

# The Lost Beatitudes

- J. T. Barbarese

*B*lessed are the sons-of-bitches  
since that includes most of us.

Blessed are the Christians and Jews and all Fundamentalists  
who remind us in the end that it's all about real estate.

Blessed are the religions without transcendence,  
the Wiccans and Theosophists and Druids.

Blessed the middle-aged folk who jog to stay in shape,  
sleek black shadows majestic in Spandex on gentle slopes.

Blessed are the nude and the nudists  
for flesh is our precious illusion.

Blessed are the beautiful for beauty  
is the decisive consolation.

Blessed are those who pine and pray for the Rapture,  
and insist on reminding me that I will be left behind.  
I'm counting on it.

Blessed are those seven-year-olds carrying their bleeding  
cherry snow cones and s'mores  
into Cineplexes and showrooms, singing out *wait up*  
and tracking young filth over old  
nothing ever waits,  
great joy makes us shiver.

Blessed is the good-looking Marine with his good-looking wife  
eating pizza on the sidewalk, each piece folded over,

not even twenty, with tall matching cheekbones and chestnut hair,  
for the world is doomed and doesn't deserve them  
yet they are radiant and abundant and optimistic.

Blessed are the two older women getting up from the table  
and about to run to the Gap, leave a modest tip  
and saying as they go

*Under five dollars fifteen percent, over five it's like  
twenty*

for they are the world.

Blessed are Dante, Twain, Hart Crane and Emily Dickinson  
and that cheap redhead with a mutt on a red leash  
standing there like a smoldering trash fire,  
and blessed is her mutt,  
and blessed are all intentions, good ones and bad.

Blessed are flat-Earthers, Seventh Day Adventists and Scientologists,  
and blessed the morning sun smudged in clouds  
like a luminous toilet seat,  
and that gorgeous brunette now striding across the street,  
blessed be she,

just for showing up this morning,  
this blessed morning.