

Carry this Nation

A Poem by Claire Carlson

I am a bulldog who sits at the feet
of my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ
Exhausted and panting, ribs heaving, teeth dry
From barking damnation at what we despise

Compelled by delusion or heavenly orders
I shatter those vessels
of glimmering sin
Hatchet held fiercely
You're making me do this
I've no other means by which I might win

So duck from the splinters, as I do
Wince as the wooden shards fly
Squint through the storm of these liquid explosions
We're in the same war zone, you and I

Women! Smash! Praise God and smash!
The windows, the bar rails, the doors
We have not permission to enter and find them,
our husbands, those drunks on the floor

I am an angel whose pinions are trailing
Through jail cells' and joints' dusty halls
The Lord is my Shepherd
May this world be tempered
Let mothers and wives hear this call