

The Pope

Why would we want

an apology from you.

You who's glorified with gratuities

for the forgiveness of sin.

With gilded gifts

decorated with death,

you descended amongst

our midst to the confusion of our Creator.

We absorbed your stories

of heaven, hell & salvation.

Of an eternity

of abysmal assimilation.

You attacked our 'spirit'

without relent.

Leaving us little chance

to question your intent.

You have caused

so much mayhem, so much pain

in your name.

Shame!

You still don't feel

it was your fault

you did nothing wrong.
Strange are the ways of God,
you cry in your eye
dry tears running
down flaccid cheeks.
You just don't get it,
it's like trying to explain
the sun to one
who lives in a hole.

Ah---hopefully--- all your sanctimonious
'souls' burn in your
self made hell.
I watch & smirk,
yet;
The Creator whispers in my ear
'Tis not nice to be mean,
Tis not our way.'