

## Six Poems · *Michael Heffernan*

### THE HOUSE OF GOD

Mick has a good time staying home from Church  
with me while Mom goes praying with the others.  
He likes the preacher in the glass cathedral,  
I don't know why. I put a record on  
to bring us music in the place of words.  
Dvořák is here, the violin concerto.  
Mick listens and, for reasons of his own,  
he shuts the preacher off. That steely face  
darts like a goldfish into the murky tube,  
the Lord's man lying blind in his own bowl.  
The violin is soaring. It is Josef Suk,  
the Maestro's kinsman, carving out the air.  
Hulk Hogan is here too, Mick's little man,  
flexing his plastic wings from the piano.  
Mick, I remind us, we are with the Blest,  
the solid citizens of light and song.  
There is a sweetness in us not for sale.  
Our souls are rich with this the Lord's own musick.  
Why should we spend them on the likes of these  
who labor to break our hearts and keep the change?  
With this, I'm shut from braver utterance,  
for lo, behold, the Hulkster is on the wing  
like a great beefy bird from Mick's embrace,  
and Mick jumps up to meet him in the air  
so both of them can tumble down again  
released and rescued under Josef's bow.  
We are the dancers that the set gives back.  
The one blind eyeball of the church of man  
looks in and finds us up to everything.