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Modern American Worship

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The *Word Hoard*

/ward/hôrd/ *n.* 1. A journal open to all Arts and Humanities scholars.

Modern American Worship

Blair Trewartha

after Geoffrey Morrison

There's no such thing as small blessings: an optimist's clever way of taking punches and sucking it up. Clarity. Gratefulness. Words of prayer squeezed through scabbed fists. Bad news never comes without its antithesis. America: a hunter who thinks it's a lion—chasing its tail.

When God gives you lemons, there is no God. Pucker up. Eat fruit. Pretend there's no such thing as a wound self-inflicted. At the initial kneel, that mercy-drunk monologue with eyes shut and pleading, we became conquerors believing they were worshippers doing someone else's will.

Five hundred years of frigid rain is still a void of drought. In the wars of water, we'll wield an arsenal. Any land that can't be burned is just a fire You let us put out. This is the wisdom of worshippers: word reversals and resuscitations. A way to pull the slaughter out of the blade after the cut.