

The Atheist

Itara Moore

She is an effigy caught in stained glass,
Radiating a halo of kinetic energy as she bends light to her will.

She is church wine gone sour in my stomach,
A kiss stolen during communion,
My wandering eyes in the blue and white synagogue
Where neither of us belong.

She sings psalms spun from science
And feasts on bread alone.

The works of Sagan, Democritus, and Hawking
Are etched on the Eucharist
She tucks with crossed fingers behind hellfire lips.

It is a beautiful thing,
To drown in the rivers of blasphemy behind that tongue,
To catch the light of heaven
Hiding behind all that indignant fire in those eyes.

So I paint the name of my God onto her wrists
And press blessings like kisses into her palms,
And she leaves a trail of mathematical formulas
And humanist theories on my collarbone,
The way other boys leave hickeys.

We will destroy each other in the end,
One way or another, but still we wonder and we wish.

For who knows you better than the enemy?