

## *Confession*

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I don't have much to confess, actually.  
I only sinned a few times, didn't like it—  
I put back the things I'd taken.  
That person I'd said bad things about:  
she's now my best friend—  
we meet for lunch a few times a month.

I found a few coins one time and kept them.  
Was that wrong of me?  
I walked past beggars, ignored them:  
I was busy with my own life.  
I've had bad thoughts about some people—  
I'm sorry about that.

And those people I killed and buried  
where no one will ever find them?  
They deserved to die.