

Dogma

I believe in the growl of a dog, in the kickback of an engine, in the pain of passionate sex, in running outside barefoot and that hyperdrives are possible. I believe in loyalty, in being excellent, in brushing and flossing and never keeping a spider for a pet. I believe in Bigfoot and being unsure, in forgiving and sometimes being rude. I believe in never eating mayonnaise and in always lifting the seat or wiping if I forget. I believe in chugging beer and always being honest when possible, in short poetry and verbose, protracted fiction that makes me sluggish. I believe in the heart-rising feeling of falling, in football and a raucous crowd, in never drinking coffee, in wearing different faces and fulcrums and science projects and digging for arrowheads in deep, dark oozing mud; I believe in breasts and brown, pony-tailed hair. I believe God is scientific and I believe, constantly and inexorably, in the words I write that everyday become untrue.