

“All My Friends Are Finding New Beliefs”

by Christian Wiman:

All my friends are finding new beliefs.
This one converts to Catholicism and this one to trees.
In a highly literary and hitherto religiously-indifferent Jew
God whomps on like a genetic generator.
Paleo, Keto, Zone, South Beach, Bourbon.
Exercise regimens so extreme she merges with machine.
One man marries a woman twenty years younger
and twice in one brunch uses the word *verdant*;
another's brick-fisted belligerence gentles
into dementia, and one, after a decade of finical feints and teases
like a sandpiper at the edge of the sea,
decides to die.
Priesthoods and beasthoods, sombers and glees,
high-styled renunciations and avocations of dirt,
sobrieties, satieties, pilgrimages to the very bowels of being ...

All my friends are finding new beliefs
and I am finding it harder and harder to keep track
of the new gods and the new loves,
and the old gods and the old loves,
and the days have daggers, and the mirrors motives,
and the planet's turning faster and faster in the blackness,
and my nights, and my doubts, and my friends,
my beautiful, credible friends.

Christian Wiman is the author of numerous works of poetry and prose, including *He Held Radical Light: the Art of Faith, the Faith of Art* and a new book of poems, *Survival Is a Style*. He is a professor at Yale Divinity School.