

*sometimes i think you'd make the
better Christian*

Joyce Song

would you understand
my hesitation?
it chokes me.

i tuck away morsels of my innermost meditations
into loose sheets, a memo pad, lecture notes, this poem - never in one place -
because this game of vulnerability, i'm no good at
while you,
you lift the trophy, shining, face alight,
a seasoned master -
even though
i am the one on my knees on Sunday.

sometimes,
i see the way you love,
how much you (love) love -
i see the way you long to know and be known
in the way you compose words,
with extravagance, dress yourself,
with fervour, seek intimacy.

sometimes
i imagine you on your knees on Sunday,
shining, like Moses, face alight,
and i can't open my eyes.

Belief by Daniel Cheung

