THE JOURNEY

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Our Father I was only seven deadly sins, I was taught and I was afraid so I attend with the masses.

I was only thirteen but did I know what it meant?

A confirmation of my upbringing, I was immersed years before in a belief of generations ahead of mine.

Our father who art in heaven I was only seven when I was forced to believe after a divorce eighteen years in the making.

I went to live with my dad; I had no choice. I was seventeen and still he dreamed that I needed You the same as he.

Twenty-eight and I chose the war. I prayed every night on the bird before but we weren't on Your mission; we were fighting for freedom.

The Journey

Every night
I go to bed with an atheist;
my wife.
Should it matter that she doesn't believe?

She is the gift
You've given to me, no matter
how long it took
me to find her.
I'm sorry she doesn't believe, but

I love her no matter what.

Thirty-three now and still I search for what it means to be a man,

of God, faith, wisdom, integrity, strength and love.

Thy kingdom come.