

How I Met St. Peter Eater at the Gate Of Heaven

*St Peter Eater, pervert treater
Had an urge and couldn't beater.
He put her in a treatment hell,
And there contained her very well.*

It was after all not his urge but someone else's anyone else's like mine or yours like any of the disembodied urges floating around in the air ready to infect the unwary and we know that children are especially vulnerable and must be inoculated with orthodoxy again and again lest they feel/do something inappropriate with a not all right place either theirs or someone else's,

And how he loved these innocent ones and wanted to protect them.

But this love and protection needs a bit of explanation.

He wanted to protect them from anybody else's urges than his own which he didn't ever have.

Like all those Disney characters he had no not all right places.

Only love.

Pure love we are talking about.

Pure.

Pure.

Sanitary.

More sanitary than any napkin.

Oh so pure.

I mean he didn't even notice that boys had buns.

*Whose urges these are I think I know.
Our secrets are well hidden though.
He thinks I will not see him here
Where private woods fill up with snow.*

As I watched during the initial session the first participant stood and confessed:

I have sinned I am a cock sucking yellow bellied pus brained piece of shit who doesn't

deserve to live for I have offended the good people of this righteous nation and especially those in the bible belt.

O my treatment leader, I am heartily sorry for having offended thee and I detest all my sins because of thy just punishments but most of all because they offend nice people who art all good and deserving but even more than that because I do not wish to be tossed back into prison.

That too.

And of course I firmly resolve with the help of thy treatment techniques to sin no more and to avoid the near occasions for sin.

And this was followed by the specific sins.

I touched his penis.

I licked his belly button.

We did show and tell.

Then the second one stood and repeated the same thing altering only the specifics at the end which actually were pretty similar as there are only so many tabs and slots and not all right places.

I saw a pattern.

So when it was my turn I stood and said

I have sinned and have offended the good people of this righteous nation and especially those in the bible belt o my treatment leader I am heartily sorry for having offended thee and I detest all my sins because of thy just punishments but most of all because they offend nice people who art all good and deserving but even more than that because I do not wish to be tossed back into prison.

You forgot the part about being cock sucking yellow bellied pus brained piece of shit St. Peter Eater the pervert treatment leader prompted.

Oh yes.

That.

I am a cock sucking yellow bellied pus brained piece of shit I added.

Very good said St. Peter Eater.

And he even smiled almost compassionately.

It takes time he said.

You'll get it. Now your specific sins.

I loved two boys in a forbidden manner I said.

NO!! THUNDERED ST PETER EATER. YOU DID NOT.

I didn't?

No.

What did I do?

YOU GROOMED THEM YOU DEFILED THEM YOU EXPLOITED THEM YOU ASSAULTED THEM YOU DESTROYED THEIR CHILDHOODS YOU LEFT THEM WORSE THAN DEAD YOU FORCED YOURSELF UPON THEM.

But what about the love letter?

THERE WAS NO LOVE LETTER

Whose story is this I asked.

That he said is the crux of the matter isn't it.

It was then that I understood that St. Peter Eater was omnipotent.

Even the past was under his huge thumb.

There was no love letter i said i groomed them i defiled them i exploited them i assaulted them i destroyed their childhoods i forced myself upon them i left them worse than dead.

And it was all your fault.

And it was all my fault.

He smiled.

I was getting the hang of it.

Introductions out of the way the session began.

We are here gentlemen (there were no ladies) for one purpose which is to purge the urge.

I learned in the group that we must be forever vigilant for there are urges everywhere you look

Lined up on telephone lines like starlings swarming like mosquitoes in fields infesting
my breakfast cereal invading my dreams weighing down the limbs of trees crawling
through the grass in my lawn there were urges everywhere and indeed that was the case.

I could not deny it.

Do not feed the urges we were implored.

Now we will have a surprise quiz.

Should you feed the urges?

NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. NO.

We all passed.

Thou shalt not feed the urges.

But I did.

They were lovely these urges.

Striped and speckled and rainbowed birds of the north woods and rainforest birds bright
as northern lights filled the tree in my front yard and I fed them all with sunflower
seed and millet and suet and nectar...

It was a mustard tree in which they grew fat and happy

Like the many colored horses I owned as a child and kept on a ranch some distance from my
house so that my older brother who had learned in the second grade to doubt such things
would not laugh

For being laughed at did break my bones

And still does.

These dancing horses and singing birds I crammed them all into my dreams as
there was no other place to keep them for they were

4 BIDDEN.

DO NOT BID THEM.

DO NOT FEED THE BIRDS (OR THE HORSES FOR THAT MATTER)

But I did.

Secretly.

And I assumed the others did to.

Then one day as I watched the others in the group confess their sins

How they spent too long looking at the picture of a boy in People's magazine or gave in to the impulse to rent a movie with not all right children in it I saw that they made their confessions with a fervor that went far beyond the call of duty that was far more than the minimum needed to just get by and I realized that they were with these confessions courting the love of St. Peter Eater.

How lonely this made me feel.

A wasteland.

Yes.

So many heads filled with straw.

Why do they let them do that I wondered for it seemed to me that even very small brains would have been better.

Once in a non-wasteland a beautiful naked boy came to Meister Eckhart and told him how he could find God where he would part with all creatures and Eckhart offered him a coat but the boy said no that if he were not naked he would cease to be a king for it was God himself who was having a bit of fun.

Its a true story.

But where does one go with such knowledge these days?