

## **“You Gonna Be Up All Night”**

by J.D. Isip

the black preacher on midnight radio warns  
an emmm-hmning congregation  
who might challenge him about, “Don’t nowhere  
in the Bible say ten percent...” and he  
laughing at their ignorance (though *they* are not)  
says again, “You gonna be up all night!”  
as I’ve decided against the porn and the dark room  
of empty motions  
and turned him on for a reprieve,  
some easy grace about superhero Jesus  
swooping down to hand me my mat and say, “Walk!”  
this is not what I wanted

to hear  
him tell it, I think to myself, now searching  
through a million body frieze pages, to hear  
him laughing all oooh-hoo “I’m tell-ing, you... yees, sir!”  
God’s got a sense of humor at least

live-chat rooms have that nostalgic 90s thing  
when I’d type myself into an adult, experienced  
enough to catch the innuendo, “I’d like to log onto *you!*”  
so I pause when the offer blinks over the Coach  
who just told a shirtless teammate, “How can I  
keep you on the team, son?”  
and he’s shirtless, too, because he knows  
there’s gonna be hell to pay. But the memory  
passes and I click to close the screen  
but it misses and turns him back on  
out of sight, just his voice under the teammate, under the Coach  
“You gonna be up all night! Yees, sir!”