

Donor

ALLAN ROY ANDREWS

Theology's laboratory gathers dust,
its data, scientists say, contaminated,
its ethereal results suspicious
Yet, it probes compounds where bodies
fall to their knees.

I'll donate my organs to theology,
request an autopsy on my soul.
Medicine has sliced me, and psychology
undressed why I sneeze, scratch
and masturbate.

Could theology use my cadaver?
Incarnate precedent affirms
history's dissecting martyrs who followed
God's lead of donating his body
for our understanding.

My body hides no sacred catacomb.
Grown secular and Mosaic with years,
having bypassed flagellation
to holiness, it may find healing
in hermeneutics.

[Allan Roy Andrews teaches high school in Maryland. He is a former reporter and copyeditor for *The Boston Globe* and former editor-in-chief and columnist at *Pacific Stars and Stripes* in Tokyo. His poetry has previously appeared in *Theology Today* and in *Aethlon: The Journal of Sport Literature*.]