

**Yaseen Kader**

**[And, hey, maybe if I continue to sing]**

*I pretended you were Jesus; you were just dying to save me.*

...

*I treated you like radio; I treated you like God.*

*You were my glass menagerie. Did you not find that odd?*

*I dwelt within and went without and broke my virgin flesh;*

*I performed acts of devotion as if you were Ganesh.*

—*The Magnetic Fields: 69 Love Songs: 'Crazy for You But (Not That Crazy)'*

And, hey, maybe if I continue to sing, that thing  
That's on the tip of your tongue,  
That reason why you hung around in the first place  
Will come back to you. You knew it all along, it seems.  
And we can walk smugly, the both of us, into the Spring sunset,  
Because this is my fantasy, and Freud said you're everyone in your dreams.

Of course I'll continue to sing, because you do crazy things  
To get back what you need.  
So that HAL might set gravity back to nine point eight metres per second  
Per second, and I'll finally be able to stand again,  
And stop falling to my knees.

It doesn't seem so strange to me  
That any given Aztec would carve a prayer  
Into a child's chest, and tear out his heart  
Like it didn't belong there, because it was the only way  
The world would start again the next day.  
A clockwork Abraham, ready every morning with his flint  
At six o'clock. Sharp.

But maybe I don't need to sing; just wait instead.  
Like a Wiccan would wait, because she knew  
That such a thing as Spring would come again.  
Ostara didn't need viscera wrenched by obsessed obsidian.  
The Sun will keep turning. We just need to stay here.  
Right?

All Mary had to do was wait. Give it three days and He'll return  
And bring salvation and sunshine and the smell of fresh grass with Him.

So I'll just sit and stare, silent, and you'll come back to me.  
But please make it soon, because I think I just called you God.