

**Superhero Origin Story [S.O.S.]**

It's Easter morning & though I hear I'm as likely to catch hell as be saved if I cross a church threshold, I find myself tripping over five young girls, not a one yet sixteen, belting "Ride On King Jesus" (to my mind the blackest hymn ever played) & oh my sweet children, if you could just hear how those four sopranos & altos (a pair of each) race each other up a sainted ladder of notes & half-notes, aiming not to reach the heavens but by Grace to blast open heaven's door, so as for all of us to taste a minute of *that great gettin'-up morning*, while the fifth sister does the yeoman's work, holding that bass line steady, making sure that ladder don't so much as wobble & as if on cue the firmament above me commences to burst & spill forth all over this green & gray earth & a simpler man might've thought this some rogue omen, bad juju, but I have seen the song that rain brings & for a moment, for one infinite instant I think my own tears are done with *down* & falling upward, like my open palms, to meet the rain, for a hallelujah. & as I'm moved myself to twirl, to spin, to wail the words—*Ride on, King Jesus / No man / can-a hinder me*—I'm quick corrected by a neighbor: "It's *thee*, not *me*." I'm not so sure, friend. I hear that unending crescendo, feels like I'm the one who's unbreakable.