember.  
To Forget.

Still I stay seated,  
as I did as a child,  
while faith like the forbidden fruit,  
out of reach,  
is lost within the Garden of Adolescence.  
To be lost.  
To be found.