

Five Poems from the Fool's Sermons

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Conceit Sermon

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him.

Proverbs 26:12

A rabbi, a priest, and an atheist walk into a bare. Or like a mule, an agnostic, and Jesus bar themselves. From the night, stars, and planks. The bartender asks, "Why the long face?" They set their money on the bar tenderly. Peanuts aside. The atheist pulls a piece of white chalk from her pocket and draws a dove. On the wall, the priest agrees. The mule orders a holy water. A sign: no tabs. Moonlight whines through the windows while worms in the tequila bottles. Remember the fresh mouth-hue of cadavers. The rabbi says, "Throw your money in the air!" The dove flups from stool to stool to stool to stool to stool. Stool to stool. Circumlocution? It's the agnostic's turn to eat the baby. There is no. Jukebox playing "I'm a believer!" The atheist realizes this is just. Another room. Jesus makes like a tree. Spirits rise from the bottles. The priest lights a candle. In the bathroom, olives are tenderized. Whatever. God wants. God keeps. The mule wonders, "Is this some kind of yoke?" The dove counts its feathers. Wane is turned into wider. The bartender says, "Stop me if you've hurt this one before."

Esteemed Sermon

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise: and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.

Proverbs 17:28

sigh
leant

Snare Sermon

A fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul.

Proverbs 18:7

aloof
aloft

foul oath
all offal

thalamus flotsam
slothful assault

utmost fault
usual fallout:
fatuuous atoms

fathom flatfoot oafs
as moths at fatal halos

outshout shootouts
total tumult almost

moult moolah
mutual flush
ahhh

shhh
lustful ammo

haul lush
tomato mush
off asthma flam

loofah half-solo
lasso atlas

maul soul
slush thus

lost
soot

Noise Sermon

Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all the earth: make a loud noise.

Psalms 98:4

Ha ha ha ha
Ha ha ha Ha
ha ha yes
baby baby
boo boo boo
boo boo ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha
ha oh you oh
you oh you
know ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha
ha Ha ha ha
do you ever
ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha
yeah ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha
yay no I love
you

Clasping Sermon

The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh.

Ecclesiastes 4:5

an ambulance is another kindness of prophet,
and as every key implies a lock, cruelty imposes intelligence.

smoke alarms live for smoke and batteries
and this is all so straightforward.

a squealing tireless fart, volition,
justice, the geometry of an overripe banana.

how a prayer can become a cannibalism,
our capacity for failure perfects us.

a vein is not an artery, thank goodness!
but everything still tastes like DNA.

a clear, simple action: ringing the doorbell.
what's not to be understood? this is apart, of that

jelly-filled doughnuts are four-dimensional
something-something, while kindness is a kind of intelligence.

the delivery van backs up, and backs up, honey,
vaccinations, calcium carbonate, cash register, phylogeny.

a spade is not a cobra but both
can kill a rat, the difference's invention.

even the cleanest laundry is never really clean;
asphalt can be recycled into new asphalt.

i'd rather be uncertain of what I know
than confident in what I don't or vice versa.