

God Spoke to Me Through the Car Stereo

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I was twelve.

The woman with the crooked teeth

Told me I was a pearl,

Shaped carefully by Him

To be roughed up by

The world until I shone.

She knew things she shouldn't have.

I cried

In the middle of the library.

She said I was going to write

Something Important.

Every particle of my body

Ached for her to be right.

I was nineteen.

The woman with the frizzy hair

Tried to follow me home.

She made it as far as the lobby,

Gazing in wonderment at the

Splendor of a new building

And the secrets it could hold.

She thought I held secrets, too.

Was I her long lost sister, Martha?

No.
Yes!
No.
Then maybe I was a gift
Anyway.
I asked her to leave, and she did.
I was twenty.
The woman in the red jacket
Met me at the shuttle stop and
Said she would follow me to Him
From our places on the sidewalk.
And she tried,
Spewing bible fire the whole way
Up the steps of the bus
Until someone with more authority
Came to stop her.
Maybe the lonely,
Crazy women
Of the world
Just like me.
Or maybe next
Time I start the car
And put on
Some music,
It'll be God
Speaking to me next.