

Sonnet on Religious Doctrines

My foot slipped on a banana peel;
I was quickly pushed out of the way.
While throngs of my beloved brethren,
marched proudly through the Gate.

They would not give a sideways glance,
to one whose steps weren't solid shod.
Yet their only victory was in the following,
or perhaps knowing the knowing nod.

How tragic to be shoved away,
for hastening to be on time.
When my motives were the purer sort,
they were, at least, mine.

I, too, wanted to be rewarded, earn my fate.
Sadly, my eternity was decided by the banana someone ate.