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## Possible Instagram Followers // The Guilt of Not Having Catholic Guilt

Sebastian Nguyet Snow  
*SUNY Purchase*

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# Possible Instagram Followers

I ask myself to sigh as I remark / on your classic acrylic / Renaissance  
portrait / posts / with your fifteen thousand friends / or ghosts / cruis-  
ing through Hawaii / Argentina / Laos / every horizon / every jungle  
/ White girls are taught to find power / scribbled on the ticket home /  
I've never seen you faint / or beg / or even think for too long / Silence  
passes between us as old and gargantuan / as the Alps / No one can  
find meaning in my yearnings when they're joyful / Is this why / I  
hate you? / Is this how / you did it? / Washed out Polaroids / party  
hats / in the trash / in the morning / Learn to leave the past alone /  
like the rest / of us / Please squeeze the napkin in your hands during  
family dinners / or excuse yourself to the bathroom / where you be-  
come a phantom / in the mirror / Please sing badly / or let your skirt  
fly up in public / or be cruel to me / just once / so I can mean it / Is  
it because you don't like me / or like me / in an unspecial way / In the  
way I like your photos? / Blistered thumbs / Pink Emoji / Red Emoji  
/ Smile With / The Eyes Emoji / Is it happiness? / In the why / rather  
than how? / Is it cisness / paleness / prettiness / the silken ivory / dress  
/ that drapes / over you / Little house beside / the prairies / Little  
home inside / your heart / Boyfriended / Bewitched / Tongue / twist-  
ed / Is it because people / are dying / Cities are burning / Because I  
was late / for the bus? / I know / I'm not mentally ill enough / for my  
friends / not wounded enough / for my art / Not interesting enough

/ to make it past / my skin / chipped nails / and pile of laundry / But  
this is not about me / This is about you / And how I can't stand you  
/ and crave you / and think about you all night long / Curse you /  
to live a life / like the rest of us / Please / Drop your phone / in the  
ocean / Lose / your house / in a flood / Find another planet / Make it  
a better place.

# The Guilt Of Not Having Catholic Guilt

I apply to work at the Catholic school of my abuser  
so I can take care of little boys like him, make sure they're destroyed  
through secular means  
instead.

When my step father found out about my relationship,  
he asked what kind of drugs we took together  
I said,  
"I don't do drugs, I wasn't raised Catholic."

It's true, I didn't smoke until that boy had looked inside me  
And I needed something to flush him and all that god worship out  
to think of all the places I put my lips; on joints, plastic straws  
and my very own curses.

To think of all what he wanted from me; what could he have possibly  
wanted from God?

Jesus was a man once too, well, as much of a man as I am. Skin picked  
elbows and pillow-soft cheeks. Tempted and tarnished.

When I didn't get baptized, I started to float. Every chance I get  
salvation, I end by drowning. Is that the point?

I might believe in Jesus if he had a shitty ex boyfriend. If he was alive,  
I bet he would get cancelled on Twitter.  
It would be for the better. We need less

Ex-Catholics and the colonizers we share in our Jesus-colored complexion.  
I might believe in God if Saints were still criminals.

Even then, I'd still sell out to debauchery. Boys like me better when there's  
something  
new they can put into me. I did praise before I did prayer, and I'd

Do it all over again.

I apply to work at the Catholic school of my abuser,  
so I can become the world he rejected. I want to be in a church  
like a block party and surround myself  
with people who will never find me.

I don't believe in any man.

I might believe in Jesus.

If only because I understand  
what it means to be worshipped  
when all you want is to be trusted.