

5-1-2005

Served Warm

Margaret Burton Malone

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Recommended Citation

Malone, Margaret Burton (2005) "Served Warm," *Forces*: Vol. 2005 , Article 36.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2005/iss1/36>

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finger of GOD

I got mad at you
and shook my finger
at the sky
but if I were God
that finger would have stirred
up a tempest.
I blew out a mouthful
of air
in exasperation
But if I were God

that breath would have obliterated
the house you built.
I started to cry
when I realized there was nothing
I could do
and if I were God
you probably would have drowned
by now

Sydney Portilla-Diggs

religion

daily face we evil and good
the choices to make are ours
for Heaven to accept us as we are
or Hell to rejoice when we fall

Molly Boyce

Prostrate Man by Paul Bellah



Served Warm

I hope only that
she will devour you,
for all
Bluebeards should suffer
- be devoured -
devoured, stripped, engulfed.

It is folly for
me
To foul my own heart
by craving-

yet I imagine this time will
and then you
will be hanging
in her hidden room.

Margaret Burton Malone