

W h a t I K n o w

The Rev. David R. Graham
Adwaita Hermitage
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My natural father was an atheist trying to be a Christian and a queer trying to be a husband.

My natural mother was a narcissist trying to be a Christian and a nymphomaniac trying to be a wife.

They had trying to be a Christian in common.

After I matriculated at seminary, they quit trying and parted brass rags.

My actual Father and Mother picked me up and never parted, not me, not one another.

I am a cripple whom God has touched.
I know right and wrong when I see them.
Unless I see them, about right and wrong I know nothing.

Beyond that, I know nothing.

A M D G

