

Short Attention Span Scripture

TOMMY GRAVES

My neighbor across the street was a hundred and ninety years old and she
could fly.

Just a little, nothing spectacular, say two or three inches above the sidewalk,
So I stabbed her in the chest a few times with a carving knife,
Part of a beautiful set someone gave to me and Terri for our wedding,
Still there was no way I could carry her around.

The trimming took longer than I would have liked but it's important.
I planned to use the circular saw, but first I had to wrestle her up to the
work table,
Which wouldn't support her weight, but finally I got a foot off,
Nice clean cut just above the ankle, then drained it in a cooler of ice,
Of course it doesn't fly now without help.

Anyway, you get the idea and how else could I show you the miracle?
I know you're too busy to drive out here to see her,
And if I had brought her in whole and alive and hovering,
You would have laughed and rolled your eyes at my predictable wonder,
You would have made the cuts yourself.