

# God Mansplains Anger to Me

AMY LAWLESS

Tracy Jordan: *I'm just going through the classic stages of grief, fear, denial...horniness, wisdom, sleepiness, and now depression.*

Kenneth: *What about anger?*

Tracy (yelling, angrily): *Noooooo!!!! I don't want to do anger! You can't make me!!!!*

– 30 Rock

God mansplained to me that I'm too old  
to act this way. God turned to me and  
mansplained quite adequately  
about the aging female body, the graying hair  
and having fucked up eggs. God  
mansplained it was over,  
essentially for mankind in general,  
but this time, sooner, for me in particular.  
He mansplained that the virus gets to live  
and replicate nicely going forward,  
and everyone online and in my friend circles  
gets to procreate, and share pictures  
of their adorable (screaming edited out) children,  
just not me, not this time.  
He also mansplained the virtues of oily  
hair, the virtues of  
trees and moss,  
and how coffee  
might not be good.

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These are things I already knew.  
God mansplained and that was that.  
He took the form of white man emoji with the mustache  
and said:  
“We ain’t gonna stand for some weirdness  
Out here” straight from  
Camp Crystal Lake.  
And then God mansplained mansplaining  
like I didn’t already know shit was stacked.  
Why do I have to sit here and listen  
to the things I already know?  
The population of my dreams: 1.  
The population of my bed: 2.  
The population of my apartment forever: 2.  
God spoke like it was before the  
pandemic when problems were ...  
I dunno, less deathly?  
You’re doomed if you stay here, God said,  
and it was clear he was someone else  
dressed like God. Like the man with the grand  
piano under his coat. Or like when Miss Piggy  
dressed up like Kermit for Halloween.  
No one’s fooling anyone.  
But God, or whoever he was really,  
said it to all of us not just  
the ones among us with  
shitty ovums and a basic bitch PSL  
perspective on what a good life offers.  
You’re doomed. You’re all doomed,

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he said before he rode off on his little bike.  
Can't you fly? Or turn into green smoke on exit?  
Amy, when you read this poem out loud,  
say it like the voice of the comments on the internet.  
Use condescending phrases that start "Well actually..."  
That's how I hear God's voice when God in the  
form of Tony Shalhoub talks to me about my life.  
What did God get right  
despite his tone and  
condescension? Well,  
actually, quite a bit:  
the flow of wet wax down a taper candle's length,  
the smile on someone loving you,  
a whistle that's also a song,  
a spread of purple fall flowers over the lawn  
that's made of thyme instead of grasses,  
music in my dreams, these sonic dreams that  
let me asleep through the alarm. It's like  
my brain pressing snooze for me, amazing,  
rain on my face,  
birds singing,  
the smell of warm pie that someone else made,  
cooling sweat,  
learning all the names of the owls,  
and the way a villain can sniff out sin.  
God mansplained the beginning.  
Let it be, mansplained the Beatles.  
Then God mansplained the end.

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I'm at the sink washing my hands  
when I hear the death rattle.  
Come on you guys. We aren't  
virgins anymore.  
The light changes from red to green.  
You can talk to me like I'm an  
adult before the fork falls upon me  
two steps from Pacific Avenue and Skin City.  
Tell me that dinnertime is over.  
Grab this fork out of my forehead,  
I mean cleaver.  
Ten years ago in the East Village we used to call it God's Hammer.  
But now that I know God,  
I know that the word fork is more accurate to his vibe.  
He knows I'm gonna get it right one of these days.  
He knows I'll stop fucking around in this clown car and just drive.  
He puts his hand on the side of his face, shakes his head, smiles,  
and says I know you're gonna get the hang of it someday, Amy.