

Sumeet Gill

Confessions of a Theophobe

When we are ready
To call it a day,
When we are
Analyzing each other,
Looking at each other,
Measuring the volume of desire.

When we're sipping the last sip of whiskey,
And are getting a little *easier*,
Where the worry makes way for pleasure.
When we retire
And are deadweight,
I'm sure
The gods must be fighting.

The one on the mantelpiece
Sitting in yoga pose with eyes shut
Would be cursing the black musical one
Perched on the bookshelf
For his transgressions.
This black one, who looks calm playing his flute,
Uses it, certainly, as a staff post midnight

To discipline the rest.

Another one, pinned on the wall calendar,
I'm sure is only waiting for an opportunity.
For he has a trident
With Satan-snake as his pet.
Surely he is not as serene as he pretends.
I've seen the trident wielding up close.
They're anything but calm.

I just hope
They don't turn on me
Especially during that love session
When I'm most vulnerable.
They won't, I guess.
I feed them well.

It's a stupid fear.

But I'm sure
There's going to be an uprising.