

tavernacle

night priests
if you hang around long enough
you will see one
moving in bourbon theatrics
opining mythological profundities
while the game slowburns through
another inning on the screen above the bar

all you know is
that he knows
that he is right
and that's enough for you to
come down squarely on the side of doubt

all you can do for the sake
of self preservation
is try to ignore the sermon
motion the barkeep over
and check on the progress
of the team you put money on
but there are times you find yourself
inexplicably listening to his
disjointed diatribe

thinking that he might have a
reasonable argument for this or that
convinced the music of the angels
can be heard over the din

those are the times you know you've
stayed too long

times you've easily tithed
your ten percent
so you let reason turn
you towards the door
counting on your failing memory
to take care of any influence
his words may have had

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