

## An Unholy Trinity

### Our Father...

Forty little Jewish boys, their *peyots* swaying low,  
Intone and drone, their bodies bent, as back and forth they go.  
A rabbi guides them onward as he nurtures Judah's seed,  
Never really certain if he's teaching race, or creed.

Forty little Christian boys sing praise to God on high,  
Two score of young sopranos and an audience in the sky.  
The Lord is proud, as is the priest, with each and every voice,  
But most of all the parents at the wisdom of *their* choice.

Forty little Muslim boys, rocking on their knees,  
Offer praise to Allah in a heartfelt bid to please.  
The Imam beams with pleasure down on every swaying head,  
Assuring all his acolytes a future when they're dead.

As knowledge presses onward, all around the world,  
We see turbans, crosses, burkas; we see prayer mats neatly furled.  
We see smartly sewn yamulkes, we see daggers borne by 'right',  
Yet what *is* religious freedom? What is this human right?

*Were such sacred words from God, sent to give up hope?  
Or were they merely ancient tales, designed to help us cope?*

The faiths we blindly follow are not born of thoughts we had.  
They were never truly our faiths they were those of mom and dad...  
...and of moms and dads before them, all over and again,  
With added twists and turns and quirks: an endless binding chain.

For that beard, that hat, that cross, that veil, was not religious choice,  
T'was hammered home on mother's knee, enforced by father's voice...

*...all of which leaves me sorely stricken,  
For the faith I once followed was not of my pickin',  
Ergo...*

## Sum Cogito

Does heaven lie hidden beyond crimson skies?  
I wonder.  
When a bad man lives and a good man dies,  
I wonder.  
When *men* long dead claim with God they spoke,  
I wonder.  
When *men* cite God for the words they wrote,  
I wonder.  
When *men* craft religion then assume the helm,  
I wonder.  
When God offers *women* no voice in His realm,  
I wonder.  
When my wondering ceased and “faith” disappeared,  
I pondered.  
And when religion fled, and my mind grew clear,  
I thanked God...just in case.

*And as to death and what comes next,  
Our resurrection, or a big, blank X,  
The path's the same, it's not complex,  
You gotta follow...*

### ...The Wisdom of W.A.S.

Accept as fact what is plain to see,  
We're born with a lifetime guarantee.  
Our bodies plod on, and this is no lie,  
They'll last us all 'til the day we die.

After that t'is a far different matter,  
A topic that stirs a good deal of chatter.  
Some have the answer, or so they claim:  
Heaven or hell, and both in God's name.

Others, they say death is the finish,  
The mind and body simply diminish,  
Fading to naught, as once we began,  
Nothing left but a dark, timeless span.

So who is correct, and what does it matter?  
All said and done, it's just pitter-patter.  
Look to the 'system': it's simple as pie,  
And once you accept it, t'is easier to die.

Something or nothing is all there can be,  
When eyes close at last, and we no longer see.  
There are only two options, whatever the end,  
No matter how much we like to pretend,

The wisdom of **WAS** stands for **Wait And See**:  
Will we know nothing, or will something be?

For...

*...if death is a blank when our eyes finally close,  
It really won't matter, for none of us knows.  
But if there is more, there's nothing to fear,  
We've simply moved on to another frontier!*