

## Angel Roast

Tom Brinck

7/12/95

As I skated down the sidewalk,  
I passed First Baptist  
and noticed they were  
having an angel roast.

Rotating slowly on the spit,  
the angel's halo blurred and rippled  
in the heat of the steaming fumes.  
By the apple in its mouth,  
I guessed it must be  
one of the fallen.

"No way to know for sure,"  
said the man squirting juices.

The man at the carving table  
asked if I'd like  
a leg or thigh.  
"Don't you have any wings or breasts?"  
I asked.  
"Sure," he said, "but you struck me  
as more of a dark-meat kind of guy."

and he was right,  
so he speared a slice of thigh for me  
and served it up  
with some bread and wine.

"Bless you, son"  
said the preacher,  
as I dropped two quarters  
in the charity cup.