

SUPREME

by Megan Penney, Mount Pearl - Junior Division Poetry

The last time I prayed,
I got lost inside the scripture written inside my own veins, that only ever shouts
out for God to stop listening to me; stop listening to the words I don't mean.
I prayed that I could have a voice,
Outside of the one I use to converse;
I'm not me, I promise.
Church taught me to look at the sky as if it poured down holy water;
the clouds bled out the word of The Lord.
Oddly enough,
they never bothered teaching me how to dry myself off after a downpour of acid rain.
So I worshipped my own name; knelt at the altar of my sins, and I prayed
that I could hear Heaven inside my altered voice.
Even God watches in fear when He looks down and sees what He has created;
unfulfilled dreams burn forests to the ground like cigarette kisses
and our hearts sting with every ignition.
Heaven is hotboxed with faith;
and we'll watch the angels drop down with the lingering scent disguised as
nobody at all, hiding behind our own skin.
I'll find time to meet you at the corner of Heaven and Hell, you can tell me
my religion lay inside your eyes, so please don't blink.
We can line up all the stars and let them equal God, and watch
the constellations teach the planets the meaning of supremacy.