

JAMIE COOPER

Sermon

Behind his bifocals
My father dozes in a pew during a true story of God.
He dreams the fog lift off twin wheelbarrows,
Magic in the absence of the magician,
And the night he was stabbed anonymously
In a bar fight.
But the way story goes,
The only woman in a mining town
Dies giving birth,
Leaving the miners to care for the child,
Which they do.
For its purpose there's a lot left out,
But I can't help but think one of the miners
Is the real father, and knows it,
So that when he picks him up in private,
He holds him tighter than the others,
Until he almost can't breathe,
And prays hard for a different ending.