

Sister Mary Pascal  
By: Dan Marek

You sit in your dark layer upon your perch,  
crackling away and ripping the flesh from children.  
You and your God judge on me  
with his shiny steel fist of wrenching fear.  
Your bald head hidden from view by black cotton.  
Wrinkles stretch like worms across your brow.  
A golden cross in your left hand and a blood stained dagger in the other.  
Suppression, dominance and superiority your world.  
Laughter, at a child's strength.  
Learn by the ruler across your hand.  
"You'll never do that again, my son."

"son..."

My mother prays each night to the virgin,  
but you still look at her as the worst.  
"Marriage shall be everlasting or repent forever."  
"You better sing, or you'll burn in hell!"  
If it is a place of eternal flames  
to which I do not believe.  
But if so, my last words to you,  
on my dying breath...

"I'll see you there, oh queen of death."