

The

God always tries to get you  
to go to his house.

The Devil is willing to travel.

In God's bed,  
you're a dry blue dress  
in a river.

A bicycle  
that doesn't leave tracks  
in snow.

In the Devil's bed,  
you doh-si-doh  
with monkeys.  
He makes you feel like  
butterscotch and meat.

When you're with God,  
gongs breathe and sway,  
and yes,  
the earth does move.

When you're with the Devil,  
you move.

When you're with the Devil,  
you have to pay attention  
not to mention God's name.

When it's over,  
God brings you water  
that tastes like stems and sky.

The Devil doesn't stick around.  
The Devil doesn't dawdle.  
He takes the window  
and leaves the sill hot.

After you fuck God,  
you can talk to turtles.

After you fuck the Devil,  
smoke comes out,  
and your toes light up  
like Christmas.

Differences

Handler



Claudia Handler recently moved from New York to Los Angeles. She is a student of Laurel Ann Bogen and, as a poet, is just getting started.

Claudia