

...august 13, 1990...

**six feet of dark-haired childhood –  
he preached the bible like a prophet  
yet failed to catch religion  
inside a coffee cup  
condensing innocence and ignorance  
to an impassioned gift –**

**he paced the room and praised  
a god he lost and wanted back again  
while a flush crept blotches up his neck  
and background music  
played a new age rant –**

**his voice rose in and out of disbelief  
with promises of everlasting harps  
and endless mansions  
stretching beyond skies –  
it was the silence that he left  
which showed –  
now and forever –  
he did not want to die.**

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