Safe

you can’t prove something entirely safe
  complete thoughts
    swallowed by periods

that’s art for you
  a bucket of knives
    for putting out fires

believe it or not Jesus was a raconteur
  fish and chips for the masses
    alpha and omega-3

I prefer religious smorgasbords
  entrees from all traditions
    dabs of dogmas for sides

everything’s a conversation
  whether you say anything or not
    is it safe to say my sepia memories are me?

hedge your bets with the gods
  risk management with wifi in the wilderness
    keep visions to a minimum with defensive sleeping

trouble shoot
  hum melatonin    mmmmmmmmelatoniinnnn
    whisper serotonin  sssssssssserotoninnnnn

I worry about the beatific vision
  playing cards all eternity with an autistic god
    no beer and peanuts

I have no quarrel with juxtapositions
  except when they involve
    strapping on vestments

when’s the last time you tossed your soul into the salad
  when’s the last time you raged on the moor
    when’s the last time you sang to the mermaids

too safe is not safe
  carry a few extra pounds
    invest in your death

— Martin Settle