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Sunday School

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Pellegrini: Sunday School

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Adam Pellegrini

I am six years old
and late. My hair
is still pressed in different
directions from sleep, my
sweater vest is inside out.
My parents had
told me *only one more show,*
then it's time
before leaving for choir
warm-up, and I, being six,
had watched three more, realized
and rushed out,
had gone through
a neighbor's backyard
hoping it would prove
to be a shortcut and
that's when it happened,
there on that street, that morning
on my way to church,
I looked wrong
at an angel.

I didn't mean anything,
was probably just saying *good morning.*
It pointed at me,
screamed that I tried to rape it.
I didn't even know what rape was.
Angels all through the block came to their doors.
My parents had never
warned me about this neighborhood.
I ran, they floated.
I got in a car, pattering to

defrost in a driveway,
and they turned me towards a tree
as I rolled, stretching for pedals.
They grabbed me,
dragged me to a field,
hocked their angel spit in
my little face.
They wove the sky into a noose,
flung it over a cloud,
cried *human* as they hoisted me.