

2006 IATE Poetry and Prose Contest

Poems of Exceptional Merit

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On a Hymnsong of Holden Caulfield

So, both of us met at some church of God,
where that blessed Mary let me see him.
I swam up-stream through blood of some virgin,
and I met him and shook his hand, some hand—
paw of God's fetus! I was allowed to
meet Jesus; we were able to converse,
about life and death and why,
"You are my sunshine, only sunshine!
Yes, yes—you make me happy, when skies are."
I took him by The hand; we touched our eyes,
together eyes—eyes together. I spoke,
"Friend, the world should know this kind of love."
On a Hymnsong of Holden Caulfield, I
spread my cheeks, and he kissed them. I'm sorry,
ladies; God is gay and happy.

So, both of us met at some church of God,
where Jesus showed me how to play Rugby.
I was wide receiver when the moon came and pulled
you and me to one, where our faces
came closely; the force almost smashed us in-
to two! However, God saved our souls; he
blinded ignorance and sang with angels,
"We are traveling in footsteps of those
who've gone before. We'll all be reunite-
ed' on a sunlit shore." Well, you, Holden
Caulfield, save, the catcher in the rye.
"Friend, the world should show this kind of love."
On a hymnsong of Jesus Christ, I
led my life, and he kissed me. I'm sorry.
Ladies, God is gay and happy.