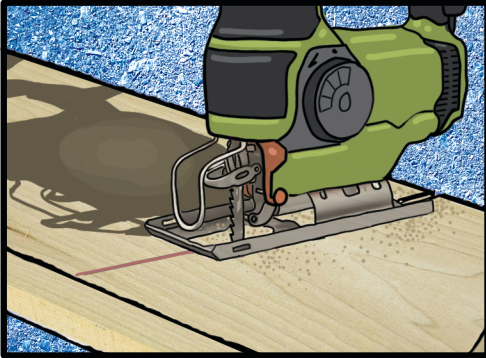
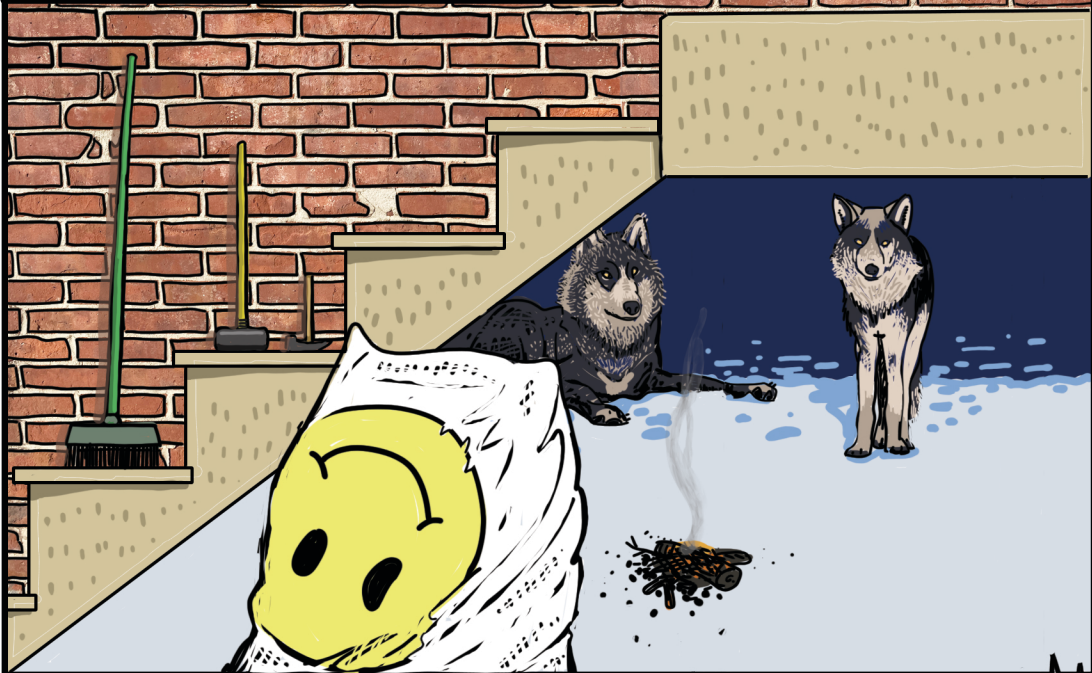


No Nun Sense



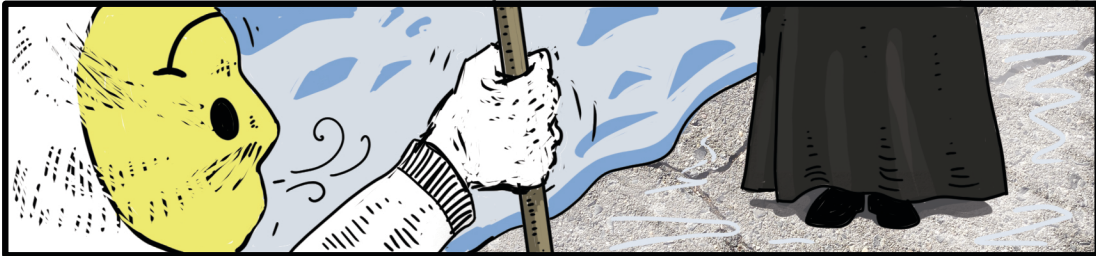
I am down to my last 2 by 10
having measured twice and cut once,
but that doesn't work if your focus
is bad to begin with.
I am cutting poplar with a jigsaw,
but it's the scent of cedar
and turpentine
that has planted my olfactory bulb.

The stairs are only half done.
The lumber yard is closed on Sundays
because Jesus was a carpenter
before he became a cult icon.
I won't get this done by Monday,
not with all this snow
and the wolves sitting just outside
a dying fire, but
there is freedom in admitting failure.



No Nun Sense (Cont'd)

Across the street is a nun in hooded down, cracking the ice on the convent driveway with a flat rusted shovel. I thought I'd break the ice by breaking the ice, but she seemed annoyed that I had to stop so often, my heavy breathing suggesting a moral decrepitude and lack of foreskin.



Grunting vapors, the job still unfinished, I handed her back her shovel with reddened fingers, feeling guilty as if I'd been caught holding my own tool instead of the wood shaft of another's. I confessed to her my sin of entropy and slinked chastened to Billy's for a beer, though what I really wanted was a hot chocolate and to be told what a good boy I was for trying.

