

SO WHO'S THIS UNKNOWN GOD?

Acts 17:17-29

The more things change, the more they stay the same.

The Hellenists wear purple sweats
and the Epicureans watch everybody get wet
as they confab with the jaded, bored Cynics.
Sardonic Skeptics glug mineral water
with a twist of Mandarin orange.
The Medes and the Persians bet on Pegasus
while Stoics and Masochists catapult
and somersault into thin air.

Artemis and Anat
jungle-train the feeble and flabby in an aerobic coliseum.
Back at old Delos, the sun hangs like a magenta disc;
at this gymnasium, a guest pass admits one
to tan and worship under a purple tube.

In the Nautilus Room
every Tom, Dick, and Harry is named Colossus.
Watch them bench press the weight of the universe.
Say "hi" to the Sons of Self-Absorption
as you tickle their ampits.

Wouldn't you know...
the Mystics are a no-show.
The Gnostics populate the lounge
reading the paper from back to front,
arguing, "Know you don't..."
and the Hedonists run after any wandering look.

Ye towel-heads, run ahead to the Palladium;
chariot-drive to the agora with a Gladiator on board;
jog in your Nikes to the pink marble Roman schvitz.
I'll be playing the Trojan horses
and then will drag my sorry, weary bones and calcified head.
Yes, I'll be drinking decaf with the gods on Mars Hill.

Yes, I'll be shooting the celestial breeze
with the oddball offspring of Zeus.
On craggy Areopagus, what does anybody know?
Rabbi Saul of Tarsus, now are you just another kibitzer?
Don't fast-talk me to death.
Tell me the unknown.

