

in the joining of hands there is the belief that it is never too late for a lost soul to return.
religious hope
 encouragement
 forgiveness
 with hallelujah salvation and unconditional love
 waiting for the repentant soul trying to find its way back.

however
there is an unspoken understanding

if the soul has wandered off for too long
and lived in a degenerative state filled with primitive rawness
 on the remote outer islands of reckless flesh
 it would be better for everyone if
 the natives would cut off its tongue
 before it comes back.
piety does not want intensely graphic stories of defilement and transgression
 detailing years of pleasure sprawling wildness
 in explicit choices of the illicit.
after all everyone is vulnerable to curiosity
in the territory where
 sermons cannot compete
 with a spirit wearing animal skins.

the return.
wf.h.
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