Lent Lament

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Lent Lament

By Erin Elizabeth McConnell

i have sweet teeth
that you wouldn't want to meet
in an errant alley
at three in the morning
the day before the day before Easter.

When, after forty days and forty nights
and forty minutes and forty seconds,
i've been grinding my teeth on greens
in my mohair shirt,
with my belt stylishly girded
about my loins.

And i haven't tasted
chocolate-covered locusts
or cavity-coated honey sticks
for weeks and weeks.
And my resolve is weak.
Though my hips have slimmed,
it is a hollow victory.

While fiends and demons
have infected my friends —
who take long, lascivious licks
from the nectar of Cadbury,
succor decadent mints,
tongue tantalizing toffee,
and ask me — Me!
if i would like a taste.
“Come on,” they cajole,  
as i scan their hair for horns.  
“Who’s gonna know?”  
But my God is a Jealous God,  
and He would smell the scent of sugar  
as its goo congeals on my gums.

And perhaps, on the off-chance  
that my soul is black enough,  
and the candy sweet enough,  
He would hurl a curse  
from out His purse  
(potent, but terse) —

to choke on chocolate —  
but things could be worse  
than a brownie hearse...