

poetry by Langston Kerman

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Water

I'm starting not to believe Jesus
Christ walked on water; rather,
he didn't know how to swim.

When a man spends his entire
life turning brail into colors,
no one wants to see him

as anything less than a miracle.
I think Jesus was terrified
of the water. Of drowning too

early; missing his purpose
like a net with a tear just large
enough for the fish to escape.