

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.