

1995

**Sunday, October 15, 1995**

Carl Boon  
*Denison University*

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Jurgen Moltmann, the tenacious German  
theologian of hope, greets me in the morning.  
He scratches the leftover sleep from my eye  
in a fashion no pallid Baptist preacher

could approximate. He's blasted Kant,  
and Schopenhauer, too, and he's gearing up  
to slam God head-first into his concrete mat  
of condemnation. What a furious transition

from the spell of Saturday afternoon, my feet  
propped up, my knees balancing an easy beer.  
Saturday night, a red Corvette so confident  
around the curves, no seat belts, and Sunday

morning, a vacuous, viscous Volvo heavy  
on the highway, pursuing the crimes  
of the Lutheran Church. Who changed lanes?  
I feel like a hostage confined to the realms

of tedious claims of faith before breakfast.  
Where are you, Wallace Stevens? Your citrus  
images, your New York Times spread out against  
the kitchen table? I am envious of your ease.

*Carl Boon '96*