

# “Free Bible in Your Own Language”

Heather Kirn

Call me doubting Tom, but have you heard  
my language? How I pepper the day  
with *oh shits* of running late and road kill?

And does a book on your table filter fables  
through nineteen-eighties pop lines? *Shout, shout,*  
*let it all out.* What about *shunyata,*

that wide bowl of a Buddhist word—*emptiness*—  
splattered flat on a blank page like a smacked fly?  
In my bible, several vacant pages follow.

Let’s shut one. Like a musical greeting card,  
open it again. Any monks chanting  
muddled nirvana? How about a bongo

and a flute, a hermaphrodite rapping  
the precise number of steps it took  
to reach *now*? Only text: Adam’s rib and how

Eve was turned from it. This is wrong.  
In my language, God takes two of his own,  
blows bone-dust across a field

like seeds, plants trees. Roots grow into legs.  
Upon what, you ask, would the book  
be written? Give me some space,

a quiet walk in the grass unburdened  
by your kiosk of Korean, Finnish, French....  
With my footprints bending the blades,

I’ll write a faint psalm of unknowing,  
knowing the sun will erase it, will call  
it back into straight, green, speechless strands.