

# Beating Balaam's Ass

*Numbers 22:30*

# Timothy Green

The books are wrong, you know,  
and the priests—they're told only  
what to tell the children. Look both  
ways, don't shit where you eat, that  
sort of thing. And the children listen.  
And I listen. And the priests, they  
listen most, their clean heads lowered  
in great psalms of listening.

But heaven is a highway in Kansas .  
Nothing waits: no commandments  
or pearly gates; not a mighty gavel  
but merely *gravel*, mile after loose  
mile of it, no other soul in sight.  
The geometry of the afterlife: four  
corners, a stop sign. The paint on  
the sign reflective, easy to read.

The thousand ears of God are ears  
of corn, and none of them listen to  
the only sound, which is your engine,  
your one horse always approaching.

The life you're leading, being led.

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