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Bible Thumper

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Bible Thumper

We drive by and point at his scanty form,
a thin wire knocked straight in the vertical
torrents of rain. All overcoat and beard
and lips, he glistens on the corner of
3rd and Peach. A wrinkle of a man, wet
to his creases, yet still he reads--rivers
of words flowing from a green book clinched
tight
in small white hands. His speech is lost to us
and I imagine rain-drops spattering
delicate pages, melding all the words
to a gray-smear'd whole...and he, still reading
while the book grows heavy and bloats away
its binding of moss-green leather, eyes wide,
wet lips bulged like the fluted silver rim
of a flagon, welling up and spilling,
welling up and spilling into that great
outpouring of tongues...awhirl with the tides
and praying for the mercy of the sun.

Chris Rynd