Faith

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Another Last Poem
Marines Alvarez

I guess I was expected to wilt
Eat the Fruit of Sin
And let it take the place of a little girl’s faith
I was given this jaded heart
And expected to wear it under my sleeve
They gave me all the appropriately cynical answers
And all the rational against you
I let myself have all the hurt
Enough to make it obvious that heaven is too noble a solution
Enough loss to suspect and doubt
(Two missing ingredients in faith)
I was the girl in the great garden
Who felt the creator’s eyes on a naked body
Soiled by sin
I was the one who wanted to know it all
The world sees all the indications of a Godless creature

And yet
But still
Even then

In my muddied hands I hold my mustard seed
It’s grown
My eyes can’t help but lift towards heaven
And laugh at those too blind to see it
You believe this God
They say
Against your better judgment

My Best Judgment is my best reason to believe
Where did my own selfish, crusted, stupid judgment lead me
I was the girl in the lushness of a perfect garden
Who couldn’t see towering trees of sweet Divinity
Who reached out to touch the only one she couldn’t have
The only one that could do her harm –
The Fruit of My Better Judgment
The Fruit named My Judgment is Better