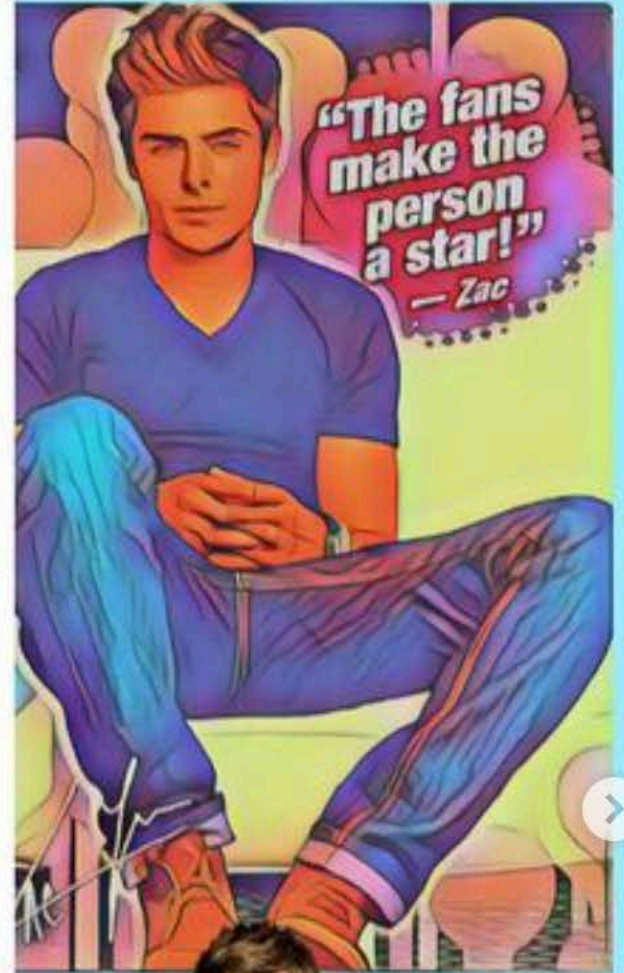


6

We're playing baptism in the pool
You cradle me like your baby and dip my
head back in the name of god
Something about a first sin is wiped clean
in the chlorine.

God is soooo obvious,
Shrines and idols second nature.
We leave flower crowns in finger raked dirt
for the fairies,
stick posters to our turquoise walls.
We name the stones we hide in our pockets.

When the boys crush snails on the
playground I'm brave like,
I am a Christian,
show that snail some mercy.



My teacher says you can't just pray and not study,

But I want a control group
I'm a scientist now and write in my journal
for posterity, for the record,
Writing threats on the first page like don't
you dare read this,
don't you dare pass this page, then
refer to the you on every page after,
at least prayer has an audience,
Some guy wrote the Bible and some girl
wrote this,

And I'm not special so neither is that
And I'm very important so that is too
He loves me he loves me not petals,
I was a really smart girl.

At confirmation? I don't say "I do" when they
ask us all to rebuke the devil.

It seems too cliché.

There are still dolls under my bed

There are still rosaries

But like they're basically like not even mine
anymore.

I don't even play with them anymore.

I go to my first funeral and I don't know anything.

@horses_and_memories



16

i dont forgive anyone lol

16

who is going to forgive me?



At Jesus camp
they take away our phones
so we can be closer to God.

Everyone except Martyna forgets their
shampoo,
so we all smell like one girl
in the small room where we sleep on the
floor. I bring vodka in a water bottle,
and everything is warm.

In the morning my head is in Natalia's lap,
as she brushes my hair.
Kasia lends me her lipgloss,
I give her my hair tie.
We go to mass pretty,
And hold hands when they tell us too.
The priest asks for 2 strong boys to carry
the cross, and when I get offended
Natalka calls me her strong boy
for the rest of the weekend.
I confess nothing.

On the drive home
we peel clementines
and share them piece by piece.



19

Man on the subway says god is coming and
he's being very loud about it

I cross myself like habit

Like fuck I'm a little scared as he gets
closer,

Like,

Aniele Boży, stróžu mój,

Ty zawsze przy mnie stój.

I only remember the rhyming prayers,
my muscles memory,
Head heart left right.



@horses_and_memories

21

Eh finding god is kinda silly, i got tonsilitis again and started praying on my knees.



I like the Virgin Mary because she's a girl, and I think that's what I always liked about her. I like Jesus on the cross because why is there a naked man on your necklace, why is he dying, why is he dying for you, that's kind of hot, why does he pair so well with dark eyeliner, why does he have abs. I like the Holy Ghost because I don't really have many words anymore to tell you how I'm feeling, but I still exist. I like prayer because I hate getting out of bed in the morning, I'm grateful for my mother though, and I'm proud of myself, thank you for my legs, thank you for my feet, ok they're bare on the floor now, thank you god for these socks, I'm so blessed to have socks, dear god thank you for this sweater, some girls don't have sweaters, wait fuck does this mean that god intentionally gave me a sweater but not other girls, actually, fuck, no, god doesn't give anyone sweaters, god just gives me the strength to put one on.





*jesus christ just
forgive ur father! u
dont even have to
like him<3*





*Im a virgin because
i put a ribbon in
my hair today!
what does sex have
to do with it?*



*Losing your religion
is CORNY!*

*Finding it is
CLICHE!*

*God isn't dead ur
just ANNOYING!*

*Go kiss a girl and
wear the jewelery
your mother gave
you, yes, just
because it's shiny!*

