

When the Witness Calls

by Steven Gowin

Here they come, those witnesses.

They climb the steps with their literature.

I always answer the door.

I like seeing their kids all dressed up.

Love me those spic and span families.

They start in, but I interrupt.

I am not as polite as the witnesses are.

I just say, I don't have time.

Sometimes I tell them, I am an atheist.

The witnesses always keep calm.

They go away nicely and don't talk about me.

I suppose they must pray for me, me and my soul.

But I don't care one way or the other.

I really am an atheist, I think.

