

The Help

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In the morning, the radio
praises God while the maid
cracks eggs. Her mother battles
demons and cancer, her father
angrily soldiers on. The doctor
waits to be fed, holiness
in the kitchen barbed wire
in a yeowing wind. Belief
is forgiveness, and Jesus
killed her husband decades ago,
as He will soon kill her,
and all the rest, in His
good time. Firing the maid
drifts in, idle vengeance,
but she never thieves,
and now sets a plate before the doctor.
Take, eat. It's another blessed day.