Edited for Younger Viewers

Timothy Black
Gettysburg College, blacti01@gettysburg.edu
Class of 2020

Follow this and additional works at: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury

Part of the Art and Design Commons, and the Creative Writing Commons

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.

Available at: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2018/iss1/10

This open access poetry is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact cupola@gettysburg.edu.
Edited for Younger Viewers

Author Bio
Timothy Black is a sophomore political science major.

This poetry is available in The Mercury: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2018/iss1/10
They say
I am too gay young to understand

They say
I am ignorant and arrogant
to think I could understand

So, I will write of how you're a brute,
how your anger is like wrathful God, a wrathful god,
but never of how gentle you are
and how your affection is odd
and protective with me

I won't write about your smile
or rather your “devilish grin”
or will I write about your charisma
for it will only lead me to sin
oh sorry, your “evil allure”

I’m sorry I can’t serenade you,
but dirges are all they’ll allow.
I just wanna write you psalm,
to read when we take the vow
but they won’t let me rhyme.

I want Thomas or Peter
I’ll write you as Judas, not Peter.
They’d prefer Mary, Adele
As Lucifer, not Uriel.
They tell me I can’t write of Heaven
so, I guess I’ll just write of Hell.