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Saint

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SAINT

Dominic Gideon

While driving, I speed up to hit passing birds.
I have passing thoughts about pushing
old people out of their wheelchairs when
I visit my grandparents at the nursing home.
Sometimes I pee on the
rose bush outside my house
because I like the thrill. One Sunday,
I got so mad playing NHL 2K8 that I threw
the controller at the TV
and blamed the cobweb of cracks on
my four-year-old brother. I get pissed off
by the way my mom chews the Lay's potato chips
she perpetually swears never to eat again.
At the family Christmas party, I think about
how pious Uncle Tom thinks I am as we
watch basketball and he asks about seminary.
I hate being dismissed as a
Saint. When I walk the Cleveland streets
alone after Indians games, I fantasize
about beating the shit out of some guy
who might try to jump me.
When I walk into Church, jab myself four times
with wet fingers, crumple my body
on one knee, and sit staring at my God's
small, golden castle,
I feel weaker than ever.