

Blessed

She strikes me as a model
both to aspire to and abhor

as she forgives in the Lord's name
all wrongs committed against her.

Either God solves everything for her
or she has decided to let him do so.

Determining which of these statements applies
occupies me daily as I wonder if there is something

standing between me and faith, not casual faith,
but the wholly absolving kind

that I crave the imagination to embrace.
Not that I'd ever want to, as she does,

dress up my spouse's attentions to a sexy colleague
as "He needs to come back to the Church,"

but I wouldn't mind buying into
the capacity for forbearance

that the pious possess,
as long as it acknowledges fallibility

in a way that she with her daylong smile
and air of basking in her creator's goodness

doesn't, making me look
impoverished and desperate

for the transcendence that she uses me
to convince herself that she has attained.