Don’t part the sea with your staff to save us

Teach us how to be the miracle.

Don’t mount the cross to die for our sins

Let us

Mount alone

No, we are unable

To bear the burden of evil.

Don’t recite the divine word

Teach us how to inscribe an earthly letter

So that we write our poems

The way we

Like.

When the flood comes

Remember to leave your opponent a small space on the ark

To make the last chapter less predictable.

If God asks you to slaughter your son

To obtain a land you do not own,

Dodge Him

He must love the rage of the righteous.

If it were not for the apple, you would have known the adventure of living

Or tasted the sweetness of testing

Send Satan

A thank you note.

We are the sin

So start with us

Destroy the false idols within us

Don’t worry about an innocent stone molded by our hands

From the clay of delicious equivocation

It would melt on its own accord

In the museum of

Quraish

Uriah the Hittite is going to come back from the dead to ask:

“The noble warrior bravely fights the enemy to protect Jerusalem

The King desires . . . sleeps with the warrior’s wife over the palace’s silk . . .

Who is more worthy of being a prophet?”

Since the beginning of time,

Humanity has been stuck in the belly of the whale

No shore looms for truth yet.

It would look into eyelashes falling out of eyes closed on hunger

Into the cracked, dry nipple that cuts the shrunken lips

Into the scream of blood escaping from gun barrels into the night deserts

It would mock you

And label your last manuscript:

Omen.

It is time to extract out of the soul’s rock

A flower

That withers not.

Between karma and nirvana

There is an octagonal path

That leads to the “not-me”

To you.

I prefer

If I wish and if I could

That even for once you be

A female

or

Nothing