

Crusade Against Rock

The travelling Evangelist with the permed mullet
played “Another One Bites the Dust” slowed-down
in reverse for our congregation. If we listened closely,
he insisted, we could hear Freddie Mercury,
who sounded now like Darth Vader, testifying to us all,
It’s fun to smoke marijuana. It’s fun to smoke marijuana.
We heard it nearly plain as day. The Lord isn’t the only one
who works in mysterious ways. The remedy must outdo
the poison, the Evangelist told us. The next night,

I gathered up my own little stack of songs, said goodbye
to *F.U. Don’t Take It Personal*. Adios, *Eazy-Duz-It*.
So long, *Straight Outta Compton*. The liner notes
turned black beneath the melting plastic. The fumes
of our youth group’s burnt offering drifted on the wind.
Maybe this was what God wanted, but even now
my heart aches to think about that moment the flames
took hold of Bob Marley’s *Legend*, his head cocked,
his eyes knowing, and all those dreads suddenly on fire.

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