

Sound Message

By

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Sweat flies from a televangelist behind an opaque pulpit. Standing on a pedestal-like stage, his diamond studded gold watch clangs like coins in a passing offering plate. The key to salvation can only be found in his book. Only \$24.⁹⁹ for the next fifty callers but wait there's more; the holy oil is free of sin and can get you closer to Him. Words of prosperity pour out of his mouth like cymbals.

God wants you to be rich.

An artist sings and head-bangs, performing gospel rock music. Fans flock and fall like flies as he shows the way through symphonic words. Strings of the heart pull toward each note escaping his melodious mouth. Hosanna in the highest record deal. Lyrics of goodness drown in rhythmic drums beating louder.

God wants you to buy the CD.

A man pokes and judges through the blasting of his bull horn. Words fly and crush. A place in hell is assured for everyone. Matters of the heart are shrouded by darkness in the light of outward appearances. Angry screams of condemnation crash with hisses and squeaks of the megaphone.

God doesn't love you so much.

And I look up, wondering if He weeps.
His love lost in the noise.