

ADVERTISEMENTS

TV shows imagine God is listening.
They signal this with synthesized violins.

My idea of the idea of God
is a good ol'boy

in a cardigan, His hands
resting snugly in pockets,

winking at the television,
asking me what I'm selling.

I'm not so sure. We watch a girl
at The Gap fold a sweater. I cup a breast,

measure my waist and ask God
if my sanity is that sweater, collapsed

in a box with a ribbon around it.
Ahhh, He gasps, the girls in their Revlon!

and starts to boogie to the jingle
like a new man.

