

Created in His Image

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I.

The first lie they told me was
Blonde Jesus. Thick Belinda locks,
And blue ocean eyes.
He hangs on the cross, white
Like a tender lamb, or
White like a lily flower,
Or like white snow
Smothering brown ground.

II.

The second lie they told me was
Love like the sun: blinding.
Told me to wish for stars like
Supernovas burning each other
Into white rainbows. Tell me
Where is the beauty in pain
And destruction, and grinding
Past each other as you combust?

III.

In hindsight, it should have been clear.
Lie number III: lurking behind me.
My desert mirage, my Narcissus has

Hair blonde, eyes blue. So do you
See why I fell for him?
Do you see why I sat on the green shore,
Watching my star waste into himself,
A weak echo reduced to empty black holes?

IV.

The truth, they conveniently forgot to tell.
I saw it with glasses on, only
After the lamb slaughtered, flower
Starved, the snow melted to reveal
my Jesus risen from the cross.
With his brown feet on brown ground
Under clear blue sky, I see love true
In ebony eyes, my mirror moons.