January 2018

Modern American Worship

Blair Trewartha
btrewart@gmail.com

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.lib.uwo.ca/wordhoard

Part of the Digital Humanities Commons, English Language and Literature Commons, Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons, Fiction Commons, Film and Media Studies Commons, Fine Arts Commons, Nonfiction Commons, Philosophy Commons, Poetry Commons, and the Theatre and Performance Studies Commons

Recommended Citation

Trewartha, Blair (2018) "Modern American Worship," The Word Hoard: Vol. 1 : Iss. 6 , Article 15.
Available at: https://ir.lib.uwo.ca/wordhoard/vol1/iss6/15

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholarship@Western. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Word Hoard by an authorized editor of Scholarship@Western. For more information, please contact tadam@uwo.ca.
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.