

God and God's

SANDY WEISMAN

God ran our house, decided what
we could or could not do. We memorized
the Ten Commandments. We tried not
to order one another around. *Good Christian
girls do not argue.* I never hit my brothers back.
I had to eat my rage.

God blessed us for our meekness,
rewarded me with a ride in the Flexible Flyer
wagon, rewarded you with a new doll. Two
girls praying hard to inherit a place in Heaven.

We were raised by God and God's apostles,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. All of them
expecting goodness. I could never be good
enough. Praise, praise, praise!

I played music, all attention devoted to Bach.
I molded my hands to see if I'd shatter
inside my private fingered dome.
I did not.