

The Broken Ones

by Misti Rainwater-Lites

Rich Mullins was right. Once upon a time I shivered hearing "Awesome God" on the radio, drove around Kerrville crying and praying, found sanctuary in the hall closet in my mother's house, underlining Proverbs 31 and Hebrews 11 in my King James Rainbow Study bible, placed dried rose petals between the first two pages of Song of Solomon. Jesus wept and so did I. I watched the movie at my mom's ranch, Pepsodent drying out my bedbug bites, and realized that Rich Mullins was right. God loves the broken ones. I've decided this includes me.

The world rejects me, spits on me, laughs in the sun ravaged whore dog face of my loser bitch insomnia, taunts me as I return to my vomit and lap it up. The world does not include writers and editors. They belong to another realm. They are holy. They are aliens speaking to God on broken Speak-N-Spells. Writers and editors recognize me. We are of the same tribe. We are the CEOs of Shit is Fucked UP. So there is a party, yes, and I am invited. I come to the banquet in my rags and sores. The gate opens for me. I know the secret code.

I am a whore no more but once a whore always a whore and this is adorable so I tap dance on rock bottom and sing for my supper. I know there will be pubic hairs in the mashed potatoes but I've eaten worse. I shrug off the creamed corn shit stew of my oppressors and rise not like Ariel or the Phoenix no nothing that spectacular or blurb worthy but like the spirit of a girl who was born accidentally in Texas and died in Texas on purpose, beautiful in her fragments that no glue could mend, out of the grasp of a multitude of grabbing fingers, borrowed Camel smoke rising up above the town dump where the broken God approved things go to rust piece by ugly piece.

