**The Things My Mother Believes In**

Isarae Koval

at sunrise she says *God is coming*

*on a sea of fire* and stares

to the horizon beyond

her front porch

her body begins to tremble

and miles away the members

of the church begin to mumble

among themselves. they look around

at each other seeking confirmation

their language these days has filled with salt

and settled to the earth, as the scriptures

dissolve into silence,

into solutions

a panacea is patented by Big Pharm.

the prophets backtrack

and untangle their myths like fistfuls of wool.

the seers get lasik and move on

but still she waits, gazing at the sun.

how is it that the patient are consumed

by complacence as blue as flames?

though we all still look east at dawn, briefly

afraid these days to stare at the sun too long

mom

i have been torn from your body, once again,

with an arrogant declaration

but in truth God is

tomorrow.