

MESSIAH

Laura Heidi

You could be God—had Eve not bitten through
the core, and loos'ed the serpent sleeping there.
She left her mark—a jagged scar in lieu

of faith. You could be God—condemned to wear
humanity sans dignity and pride.
Your lunacy could be the cross you bear.

You could be God—salvation locked inside
temporal walls. The prophets knew, they knew
your name. Your name remains unspoken—bide

your time. You could be God—conceding to
an ancient curse, conceived in shame. The sin
itself is preordained. You rise anew.

You could be God beneath your skin.
God could be You.

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