

3rd Place Winner

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Jesus Came to Church Last Night

It's Thursday. Jesus
came to church last night,
still looking
for a place to lay his head.
Shelter is a shell game, floating
like Nathan's crap, that
moves across our town
each Wednesday.
The least of these,
this time a wild eyed
harlot, we presumed,
took her rest
inside a metal shed

Rejection's still
the quickest way to heaven.
Not quite as dramatic this time:
no parade through town;
no hammered spike concerto;
no house lights flashed
to her groan -
just the rusty creaking score
of the Dempster Overture: morning's
rigor mortis drum roll
as she tumbled
from the box
into the truck compactor.