

DOCTOR ADDRESSES GOD I

well come on Lord
if ye is gonna build a wall
from here to infinity and I see
what I want on the other
side I can tell ye straight
now I am gonna jump your wall
wherever it is low enough
and I know somewhere I betcha
somewhere it is *gonna* be low enough
'cos how can ye trust me to sit here
looking on the sweetness of the world
and hurting my teeth aching to sink in
anything to make this mortal sentence easier
and not partake of it some
'cos Lord I been following ye
in the tiniest most hideaway places
e'en snow plumped up in heavy dollops
on bobbing podheads and buds
their necks so frail
and spiney just fighting to stand
against the wind how do they do it Lord
how do they still hold up their heads
to fend for life to praise or
curse ye for their wistful lot
but better yet Lord why do ye test them
like ye don't know them
as thine like ye don't cherish
the struggling they already done
for instance today I saw a beige plastic bag
fly all the way up
to the tops of the municipality
trying to get to ye
were ye watching Lord didja

catch a whiff of my soul in passing
well I know it isn't pretty and I know
it has no wondrous aim
but Lord it is my soul
and it is just like any other ye have made