

God's body

What if god  
had a body  
like a woman?  
Smooth slender  
fingers, nicely  
done nails.

What if she  
was moody,  
really unreason-  
able for three days  
every month  
before her moon?

What if everyone  
could have babies?  
Imagine morning  
sick soldiers  
lined up, retching,  
ready to charge.

How about hand  
to hand combat  
with bulging belly and  
swollen breasts. Babies  
slung in back packs,  
lullabies in fox holes  
dirty diapers littering  
the battlefield, soiled  
white flags of truce.

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