

One Day When I Quit Bible School

by Tom Frazier

The days of Kool-Aid and cookies are over.
I have built my last basket from ice cream sticks.
I will carve no more Savior's crosses from soap.
I will braid not one more Lord lanyard
of mixed shoe strings and letter beads spelling His name.
The stories are done: Noah and his boat,
Moses and the mountain, Jonah and his wrong way fish dinner.
The shop has closed down; the easel put away
with cardboard saints velcroed together in the storage closet.
I sit home at the given hour, scratching my dog's head.
My little light extinguished, won't shine from under its bushel.
My theology's quit looking for a port in any storm.
They won't let me carry the flag in morning procession this year.