Psalms of the Babble Belt

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The purity league
Met yesterday,
        being Thursday
To spread
    like peanut butter
the word.
As though one were enough to suffice
The problem of the day
    was that
Of changing washday
From Monday
    to Sunday
As if washing clothes
And scrubbing souls were
But different aspects
Of the same operation

The proposal was
    of course
Unanimously passed
    leaving only
The detail of whether
    to use
S.O.S.
    or Gleem
        *
        *
        *
Last week at church,
Our good reverend
    pastor-father
Decided it was time
    for another
Mortal sermon.
He preached of the damnation
Of our moral souls
   (something within us)
Were we to indulge
In the consumption of alcohol,
One swallow
   he said
Would lead us down
The *Brimrose* path
   and into
Eternal hellfire.
   (not as frightening as
   it might have been as
   the furnace was off that
   morning)
He ranted thus
For nearly an hour
    until he ran out of steam,
And served communion.

*   *   *
Our Christian brotherhood club
    meets
Three Sundays a month
    primarily
To discuss the rights
   of fellow man
Or more specifically
   where
His rights end
   and ours begin
We don’t meet the fourth Sunday
   because
The previous night
   is
The country club dance.