

## My Religion

My religion is made up of things that don't add up, things that obfuscate and obliterate a notion of certainty.

The religion I know, does not deal well with definite things. It would prefer a contradiction and a question asked at the right time as opposed to an answer of any great assurance.

At best, that religion may well be won as a contrarian. One who purposely takes an opposing view to see where that view will lead.

I am bent around things in the way. Molded and capitalized on by recycled fortuity. My largesse is accentuated by how that demon lent himself to the benefit of others.

My religion is trending in words you and I have yet to say. The same way a knife provides lyrical insinuations to the poetry of severing.

These things I can't tell you. But you'll know them in the way you do a tangled knot hanging from a skyhook.

Sendra the Poet

©2018